

MARVEL

MAY

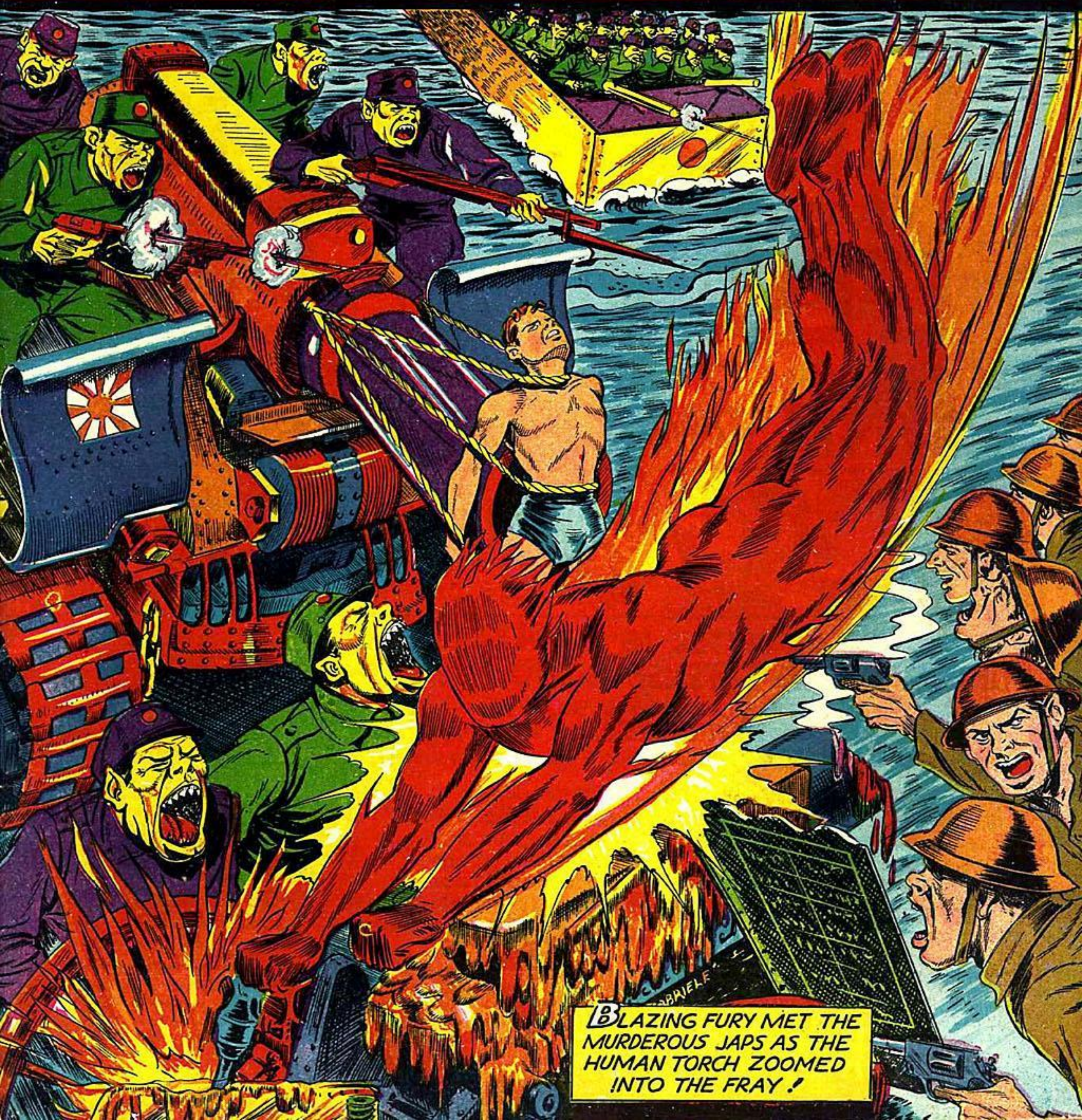
10¢

NO.
31



COMICS

MYSTERY



BLAZING FURY MET THE
MURDEROUS JAPS AS THE
HUMAN TORCH ZOOMED
INTO THE FRAY!



rite a
LETTER



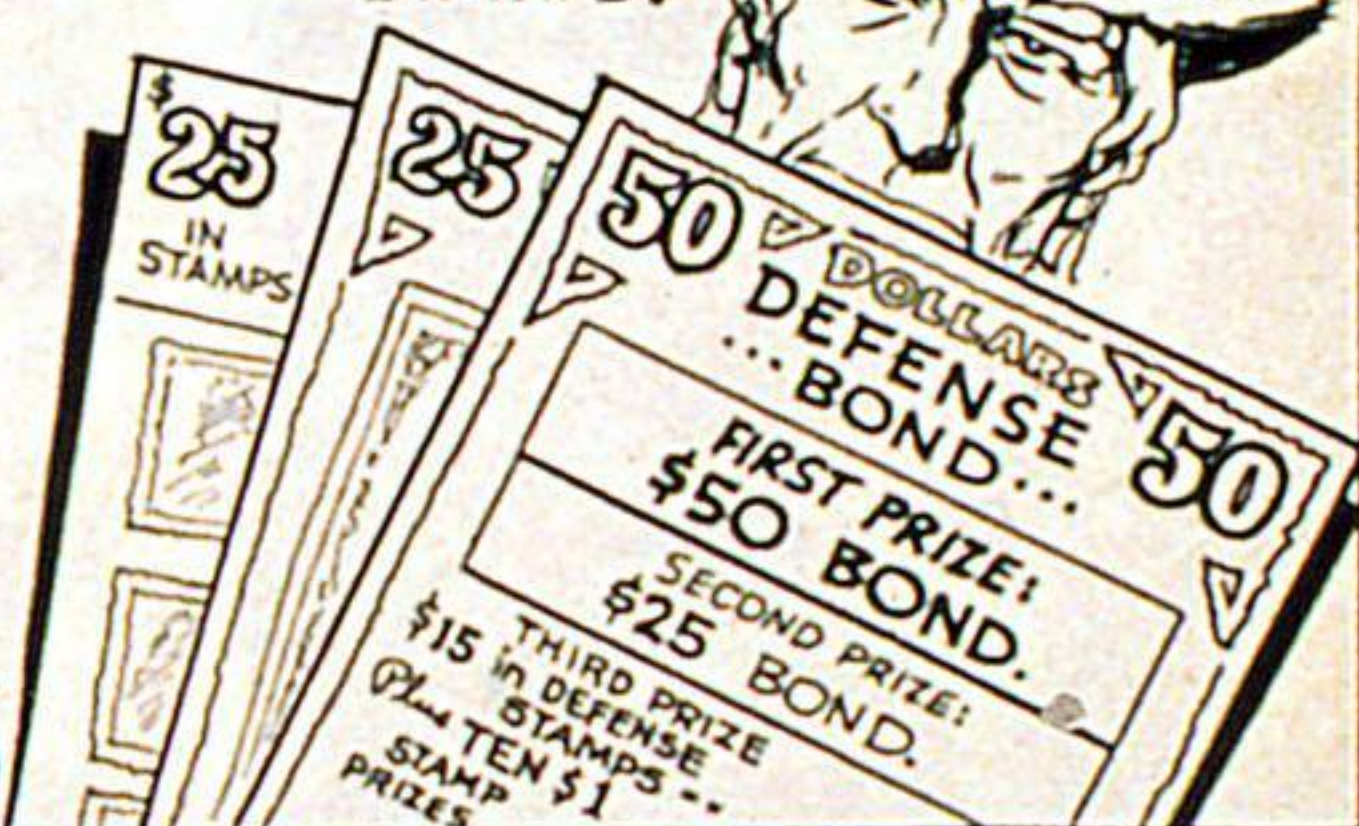
to **MARVEL** *Comics*

and
WIN

a (SAVINGS)

DEFENSE
BOND or **STAMPS**

UNCLE SAM IS
BACK OF THESE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS!



WHAT COULD BE BETTER AS A **PRIZE** THAN A
UNITED STATES DEFENSE BOND ? ? ? ?

YOU MIGHT BE THE PROUD ONE TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS
HOW YOU HAVE HELPED **UNCLE SAM** -- BY WINNING THAT
U.S. DEFENSE BOND! WELL, HERE'S HOW YOU CAN WIN IT!

SIT RIGHT DOWN **NOW!** -- AND TELL THE EDITOR OF
MARVEL COMICS WHAT YOU THINK OF **MARVEL COMIC**
CHARACTERS AND STORIES -- YOU KNOW -- AN ALL-OUT LETTER
SAYING WHAT YOU LIKE AND DON'T LIKE, IN YOUR OWN WORDS.
YOUR LETTER SHOULD NOT BE LESS THAN ONE PAGE LONG TO BE
CONSIDERED, AND SHOULD HAVE YOUR **NAME AND ADDRESS** ON IT!

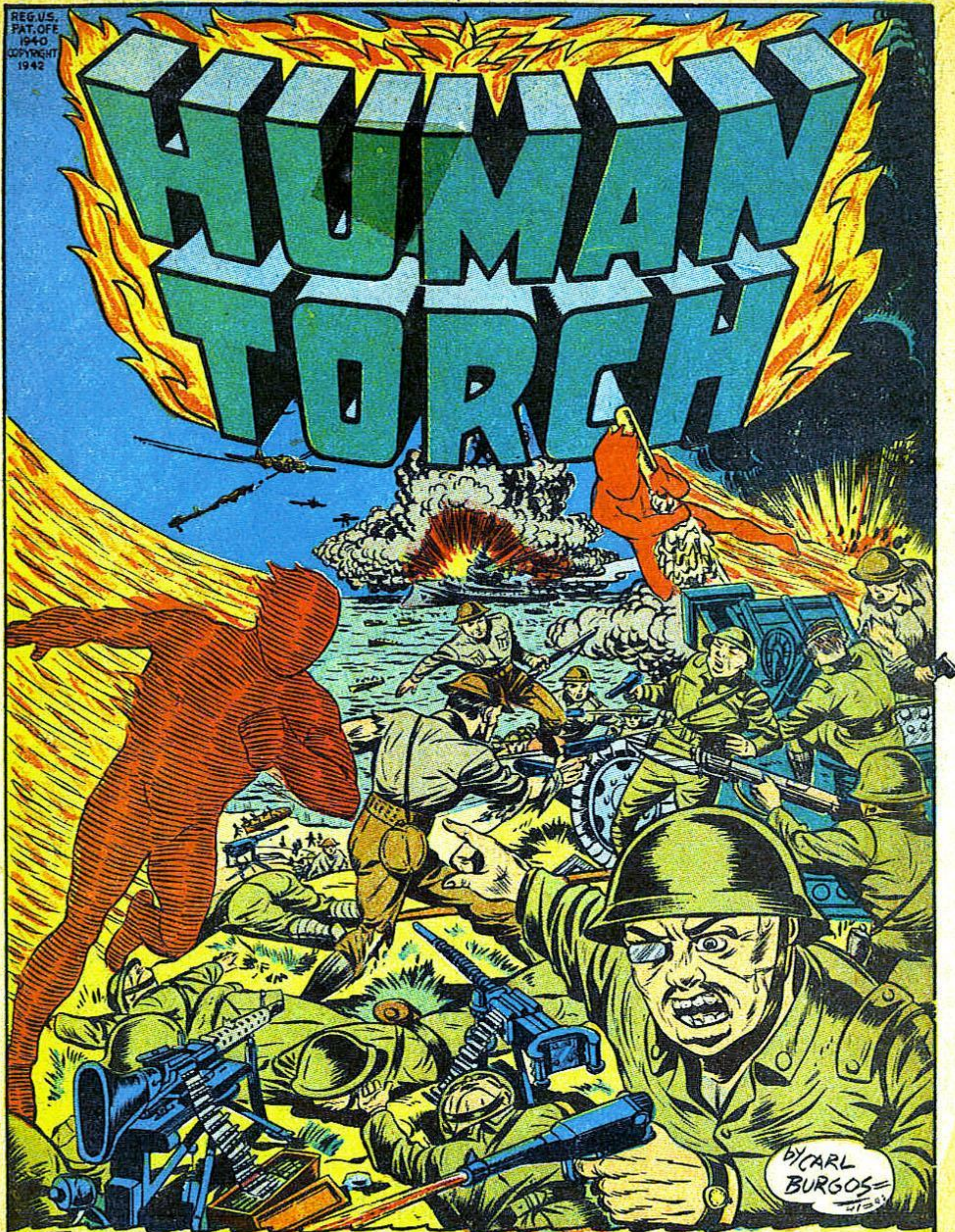
Call
Letters
MUST BE IN BY
MAY 15, 1942

ADDRESS:
The Editor,
Marvel Comics,
330 WEST 42ND ST.
NEW YORK,
N.Y.

NOW! WRITE THAT LETTER!

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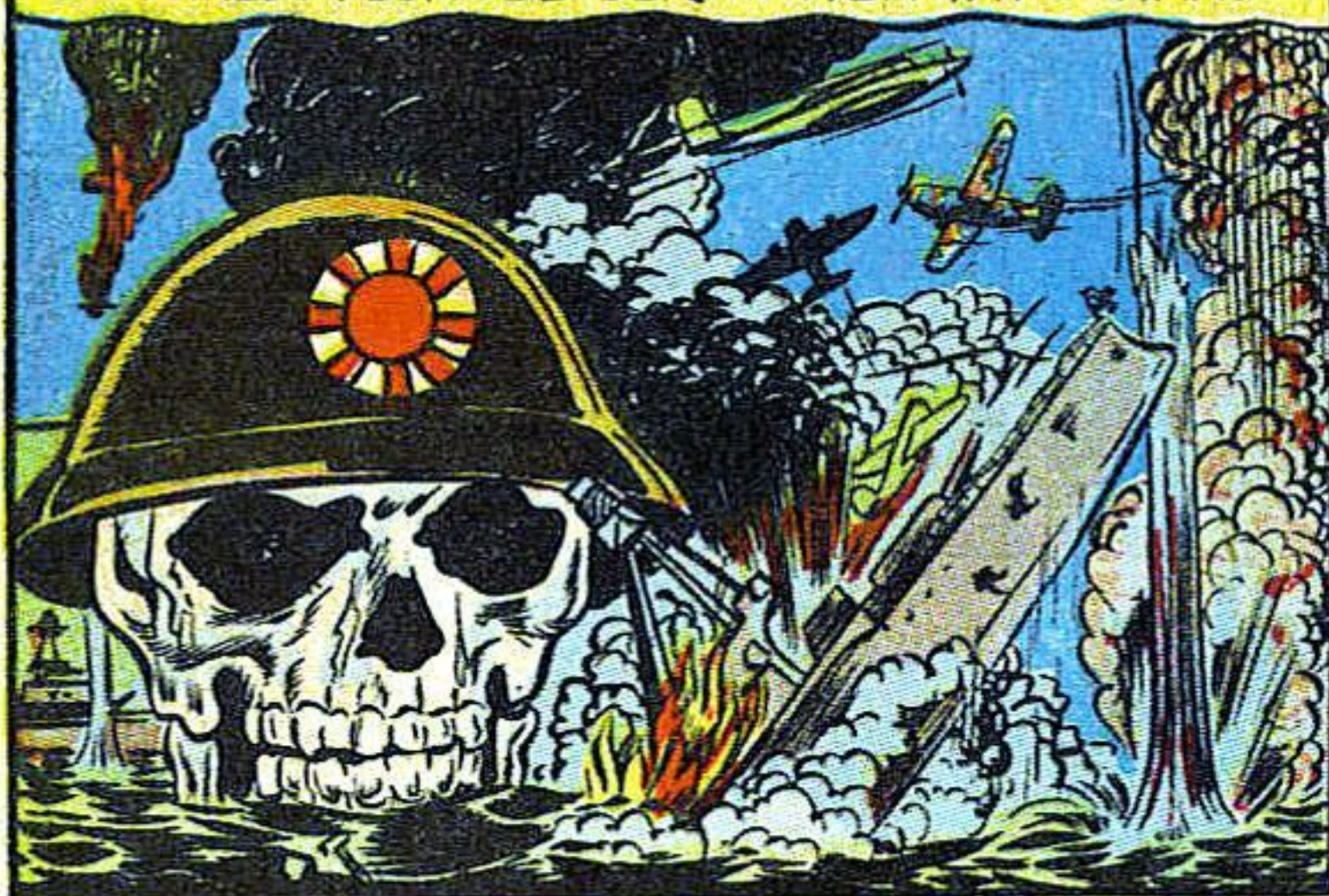
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1940
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1942



by CARL
BURGOS
41281

ENRAGED BY JAPAN'S STAB IN THE BACK, THE FLAME MASTERS PUT THEIR
WAR SLOGAN, **'SCUTTLE THE JAPS'** TO USE IN JAPAN !!

THE INFAMOUS JAPANESE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR OFFICIALLY PLUNGED OUR NATION INTO WAR...



24 HOURS LATER... IN SAN FRANCISCO!

JAPANESE PLANES HAVE BEEN SIGHTED APPROACHING SAN FRANCISCO!



...AND AT THAT MOMENT... IN THE APARTMENT OF THE **TORCH** IN NEW YORK.

THE ARMY HAS JUST CONFIRMED THIS NEWS FLASH - THE CITY IS ALMOST IN A COMPLETE BLACKOUT! FLASH! THE JAPS REPORT THE CAPTURE OF A TROOPSHIP FILLED WITH MARINES!



DARN THOSE JAPS! EVEN IF WE MUST GO TO JAPAN. GET RID OF THOSE STREET CLOTHES. WE'RE GOING INTO ACTION!



THE TORCH WHIRLS AND DIVES FROM THE WINDOW WITH TORO CLOSE BY ALSO AFLAME!

HEY! SORRY, TORCH! BUT, I DIDN'T HAVE TIME!



WITH SPEED NEVER BEFORE WITNESSED BY MAN, THE TORCH AND TORO WING TOWARD SAN FRANCISCO, SHATTERING ALL OFFICIAL SPEED RECORDS.

WE SHOULD BE THERE IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!



THE HANDS OF TIME SPEED ON!

LOOK! ENEMY PLANES! C'MON, TORO... TEAR INTO THOSE JAP RATS!

SUDDENLY!



With their battle-cry, "SCUTTLE THE JAPS," THE DUO LEAP AT THE ENEMY PLANES.... INSTANTLY, THE SKY LIGHTS UP AS JAP PLANES DROP TO THE HARD EARTH.



UH-OH...I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!

A SUDDEN BACK-FLIP SENDS THE TORCH UNDER THE PLANES, THEN WITH A SWISH OF HIS ARM, A CURTAIN OF FLAME ROLLS OUT...



JUST IN CASE THOSE JAPS DECIDE TO DROP BOMBS!



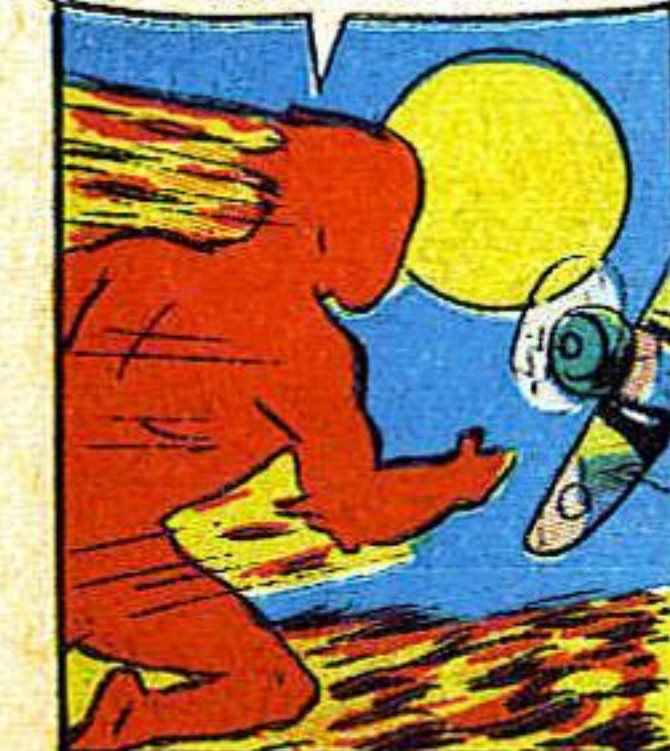
... AND IN THE COCKPIT OF THE LEADING PLANE!

WE CAN'T DIVE. THERE'S A SEA OF FLAME BELOW. THE TORCH IS COMING FOR US!

MAKE CONTACT WITH THE CARRIER FOR FURTHER ORDERS!

Meanwhile, TORO ATTACKS A LONE PLANE...

NOW TO HAVE SOME FUN IN THIS GAME OF 'KILL THE KILLER!



A BARRAGE OF FIRE BALLS IN "V" SHAPE "V" FIND THEIR MARK! "V"

A "VICTORY FIRE-BALL" WITH MY COMPLIMENTS, JAP-RATS!



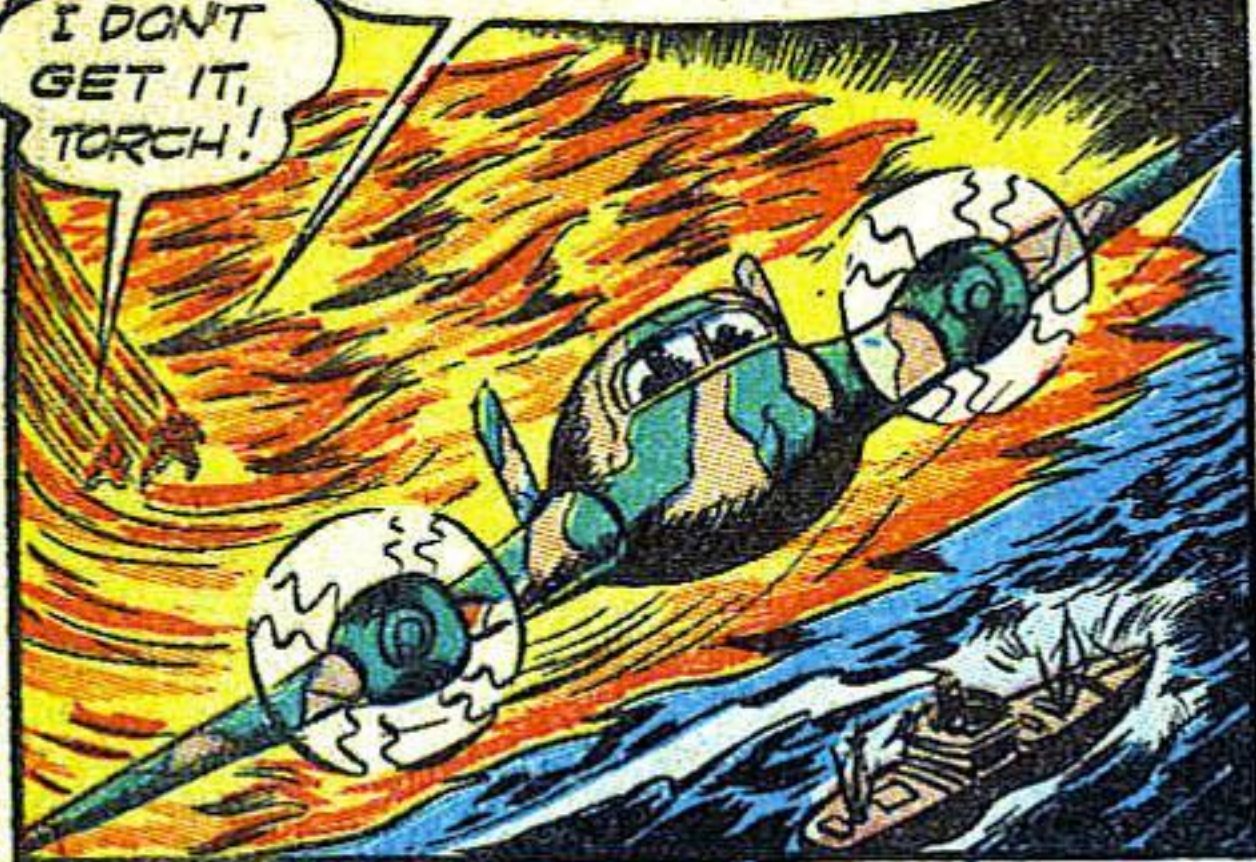
THAT'S THAT! HEY, TORCH... YOU'RE LETTING THAT PLANE ESCAPE!

NO, I'M NOT! WE'RE GOING TO TRAIL IT!



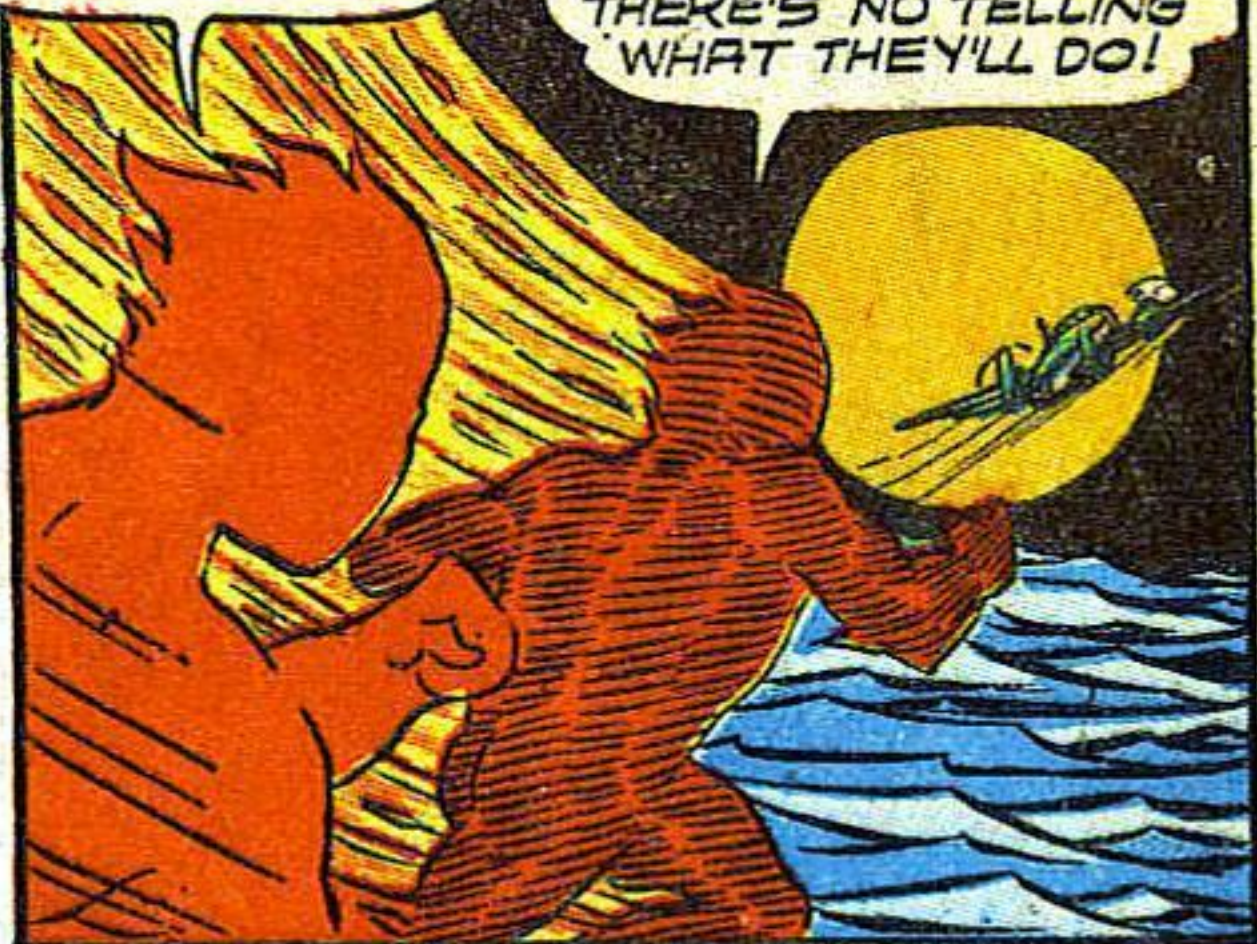
BRIEFLY, THOSE PLANES MUST HAVE COME FROM AN AIRPLANE CARRIER IN THE PACIFIC AND IT'S MY GUESS THAT SHIP IS HEADING FOR IT!

I DON'T GET IT, TORCH!

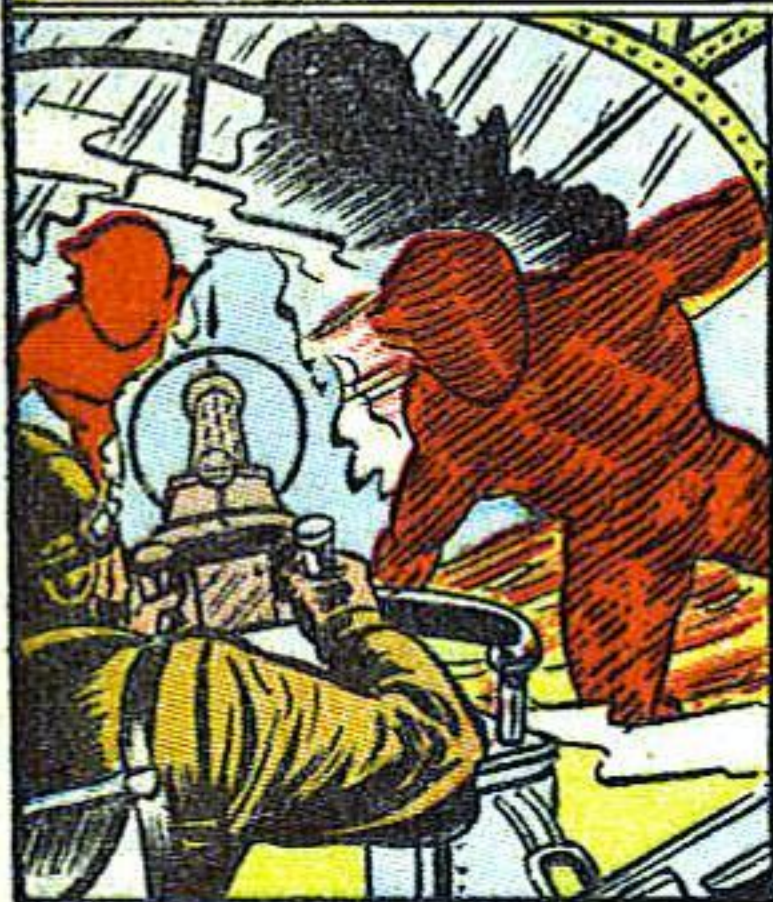


AH, SO WE FOLLOW BABY AND SINK HIS PROTECTOR!

YES... ONLY ACCORDING TO PLAN, THESE JAPS ARE DESPERATE AND THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO!



THE FLAME MASTERS WING CLOSER TO THE JAP BOMBER AND MELT THRU THE TAIL GUNNER'S GLASS CAGE...



... OUT GO THEIR FLAMES...

THAT PUTS THE GUNNER OUT OF THE PICTURE!



YOU WERE RIGHT, TORCH, THERE'S THE CARRIER BELOW US!



GOOD, NOW WE CAN PUT OUR PLAN TO ITS TEST!

WHAT IN... OUR SHIP'S ON FIRE! WE CAN'T LAND!

LET'S BLOW, TORCH!

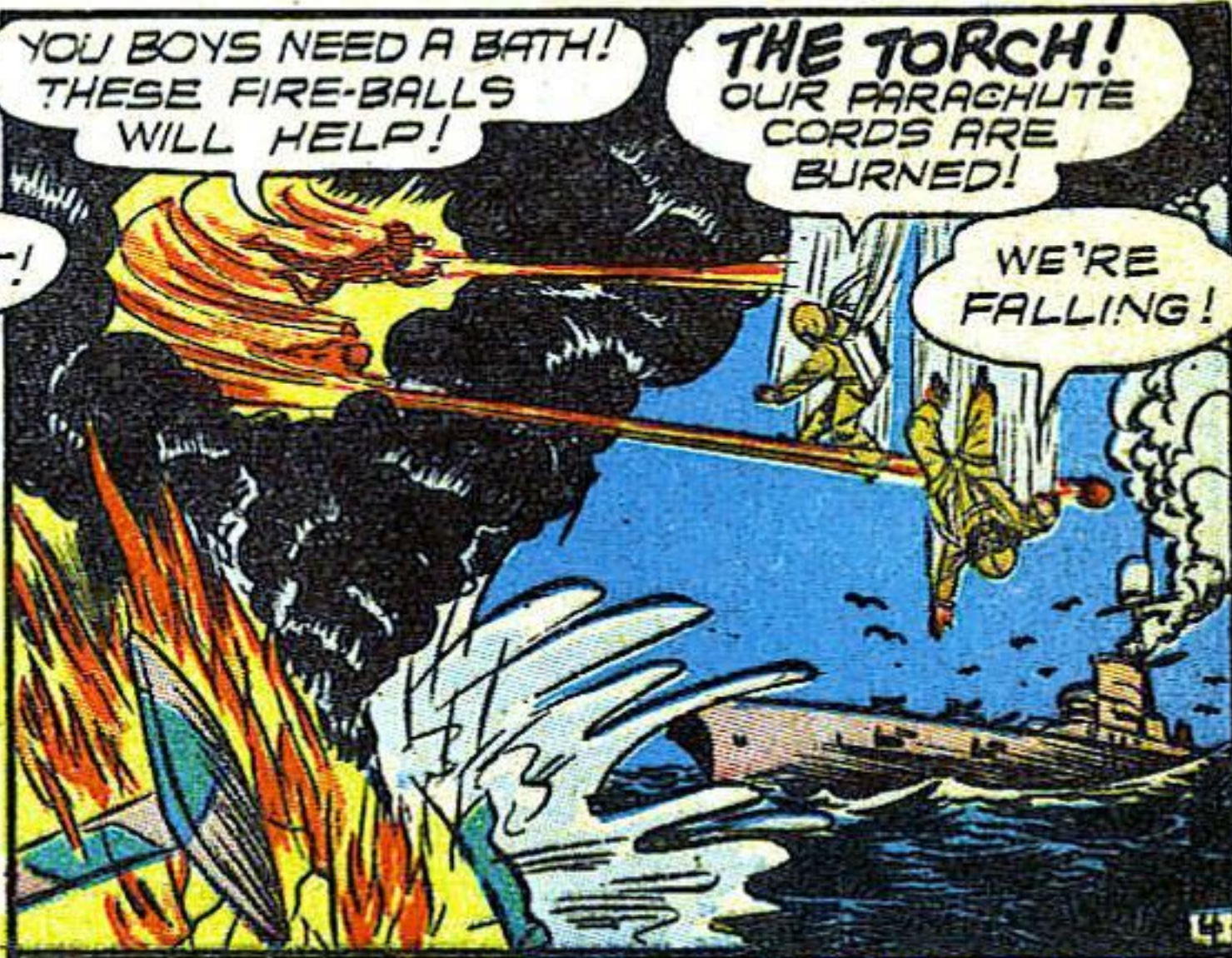
BAIL OUT!

RIGHT!

YOU BOYS NEED A BATH! THESE FIRE-BALLS WILL HELP!

THE TORCH! OUR PARACHUTE CORDS ARE BURNED!

WE'RE FALLING!





A LAUNCH IS PUT TO SEA AND THE PILOTS ARE PICKED UP!

W-WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE FIRE FLYS?

THEY DISAPPEARED, SIR!



THAT CAN'T BE... THOSE ARSONISTS JUST DON'T RUN AWAY FROM TROUBLE! AND IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD HAVE SUNK THE 'YOKA' FIRST!



AH, ADMIRAL NODOPE. THESE STUPID SAILORS TELL ME THAT THE FLAME MEN HAVE VANISHED. IS THAT SO?

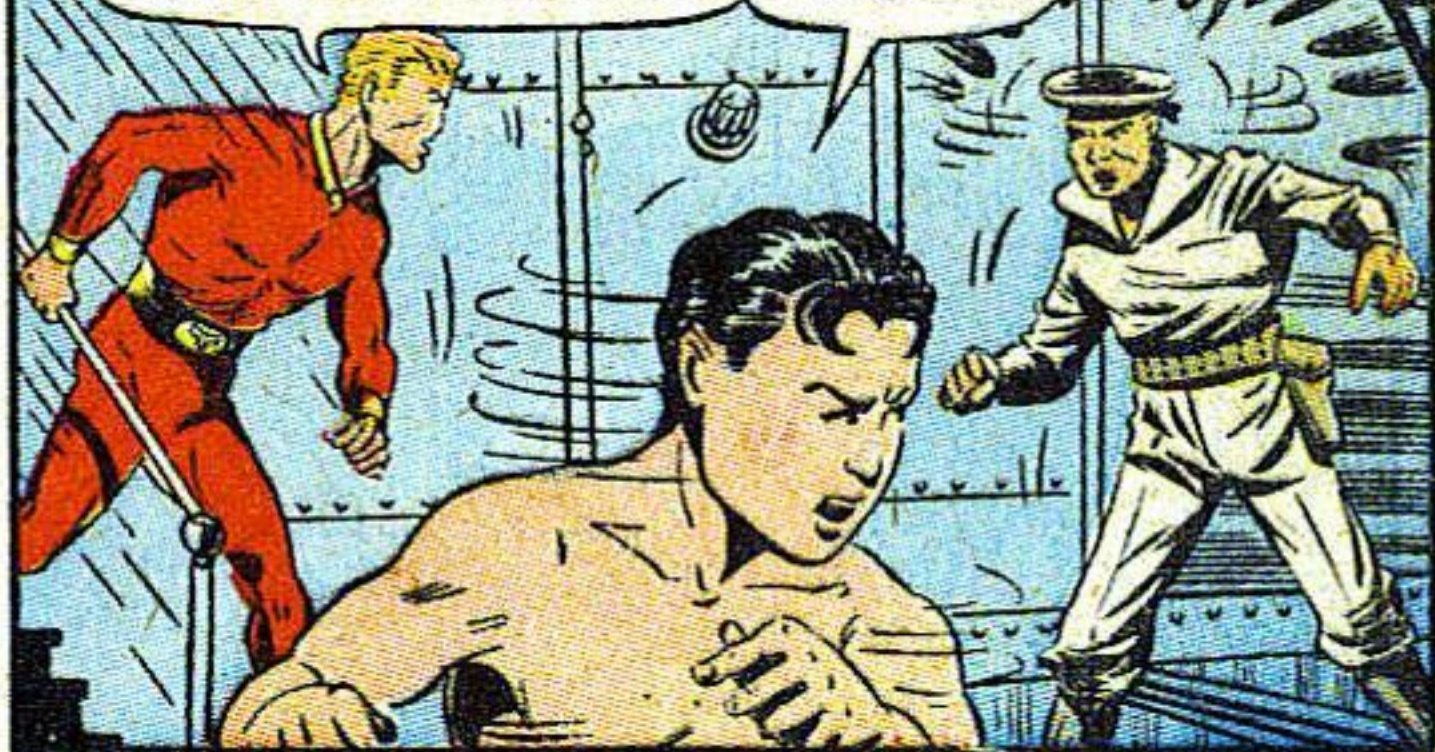
YES, EXCELLENCY.. THEY DIVED ON THE BOAT, LANDED, AND CAN'T BE FOUND!



At THAT MOMENT IN A HATCHWAY.

SO FAR, SO GOOD! WE'VE STILL A COUPLE OF MORE DECKS TO GO BEFORE WE'RE BELOW THE WATERLINE!

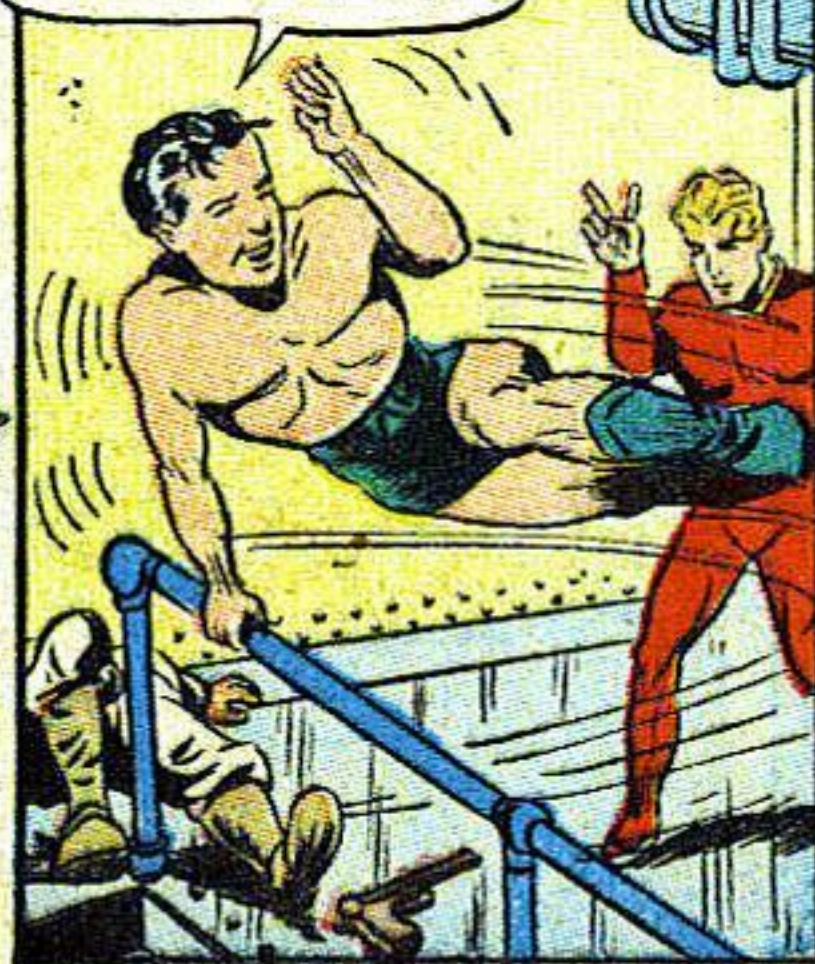
A SAILOR!



YEOW! THE FIREMEN! HELP! HELP!

NICE WORK, KID! UH-OH... FOOTSTEPS! THIS WHOLE PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH MEN, SOON! HEAD FOR THE HULL... I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!

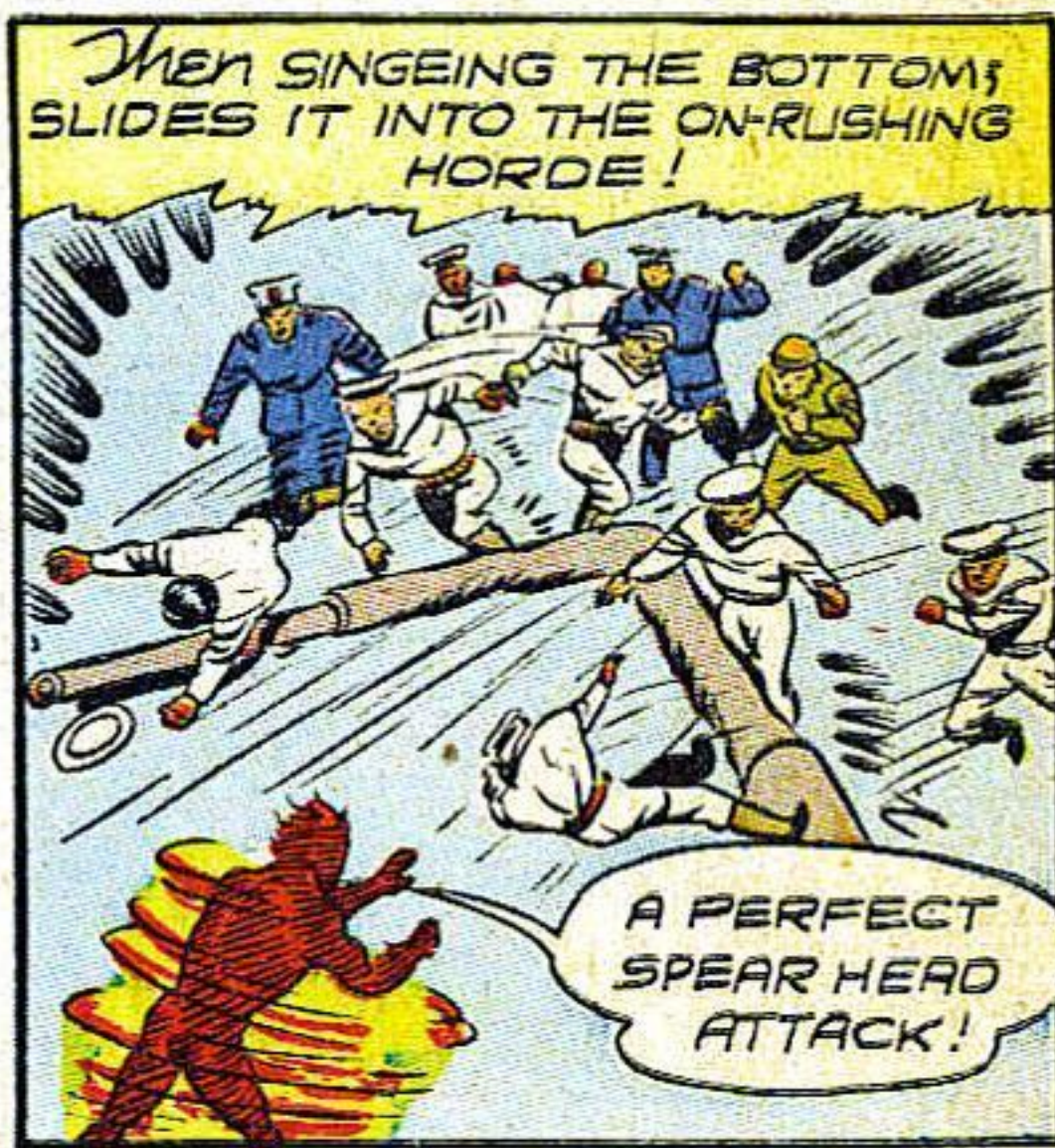
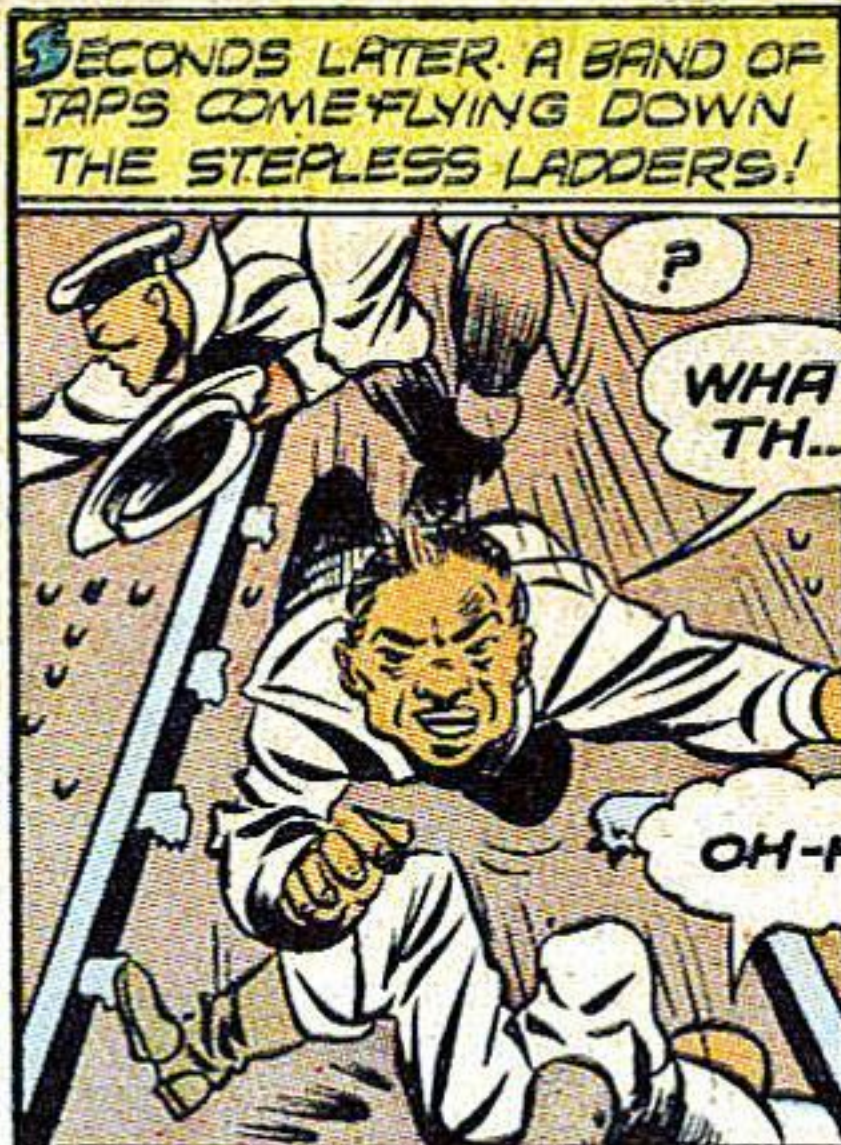
OKAY, FIRE BALL! I'LL WAIT FOR YOUR SIGNAL. GOOD LUCK!

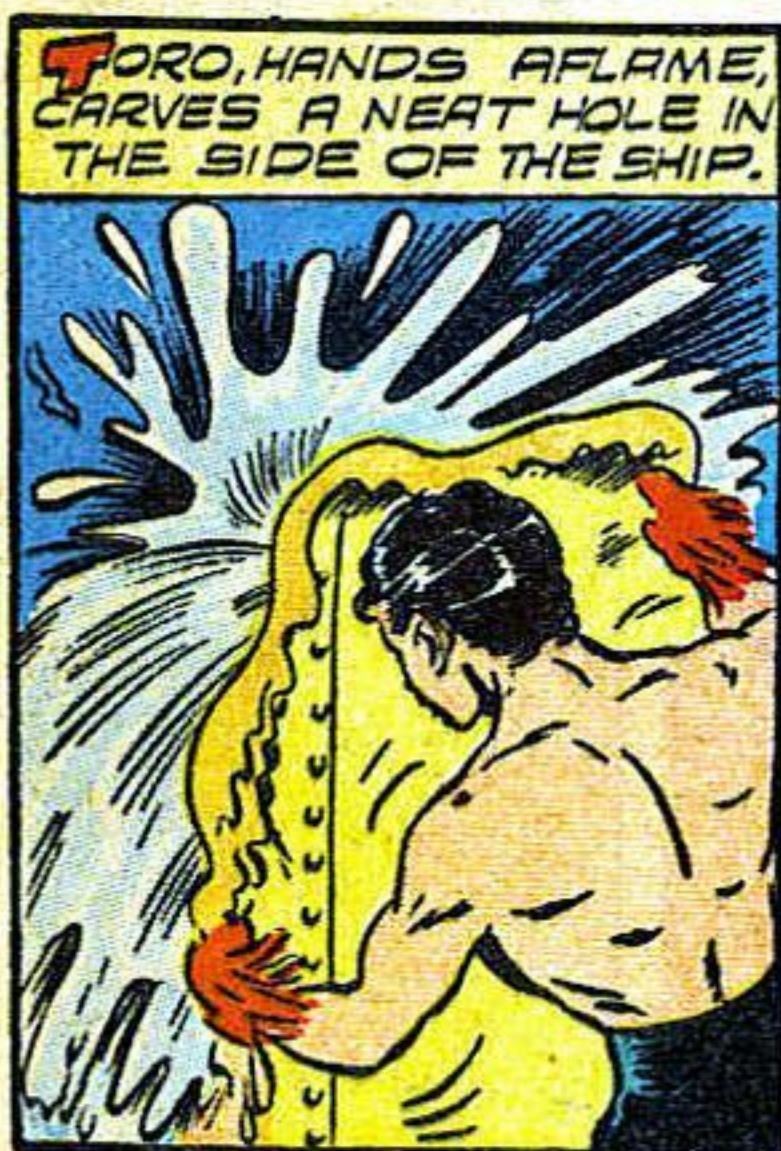
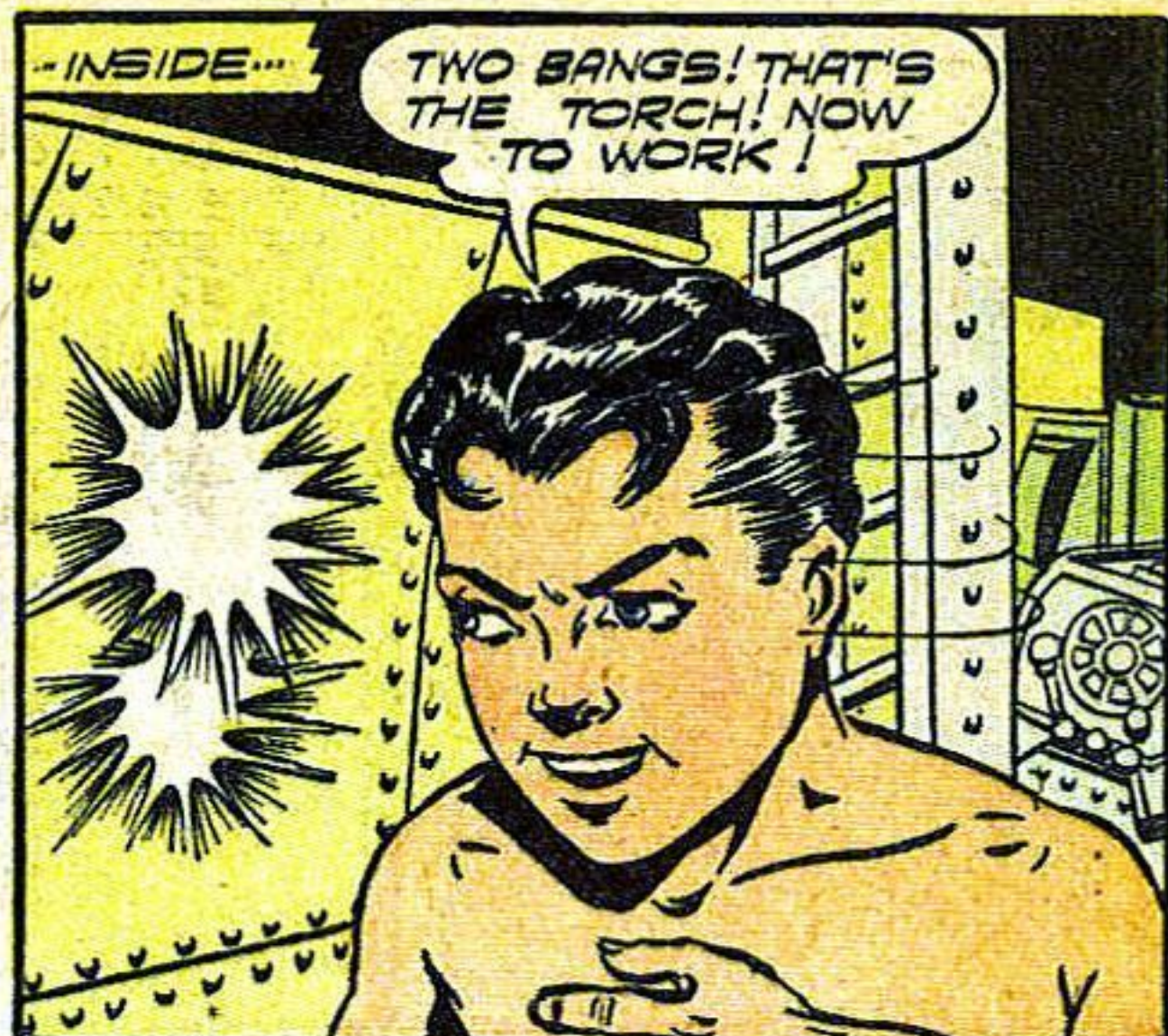
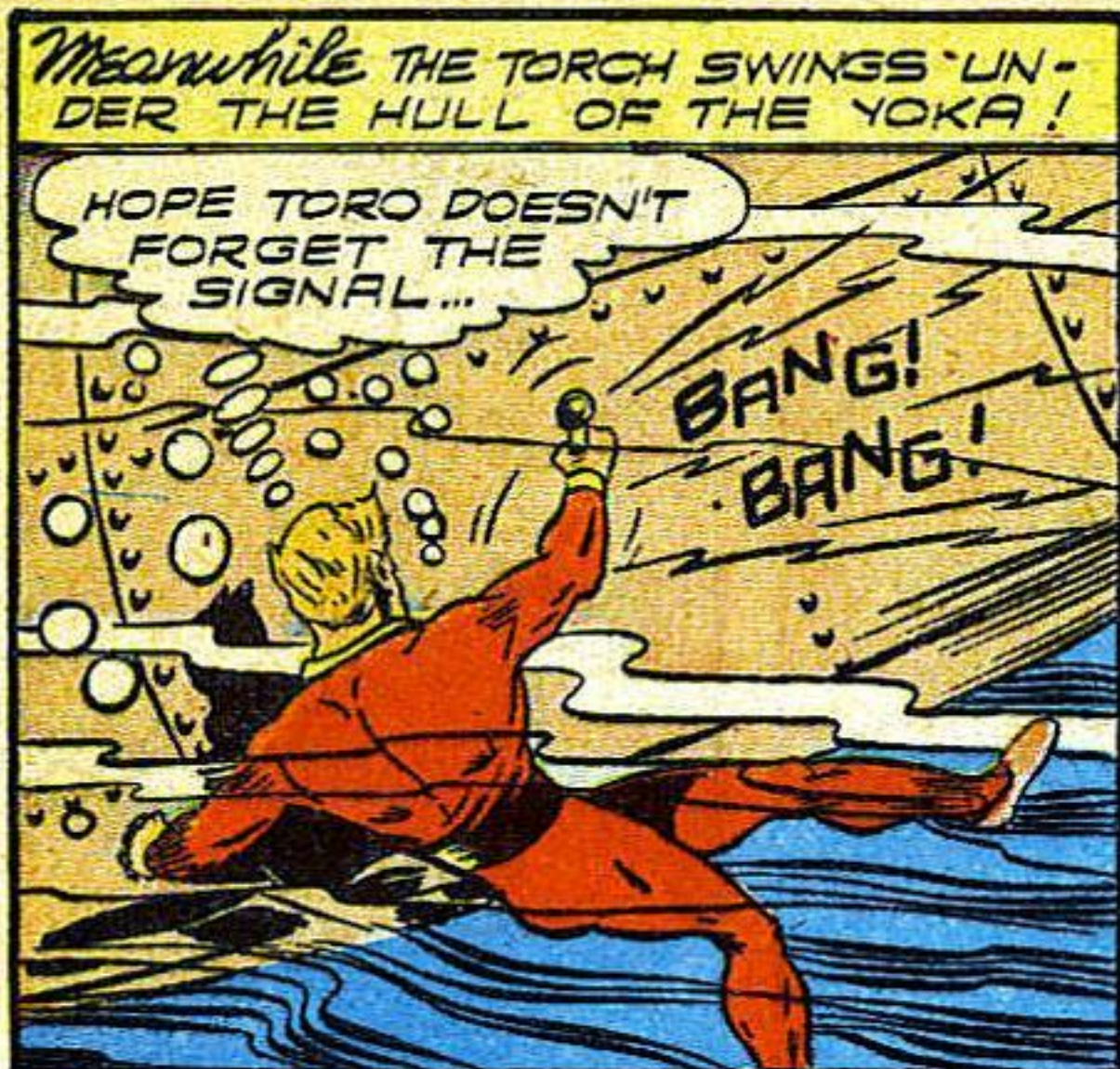


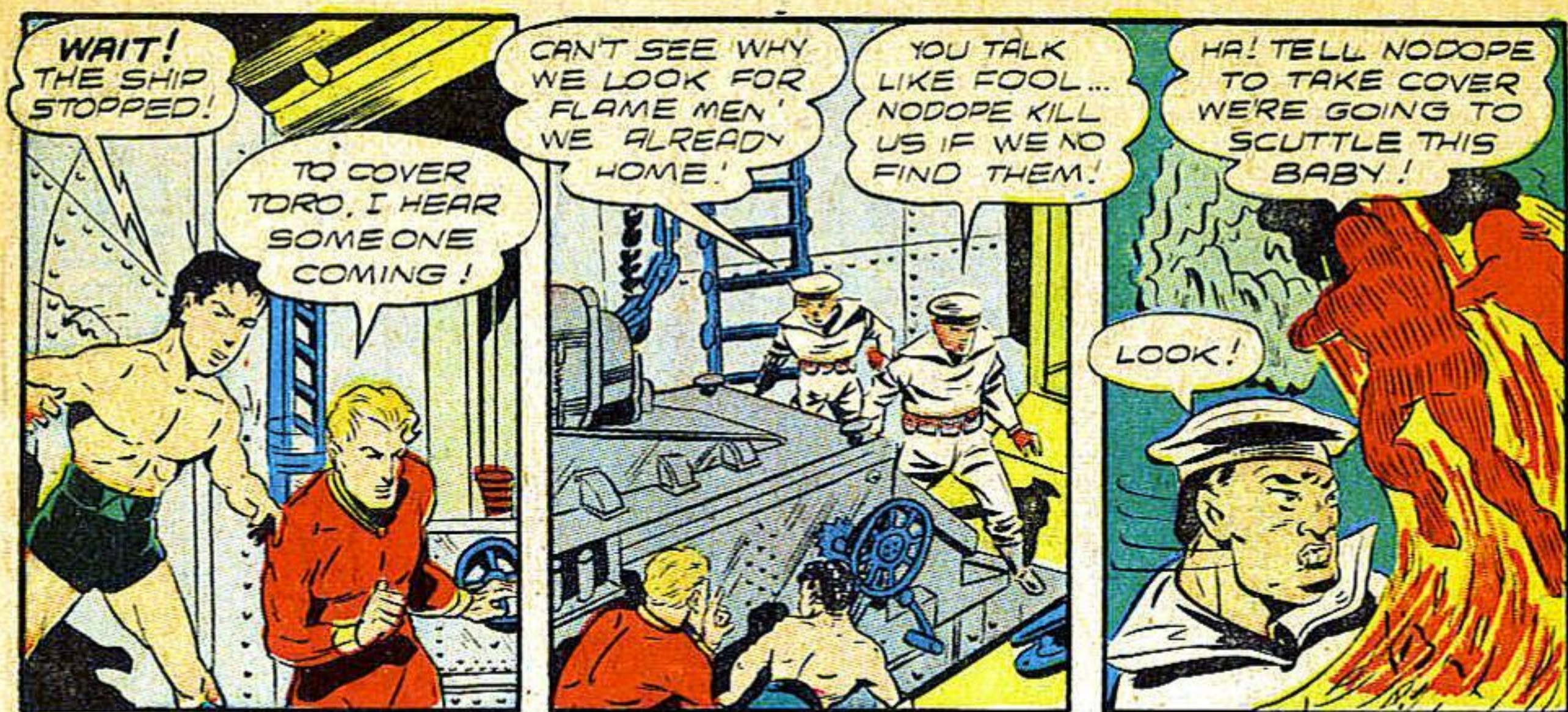
TURNING ON HIS FLAME, TORCH MELTS THRU THE UPPER DECKS, READY TO BATTLE THE JAPS!

OKAY, JAP-RATS! HERE I COME!









WAIT!
THE SHIP
STOPPED!

TO COVER
TORO, I HEAR
SOMEONE
COMING!

CAN'T SEE WHY
WE LOOK FOR
FLAME MEN'
WE ALREADY
HOME!

YOU TALK
LIKE FOOL...
NODOPE KILL
US IF WE NO
FIND THEM!

HA! TELL NODOPE
TO TAKE COVER
WE'RE GOING TO
SCUTTLE THIS
BABY!

LOOK!

FLYING HIGH OVER THE 'YOKA', THE
FLAME MASTERS, WHIRL AND DIVE-
BOMB THE CARRIER:



HA! AN
EXPLODING VICTORY
FIRE-BALL!



THEY'RE USING
ANTI-AIRCRAFT
ON US!

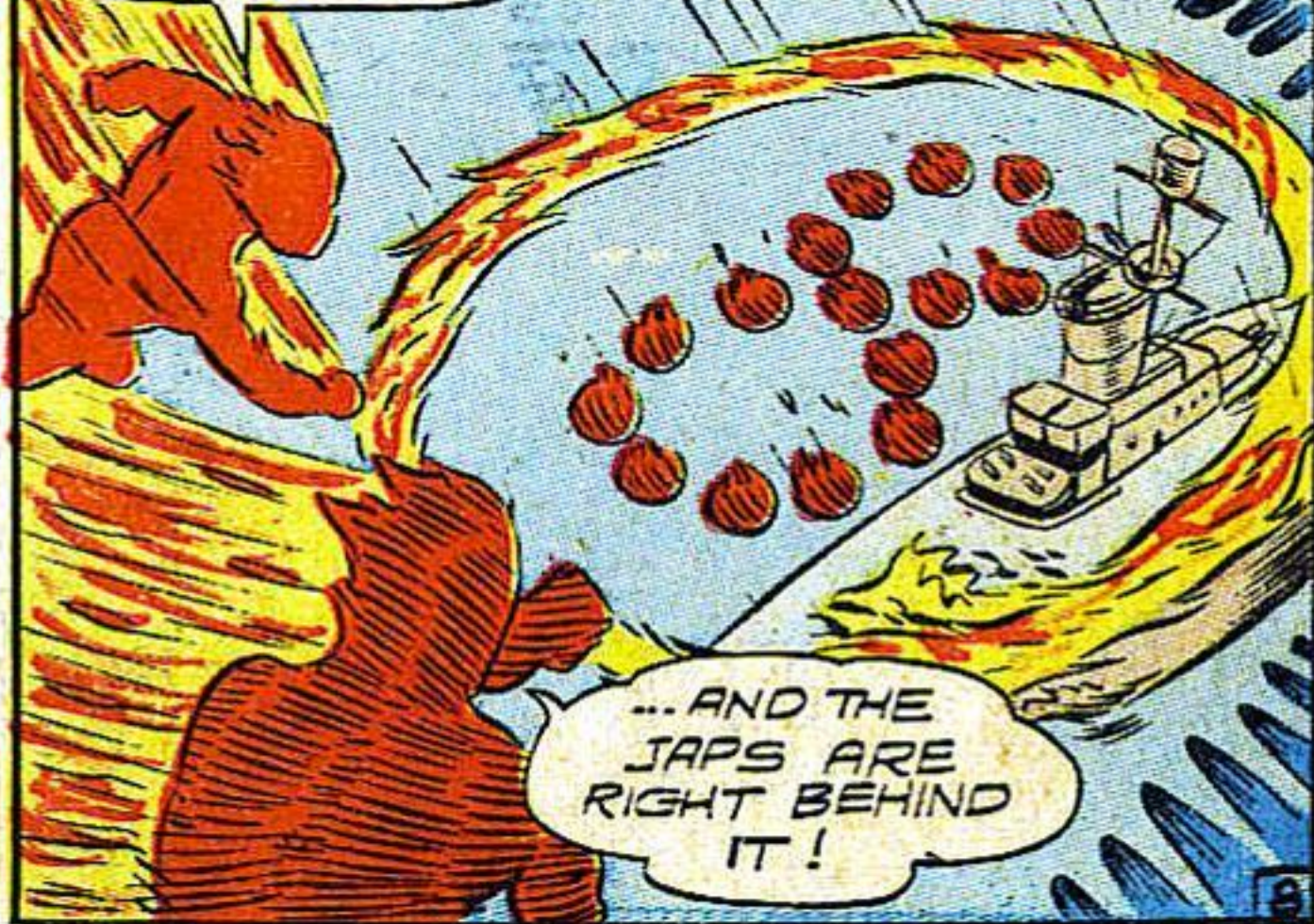
SO THEY
ARE... WELL
I'VE SOMETHING
UP MY SLEEVE,
TOO!

BOOM

THE TORCH HURLS A
CIRCLE OF FLAME
DOWN, FOLLOWED
BY FIRE-BALLS!

THIS OUGHT TO
BE CUTE

ZOWIE!
A BLAZING
EIGHT BALL!



...AND THE
JAPS ARE
RIGHT BEHIND
IT!

THE BLAZING BALL HITS THE DECK AND CUTS THRU THE STEEL PLATES, HITTING THE MAGAZINE ROOM... A MIGHTY EXPLOSION FOLLOWS, AND THE 'YOKA' ROLLS OVER ON ITS SIDE!



THAT WAS FOR PEARL HARBOR!

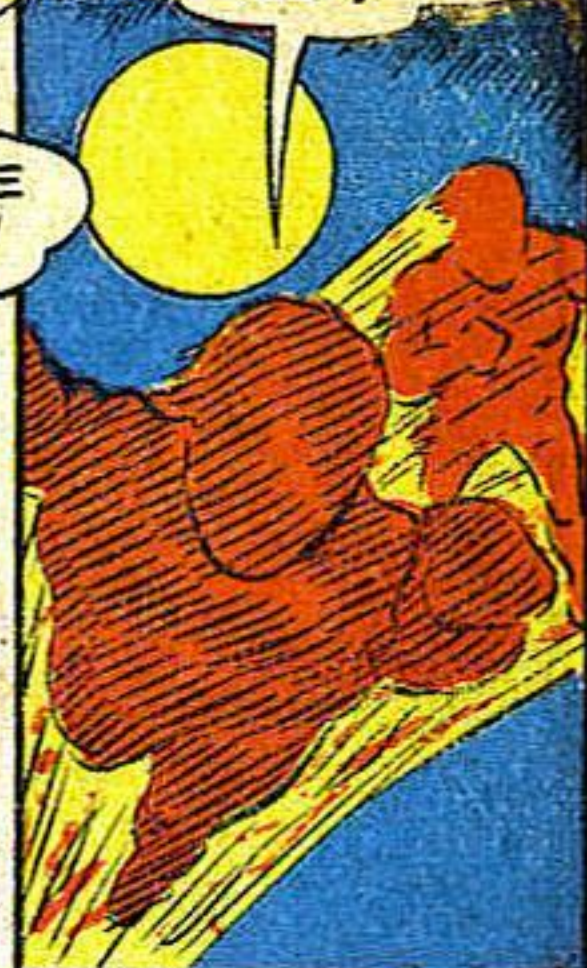
HEY, TORCH!
THERE'S THE MARINE TROOPSHIP!
THE CONCENTRATION CAMP CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!

RIGHT! BUT FIRST WE MUST PLAN A METHOD OF ESCAPE, AND THAT BOAT IS IT... BUT HOW?



CAMOUFLAGED IT, TORCH!

I SEE YOUR POINT... LET'S GO!

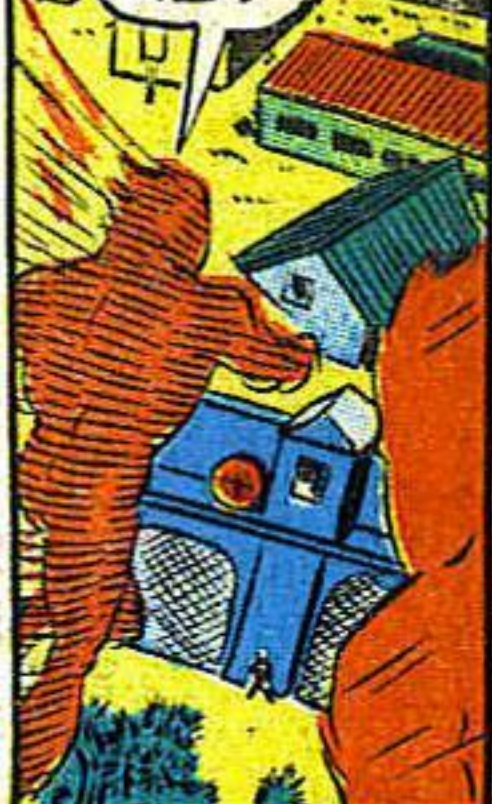


THE FLAME MASTERS GIVE THE SHIP A COAT OF FLAME TO PROTECT IT AGAINST SABOTAGE OR AIR ATTACK.



THEN HEAD FOR THE CAMP...

LOOK TORO!
THERE IT IS!



CUTTING WIDE GAPS IN THE ELECTRIC FENCES, THE TORCH AND TORO SUBDUED THE GUARDS.



... AND THE MARINES ARE FREE!

THANKS, TORCH!
BUT WE'VE NO ARMS.
THOSE JAPS'LL WIPE US OUT!

WHERE'S THE NEAREST ARSENAL?

ON TOP OF NODOPE HILL!

LET'S SHOVE OFF!



AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE JAP MILITARY COUNSEL...

NODOPE, YOU HAVE SHAMED OUR PEOPLE. THE TORCH HAS BEEN FREEING THE MARINES!

HONORABLE FOOEY, ALL I ASK IS ONE MORE CHANCE!

SUDDENLY!

HONORABLE FOOEY... A RADIO-GRAM. THE MARINES HAVE CAPTURED THE ARSENAL!

LET ME BRING THE PIGS UNDER CONTROL!

VERY WELL, NO DOPE! BUT IF YOU FAIL, I WOULD PREFER YOUR OBITUARY!



NODOPE AND HIS JAP MARINES PROCEED, ARMED TO THE TEETH, FOR THE SEAT OF TROUBLE... NODOPE HILL!

FORWARD MARCH!



HERE COMES NODOPE, TORCH!

HE'S GOT QUITE A FORCE. THIS IS GOING TO BE A BATTLE!



NODOPE'S FIELD ARTILLERY OPENS UP AND POUNDS THE HILL TOP!

FIRE!



Meanwhile...

TORCH, LOOK, TONS OF SCRAP METAL!

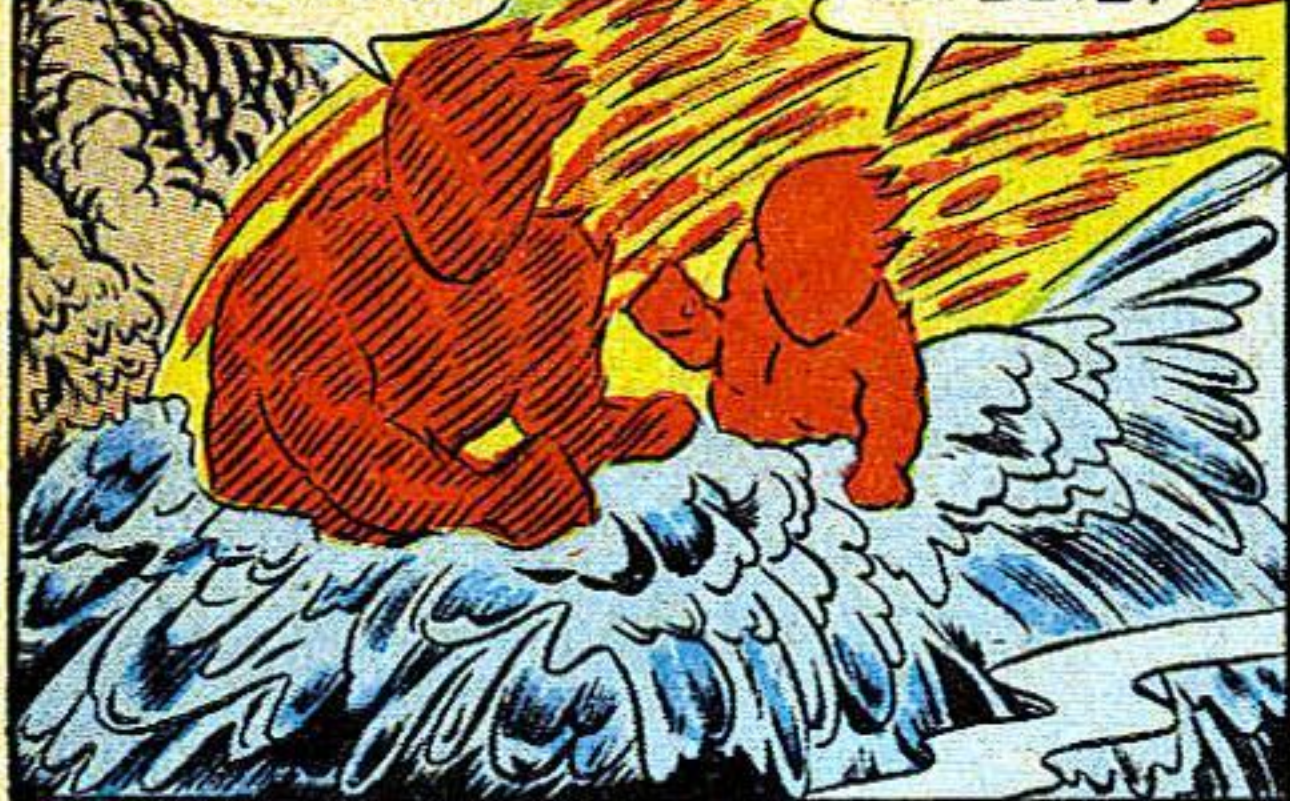
AMERICAN SCRAP! THAT MUST BE THE STEEL WE SOLD THEM BEFORE THE WAR. WE SURE CAN USE IT, EH, TORD?



TURNING ON THEIR FLAMES. THE FLAME MASTERS ALIGHT ON TOP OF THE SCRAP.

THAT'S IT, TORO!
MELT IT
DOWN!

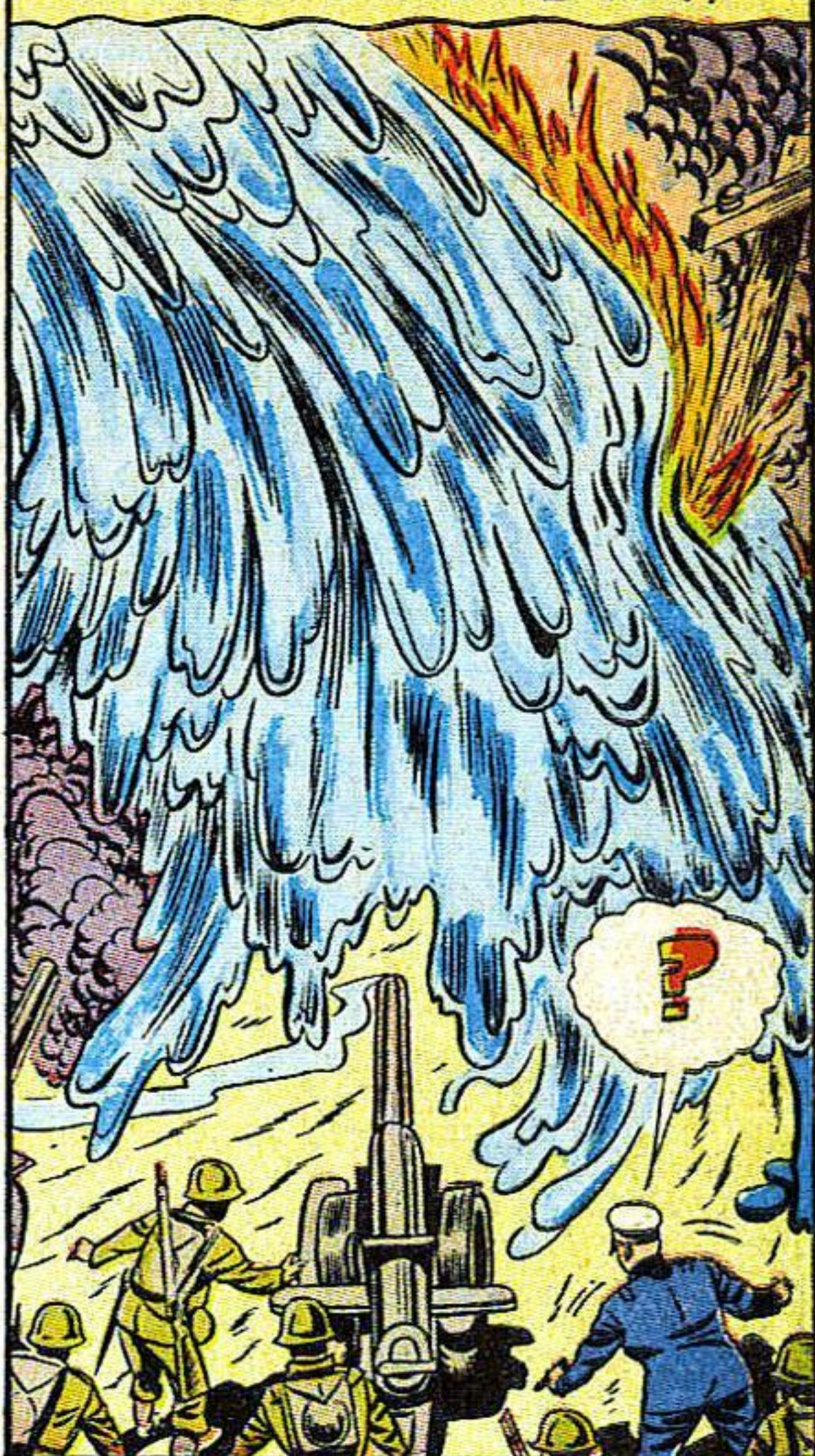
THE STUFF
IS BEGINNING
TO BOIL!



PANIC BREAKS AMONG NODOPE'S MEN AS THEY TRY TO ESCAPE...BUT THE LIQUID STEEL COVERS THEM!



SECONDS LATER, THE HOT, MOLTEN STEEL ROARS DOWN LIKE A RIVER AT NODOPE AND HIS MEN!



NOW, TORO! QUICK!
OVER THE
STEEL!

WHAT
FOR?



TO EVAPORATE IT SO
OUR MARINES WON'T
GET THE SAME
FATE!

"GULP"
I ALMOST
FORGOT
ABOUT
THEM!



WHEW! THERE, WE'RE
DONE! HERE COME
THE MARINES!

NOW
FOR THE
TRANSPORT!



FORCED TO USE GUERILLA METHODS, THE MARINES MAKE FOR THE WATERFRONT... HARASSED BY JAP SNIPERS!



THOSE SNIPERS ARE TAKING A HEAVY TOLL, TORCH!

I'LL CURE THOSE BABES!

TORCH ORDERS THE MARINES TO TAKE COVER- THEN WITH TORO, FLIES INTO HOUSE AFTER HOUSE, SETTING THEM ABLAZE!



AND THE SNIPERS ROAST IN THE FLAMES!



I HATED TO DO THAT, BUT WAR IS WAR!

AT THE WATERFRONT.



IS THAT OUR SHIP? HOW'RE WE GOING TO BOARD HER?

SIMPLE!

CUPPING HIS HANDS TO HIS MOUTH, THE TORCH YELLS OUT AN ORDER AND THE FLAME ON THE SHIP VANISHES!



ON BOARD!



WE'RE HEADING HOME, TORCH...
...SOON WE'LL REJOIN THE REGULAR FIGHTING FORCES!

BEFORE WE GO, I WANT TO LEAVE A MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF JAPAN!

THE TORCH WAVES HIS HAND WHILE TORO THROWS FIRE-BALLS INTO THE SKY!



This is the symbol of all free peoples against any aggressors

NEXT MONTH ANOTHER COMPLETE **human TORCH** PICTURE ACTION STORY!

Buy U.S. SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!

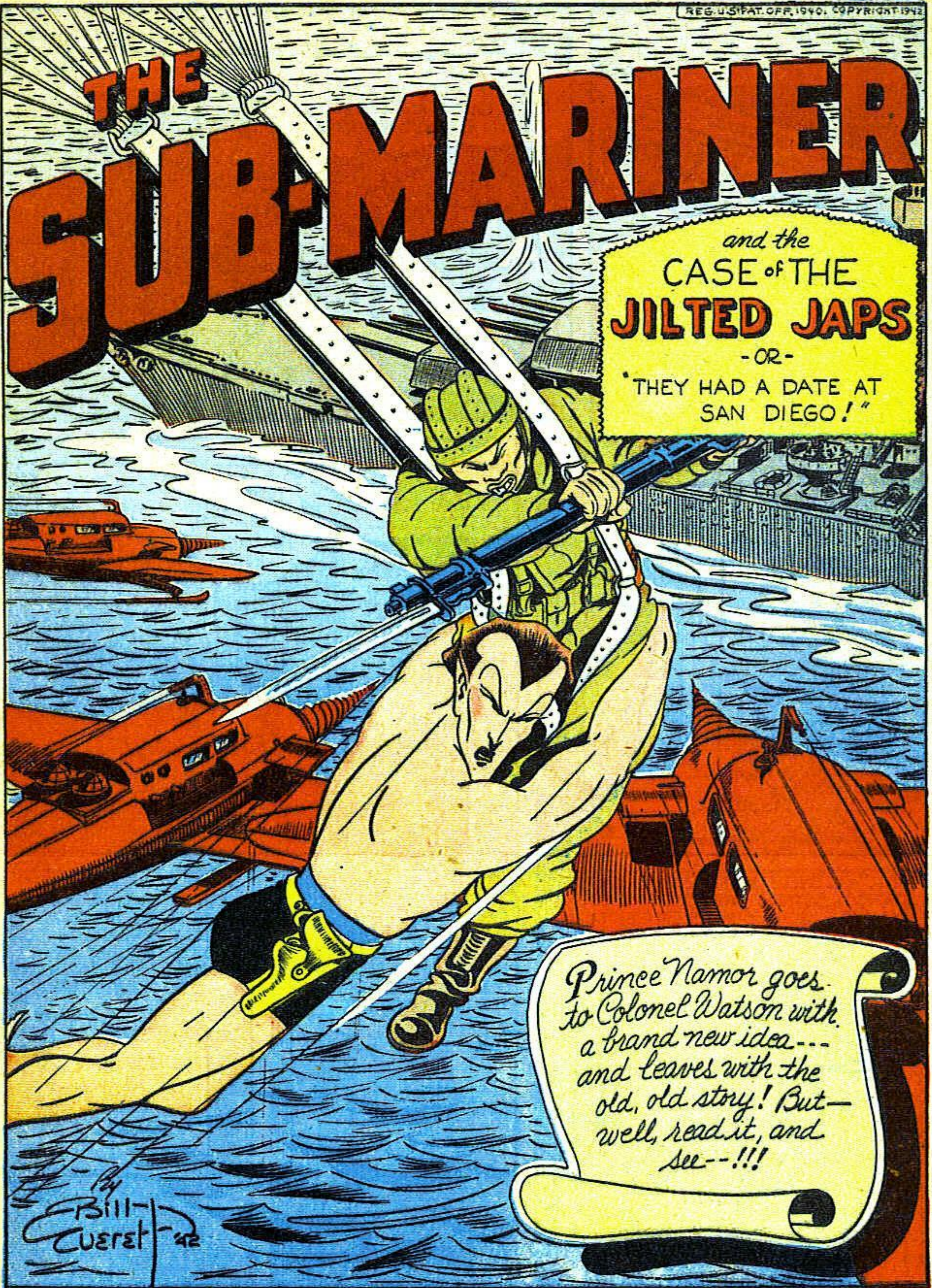
BURGOS 4/12

THE SUB-MARINER

and the
CASE of THE
JILTED JAPS

-OR-

"THEY HAD A DATE AT
SAN DIEGO!"



Prince Namor goes
to Colonel Watson with
a brand new idea...
and leaves with the
old, old story! But—
well, read it, and
see---!!!

By
Bill
Cuerset - 42

ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1941, PRINCE NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER, SCANS THESE EXCITING AMERICAN NEWSPAPER HEADLINES



A FEW DAYS LATER, HE WALKS RAPIDLY DOWN THE PATROLLED STREETS OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL



HMM! THIS TOWN'S SURE SEETHING WITH ACTIVITY! THINK I'LL DROP IN AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT, AND SEE MY OLD FRIEND COLONEL WATSON!

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT HE IS HALTED BY AN ARMED GUARD...



SUB-MARINER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I WANT TO SEE COL. WATSON, BOY!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE COLONEL'S OFFICE ----

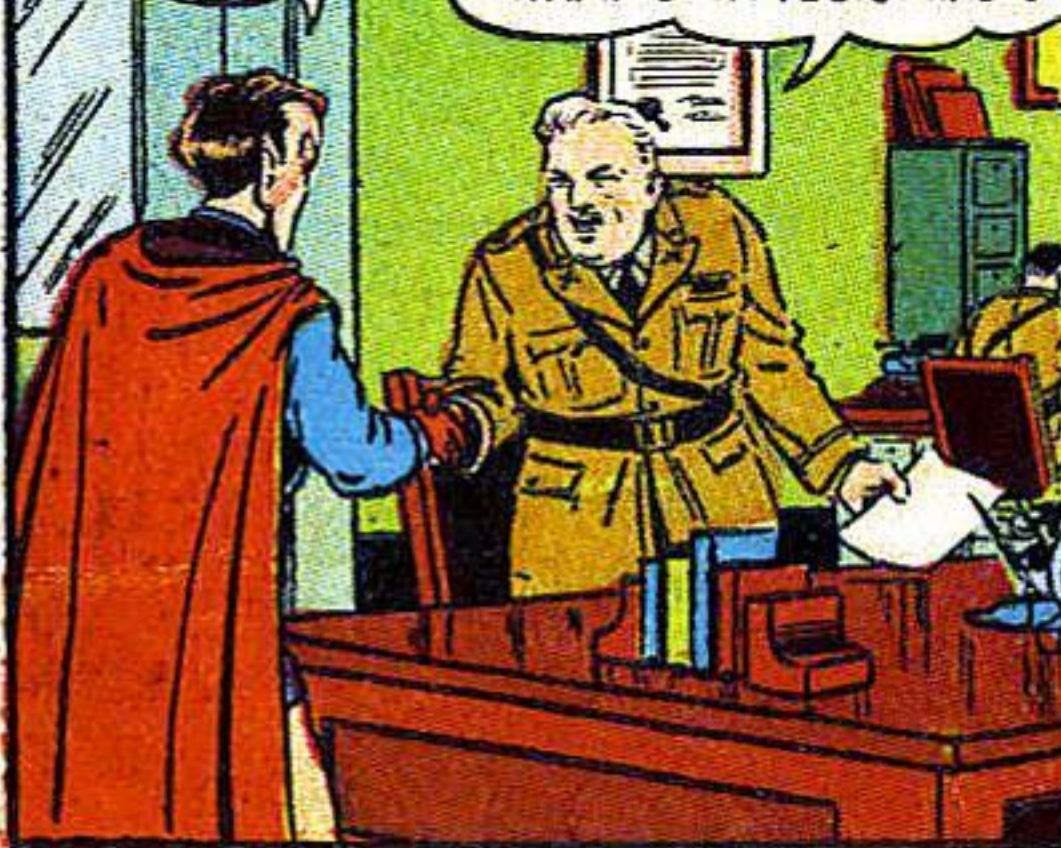


YOUR PARDON, SIR - THE SUB-MARINER WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU.

THE SUB-MARINER ??? GOOD! I'M GLAD HE'S HERE ... TELL HIM TO COME IN!

HELLO, COLONEL! SORRY TO BOTHER YOU LIKE THIS I KNOW YOU MUST BE BUSY.

NEVER TOO BUSY TO WELCOME THE SUB-MARINER! SIT DOWN, LAD ... IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



WELL - YOU'VE HEARD OF MY FAMOUS ICE-BATTALION, HAVEN'T YOU? I WANT TO ENLIST THEM IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES ... I'M SURE WE COULD HELP TO BREAK UP THE BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC!

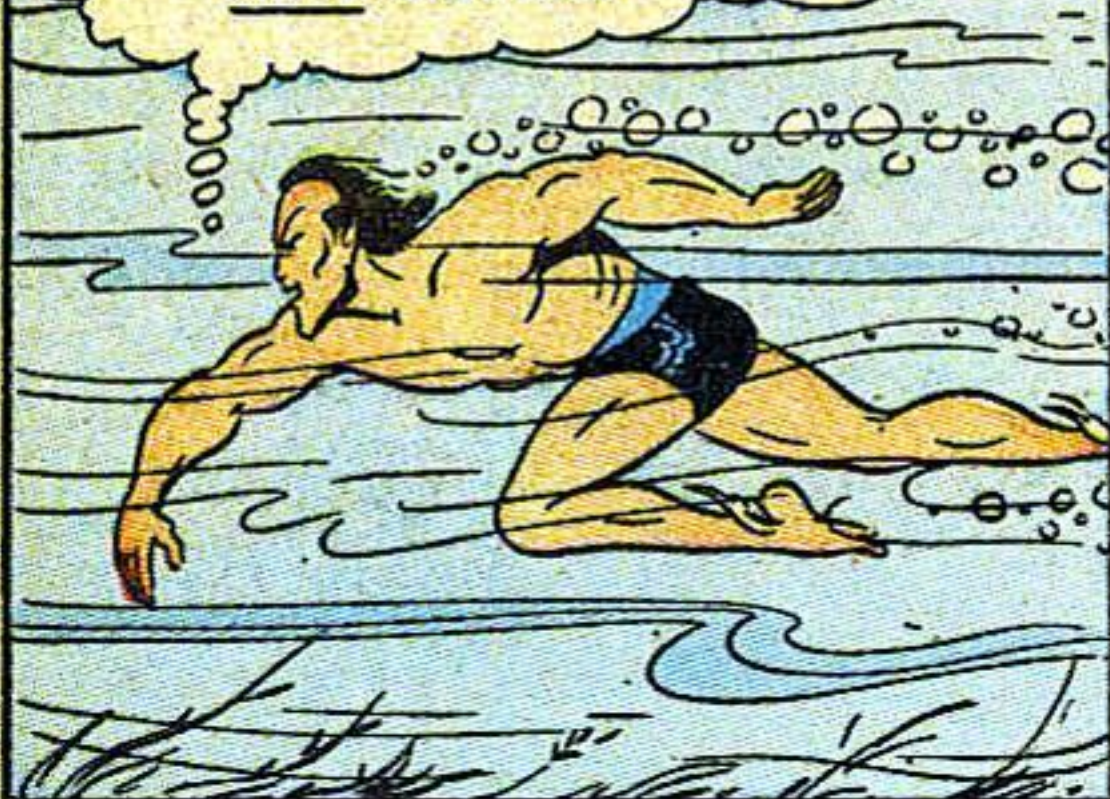


SWELL !!! WE CAN'T ENLIST THEM, FOR THEY'RE NOT U.S. CITIZENS, BUT IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT THE JAPS ON YOUR OWN HOOK, WE'LL BE MIGHTY THANKFUL! THE BATTALION'S A WICKED FIGHTING UNIT, I UNDERSTAND!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, NAMOR, DIVESTED OF HIS UNIFORM, PLUNGES INTO THE ATLANTIC, AND SPEEDS SOUTHWARD----

NOW, AT LEAST, I'LL GET SOME REAL ACTION!



ANOTHER DAY FINDS HIM APPROACHING HIS ELABORATE ICEBERG CASTLE IN THE FROZEN WATERS OF THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC----

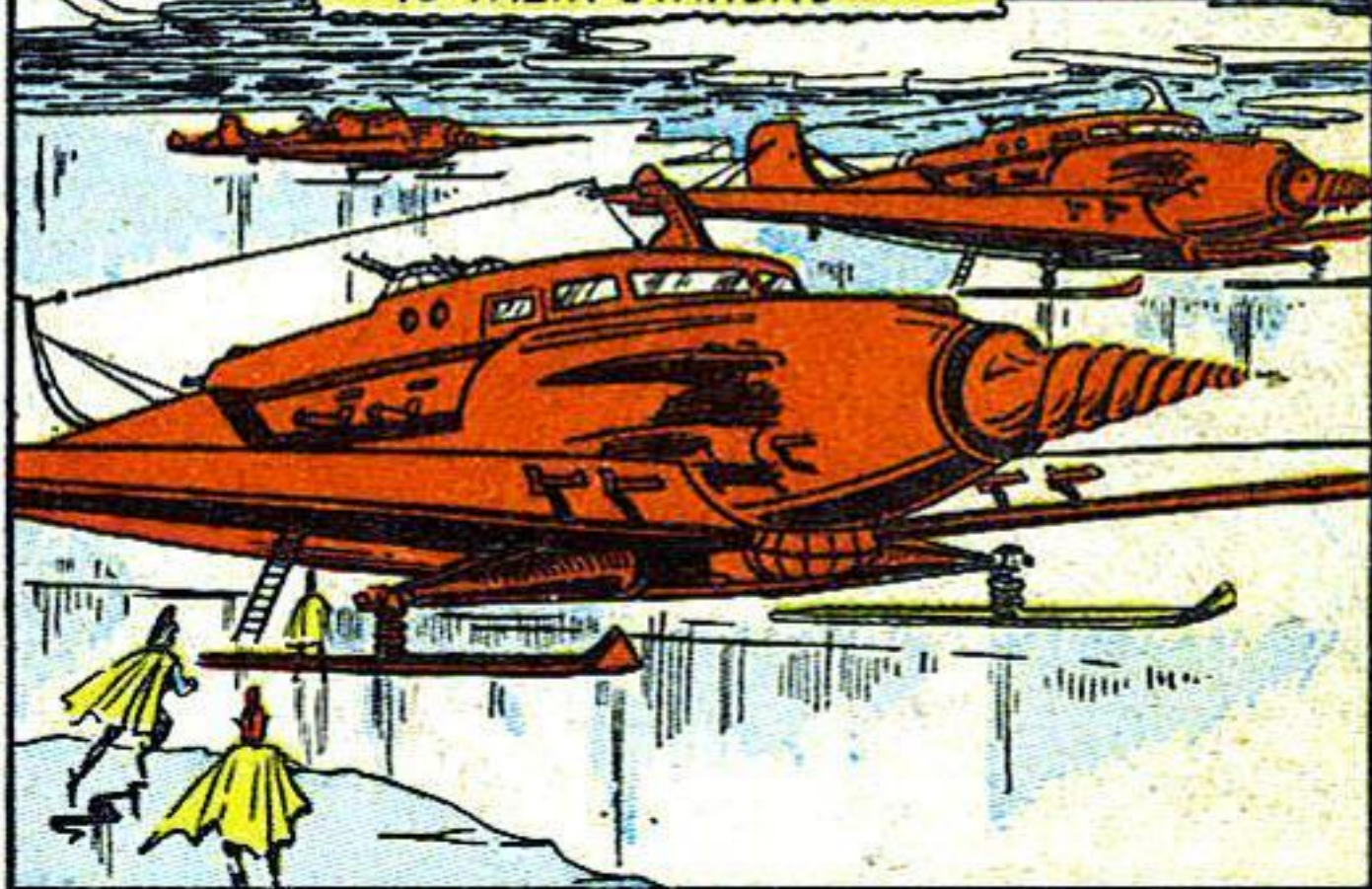


WHERE HE CALLS A MEETING OF HIS LIEUTENANTS---

GET YOUR SHIPS TOGETHER, MEN--
THE ICE BATTALION'S GOING TO WAR!!!

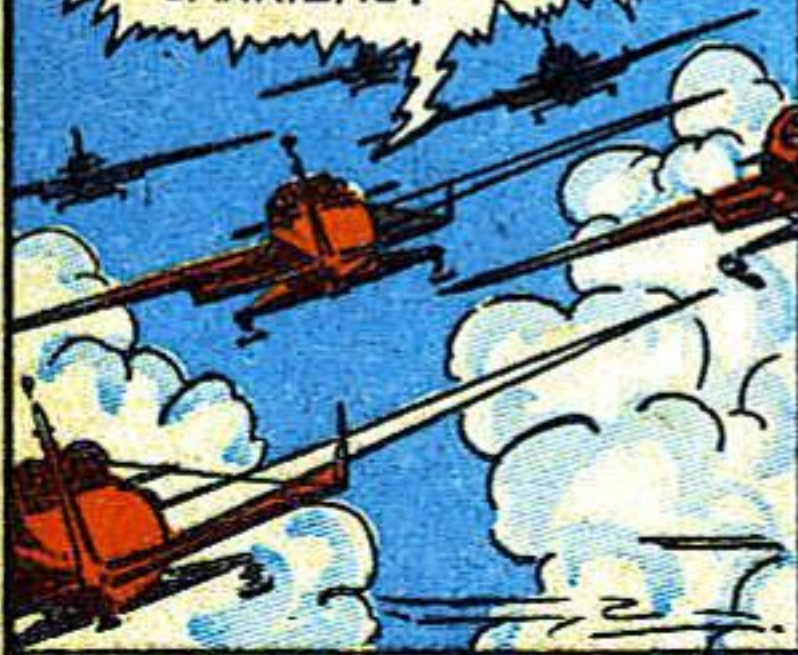


WITHIN HALF AN HOUR, NAMOR'S ICE BATTALION--A FLEET OF AERIAL-SUBMARINES EQUIPPED WITH GIANT DRILLS ON THEIR SNOUTS--IS ASSEMBLED ON THE ICE FLOES SURROUNDING THE CASTLE----THE CREWS RUN TO THEIR STATIONS----



---AND IN A MOMENT, AT NAMOR'S COMMAND, THEY ARE IN THE AIR, SOARING NORTHWARD TOWARD THE PACIFIC OCEAN---

ON THE ALERT, MEN! WATCH FOR JAP SUBS AND CARRIERS!

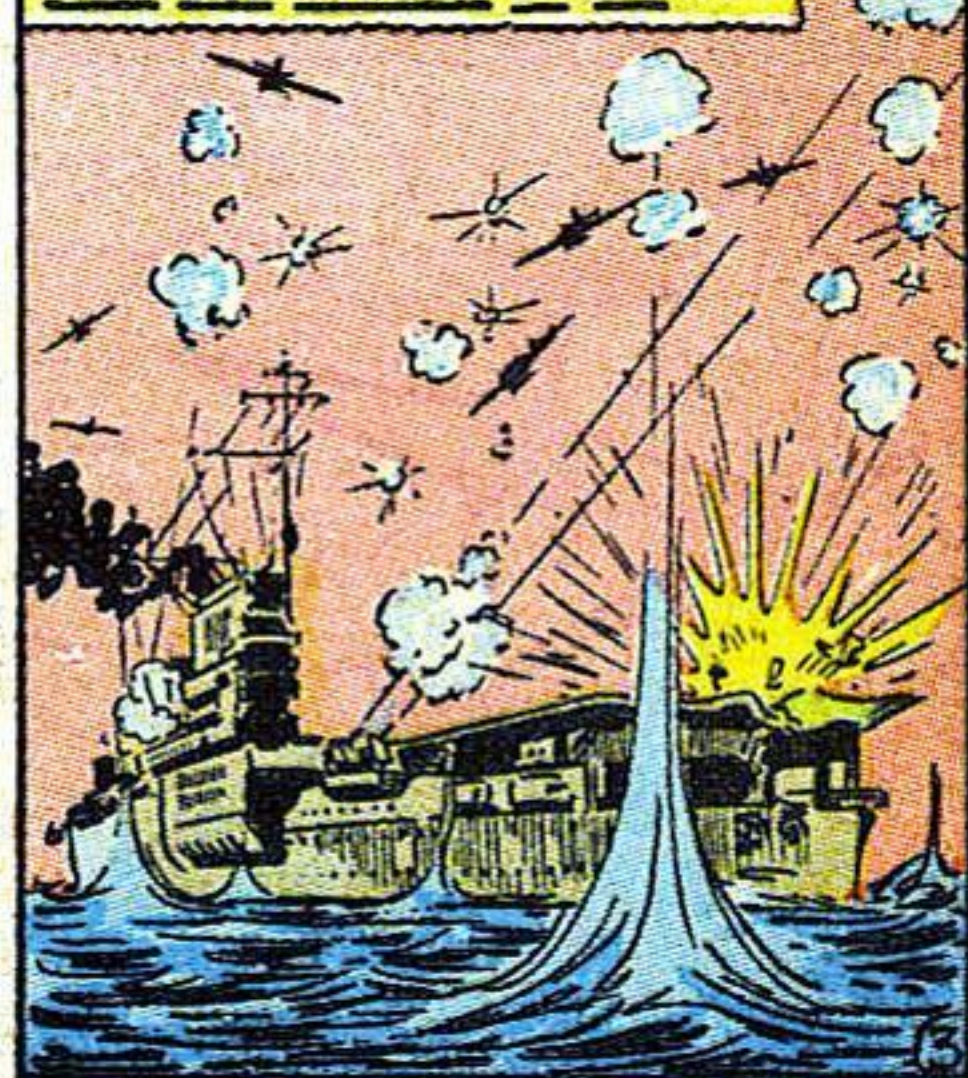


HOURS LATER, THE LEADING SCOUT PLANE FLASHES A WARNING TO NAMOR'S FLAGSHIP---

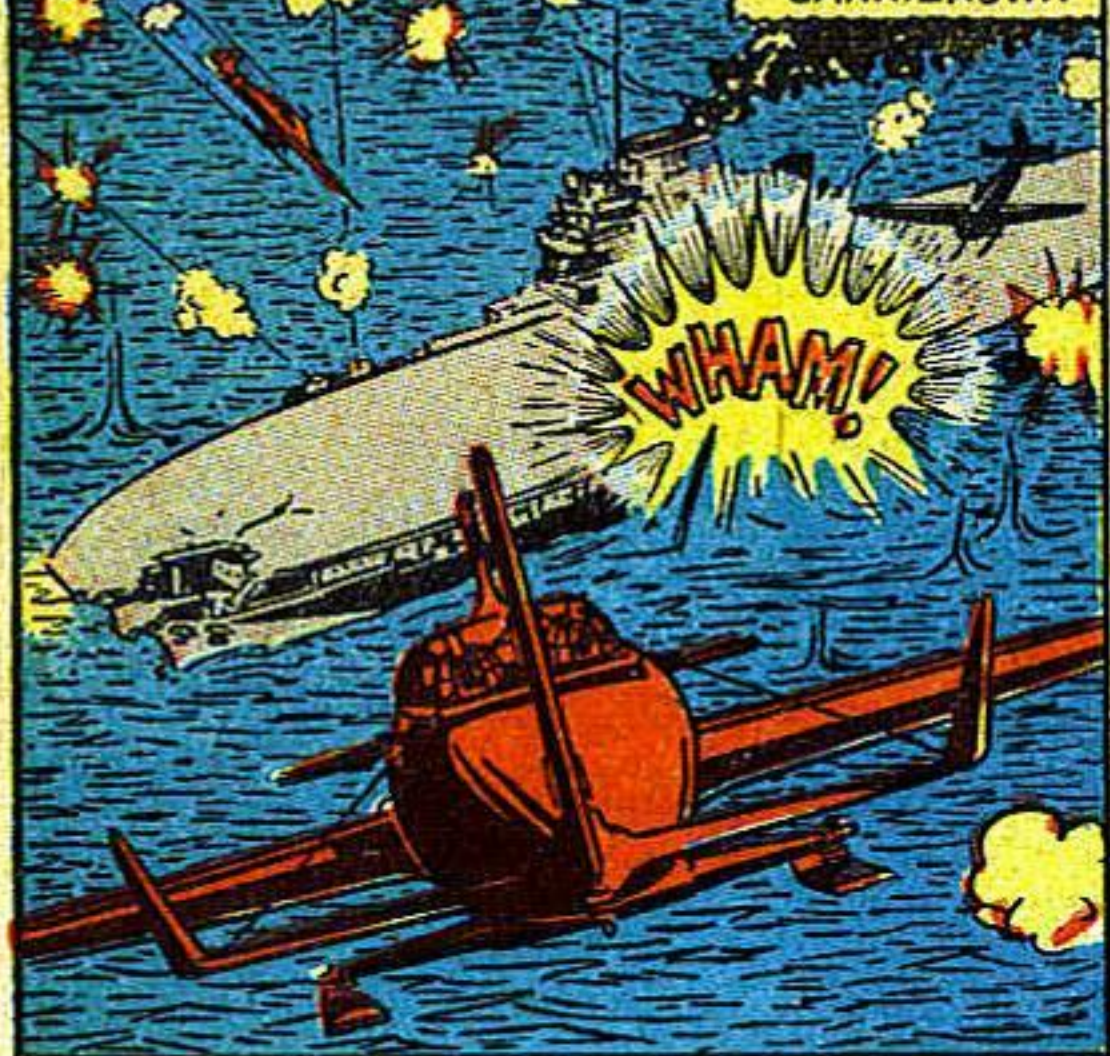
JAPANESE WAR-CRAFT ON HORIZON, SIR! CLEAR FOR ACTION!



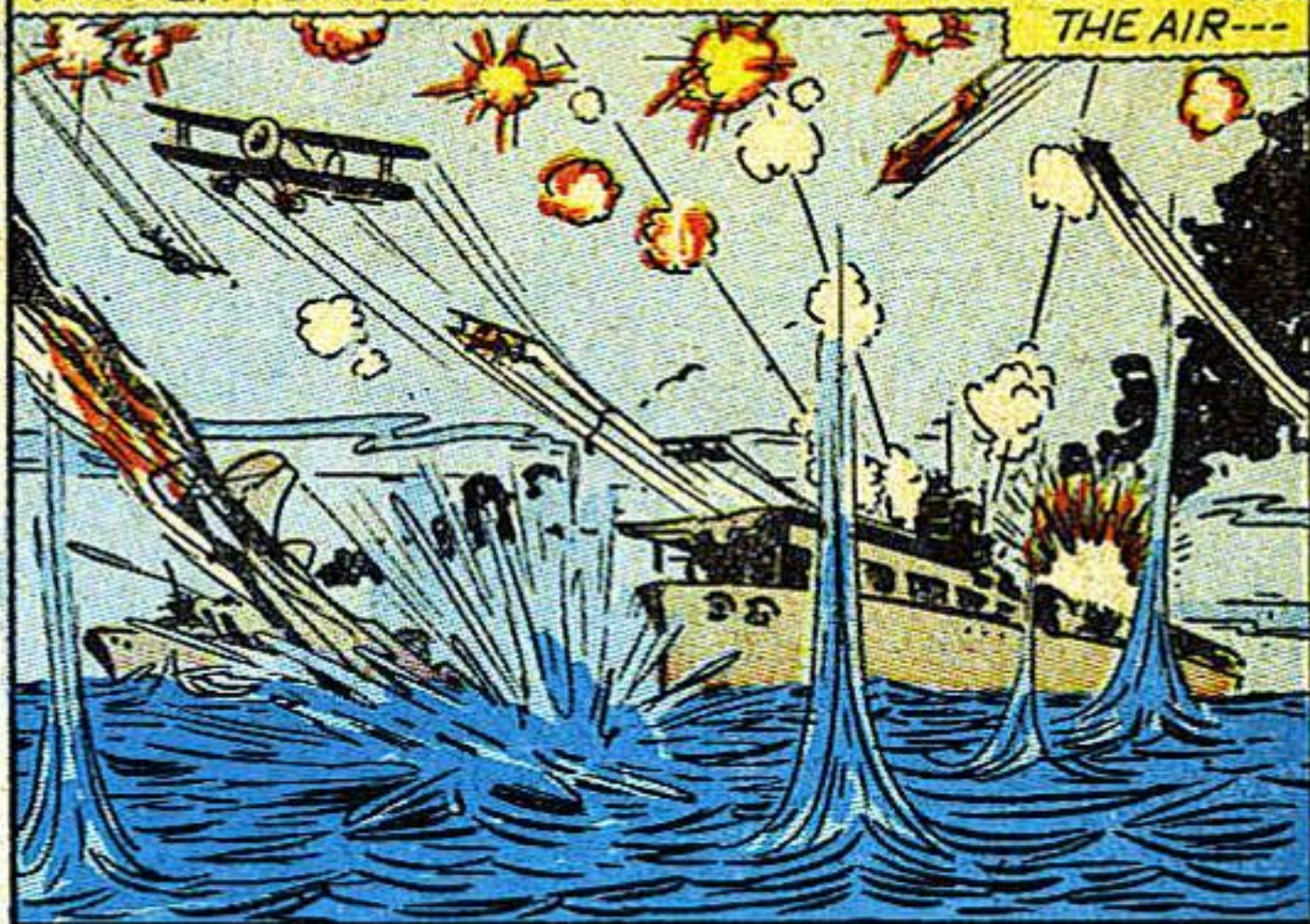
AND THE BATTLE IS ON!!!



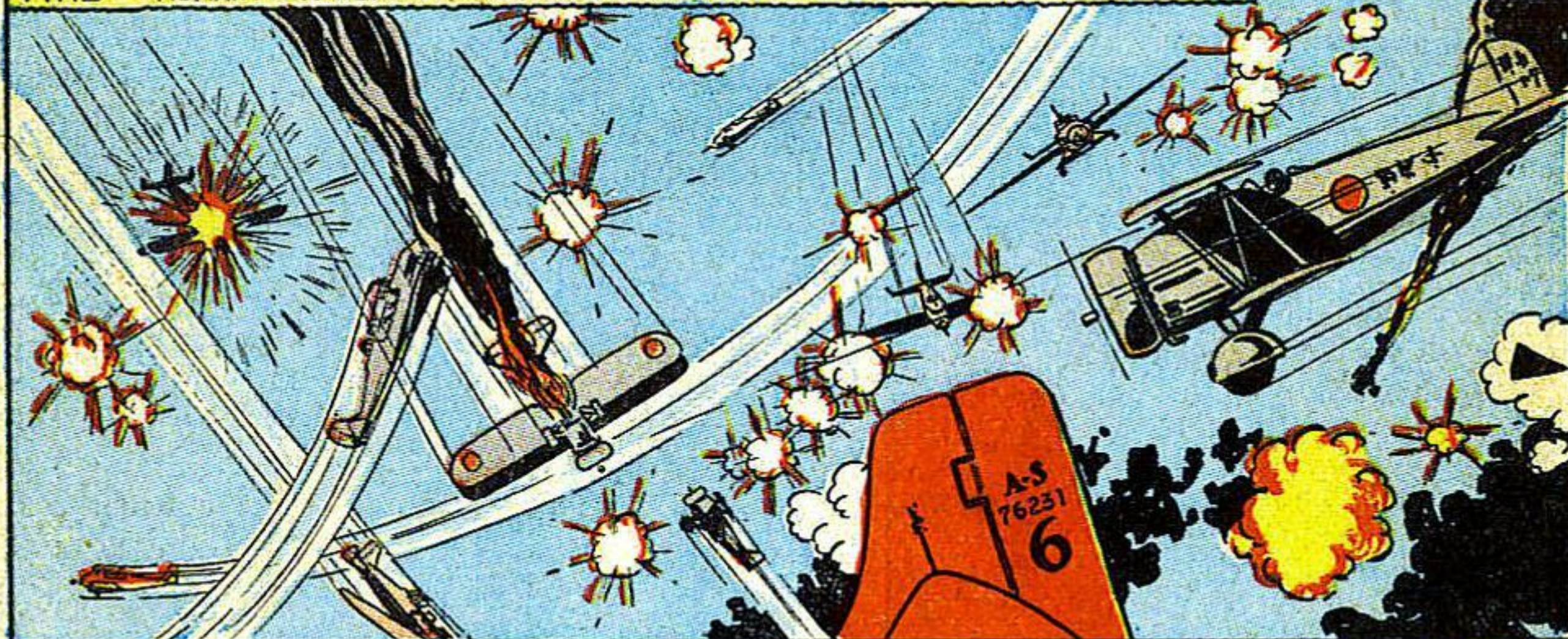
NAMOR'S PLANES DIVE-BOMB THE JAP CARRIERS....



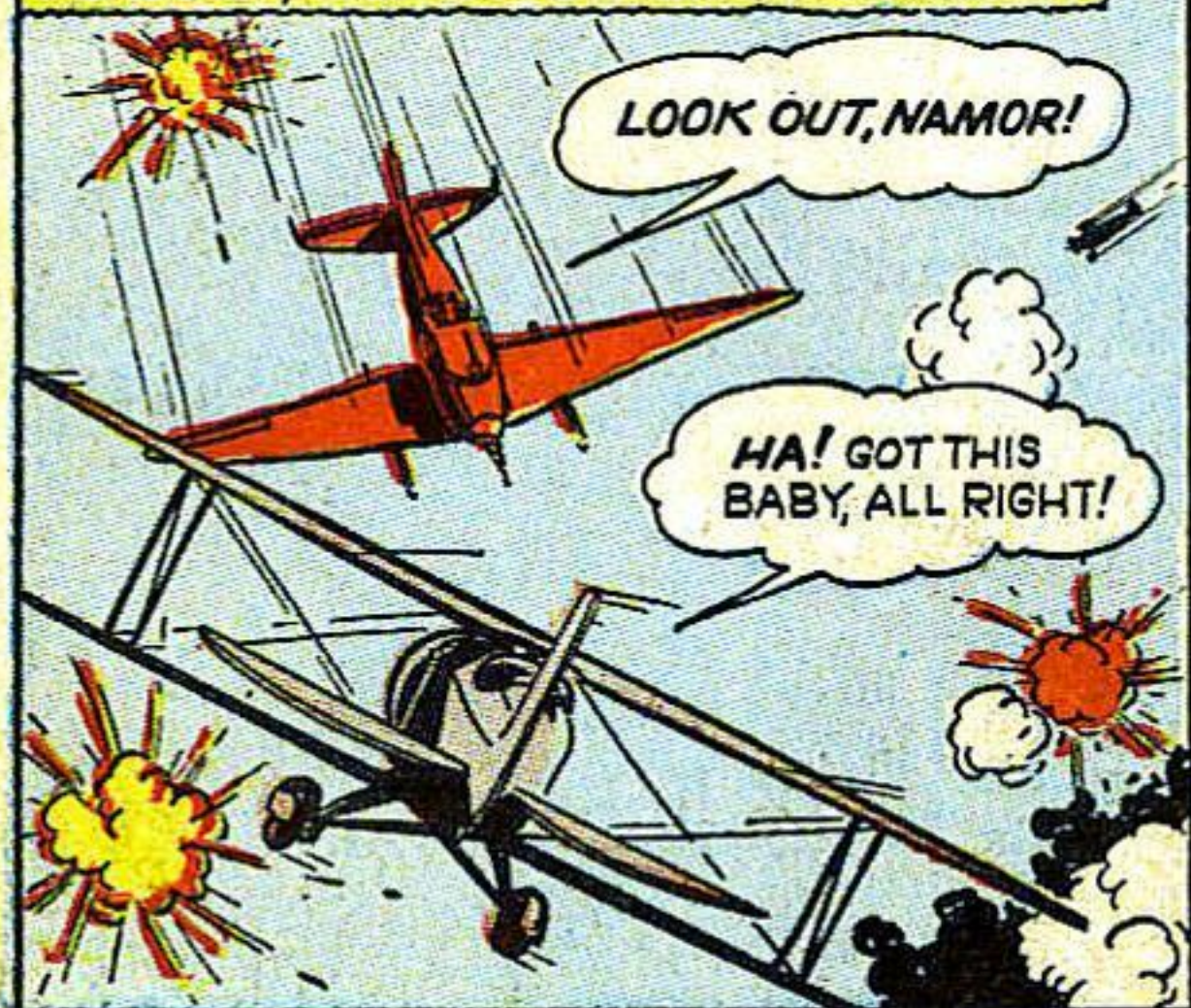
THE SURPRISED JAPS HIT BACK WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES --- AND A MOMENT LATER THEIR FIGHTER PLANES TAKE OFF TO GIVE BATTLE IN THE AIR---



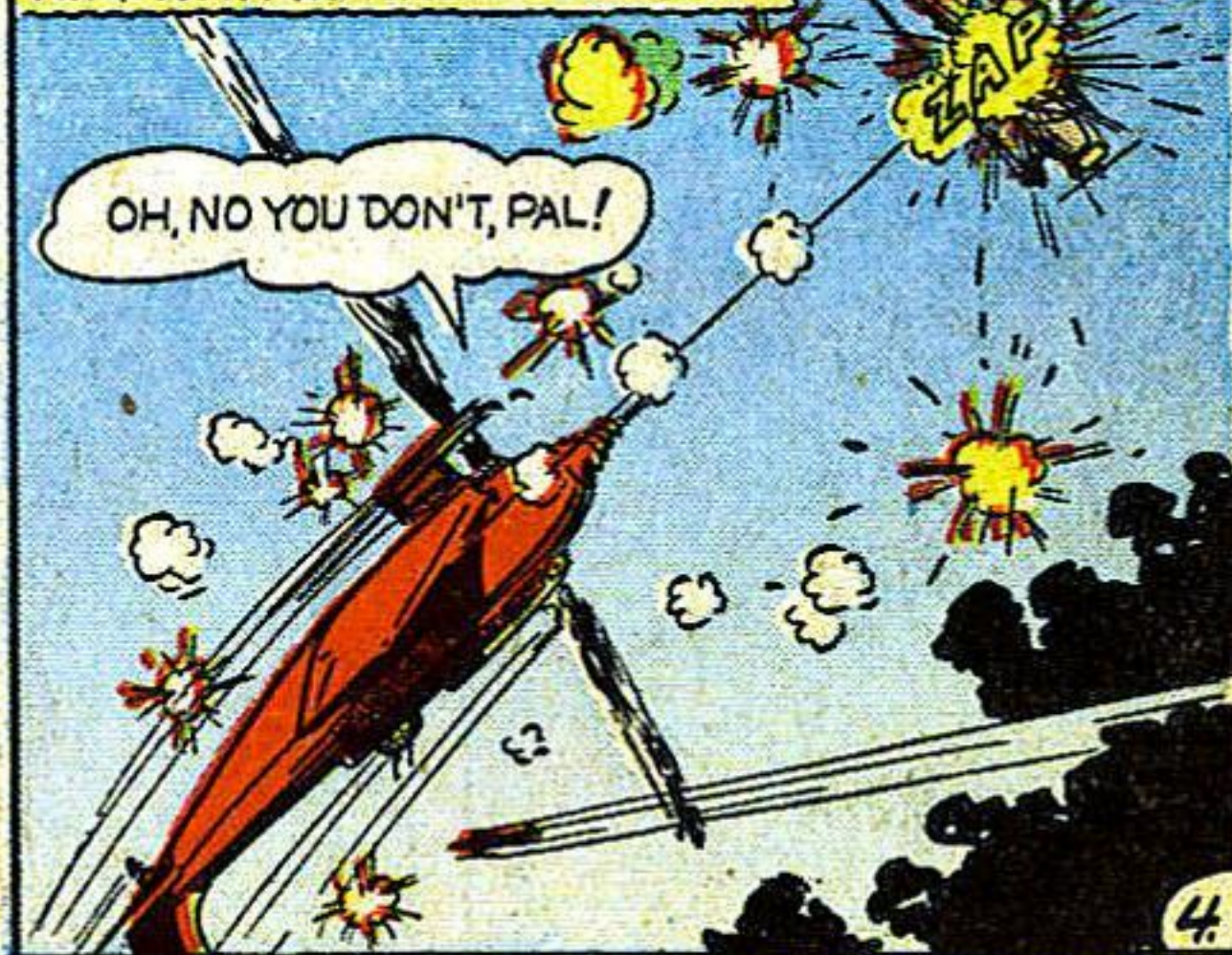
A TERRIFIC DOG-FIGHT ENSUES — PURSUIT SHIPS AND AERIAL-SUBMARINES EXCHANGING FIRE — ROARING IN FLAMES — ZOOMING THROUGH EXPLODING SHRAPNEL---



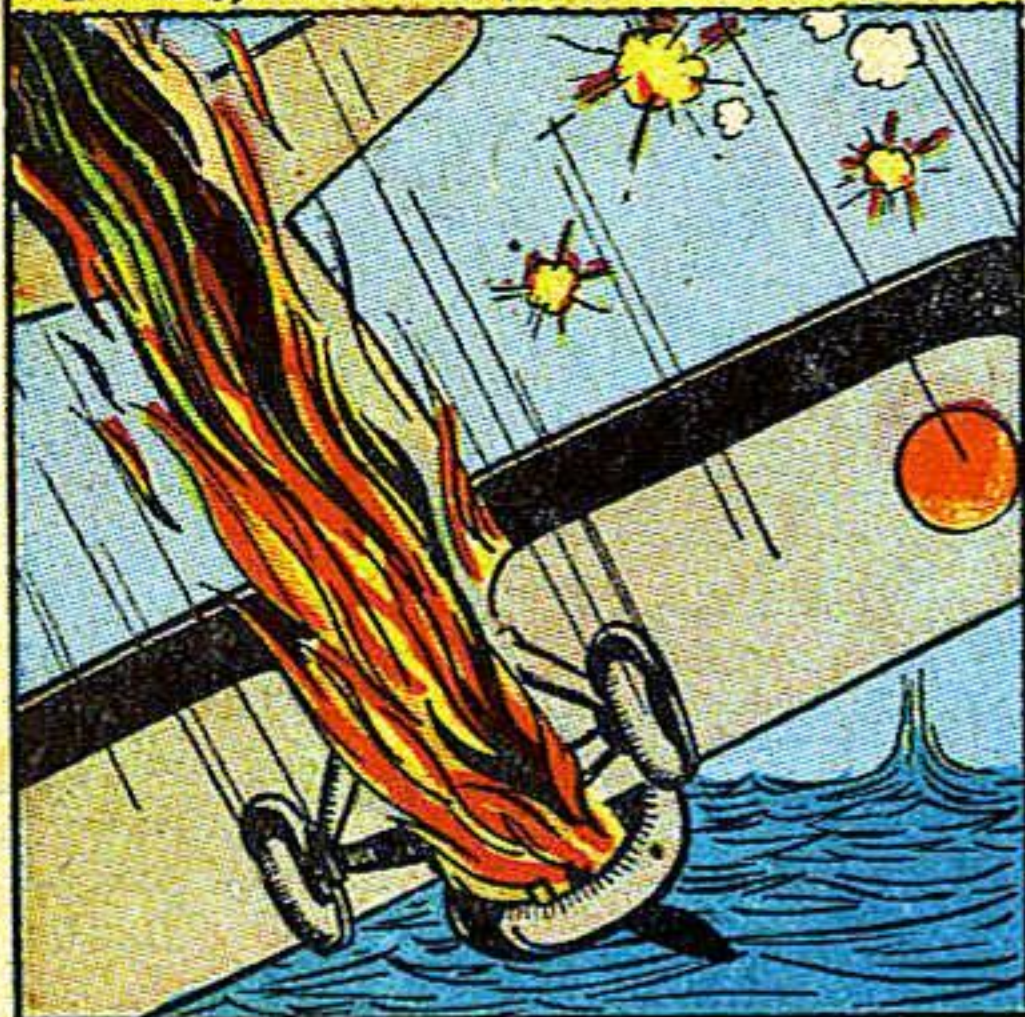
SUDDENLY A JAP PICKS OUT NAMOR'S FLAGSHIP, AND DIVES DOWN ON HIM---



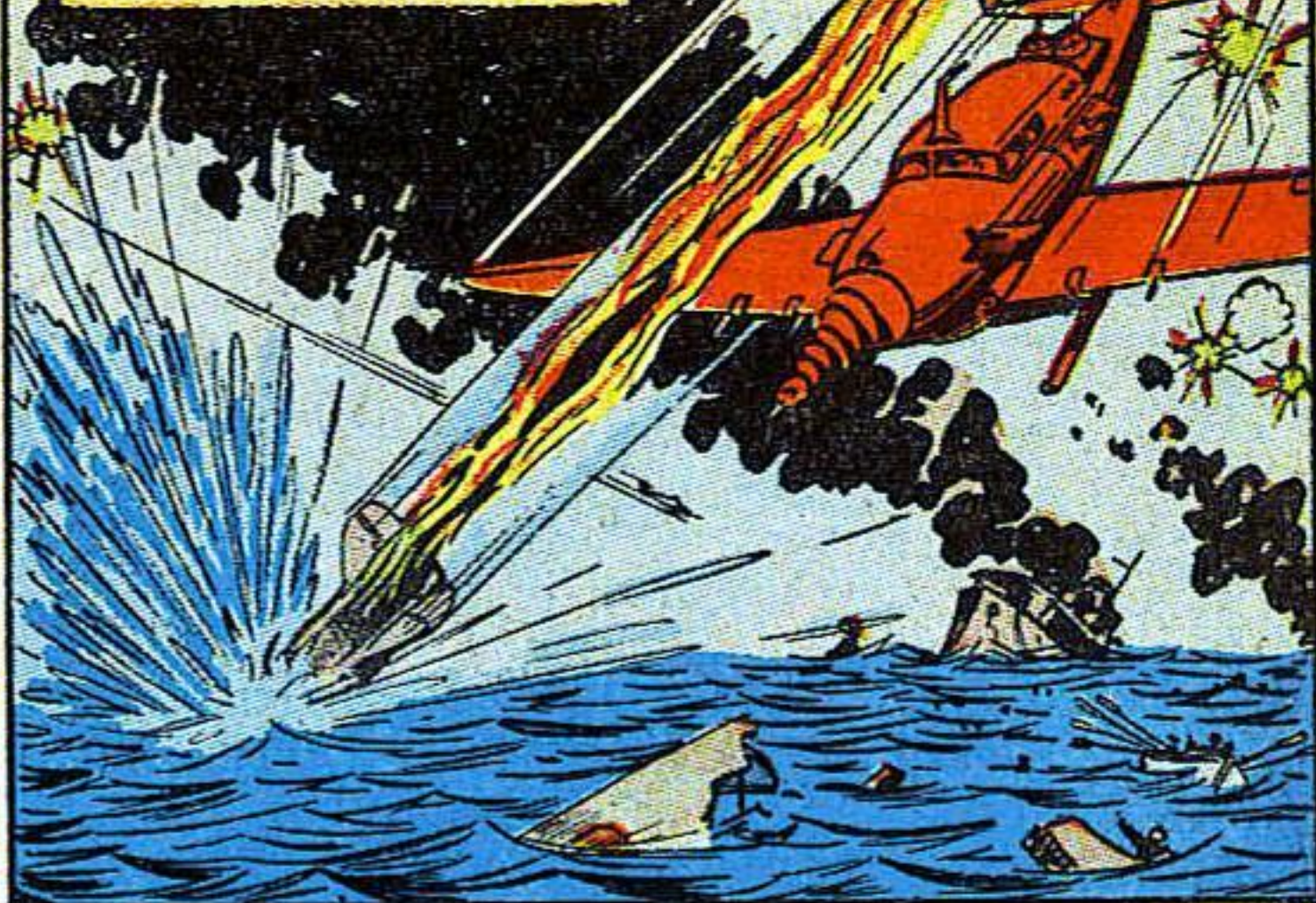
--- BUT ACTING QUICKLY, NAMOR LOOPS UP UNDER HIS BELLY, BLASTING HIM WITH MACHINE GUNS---



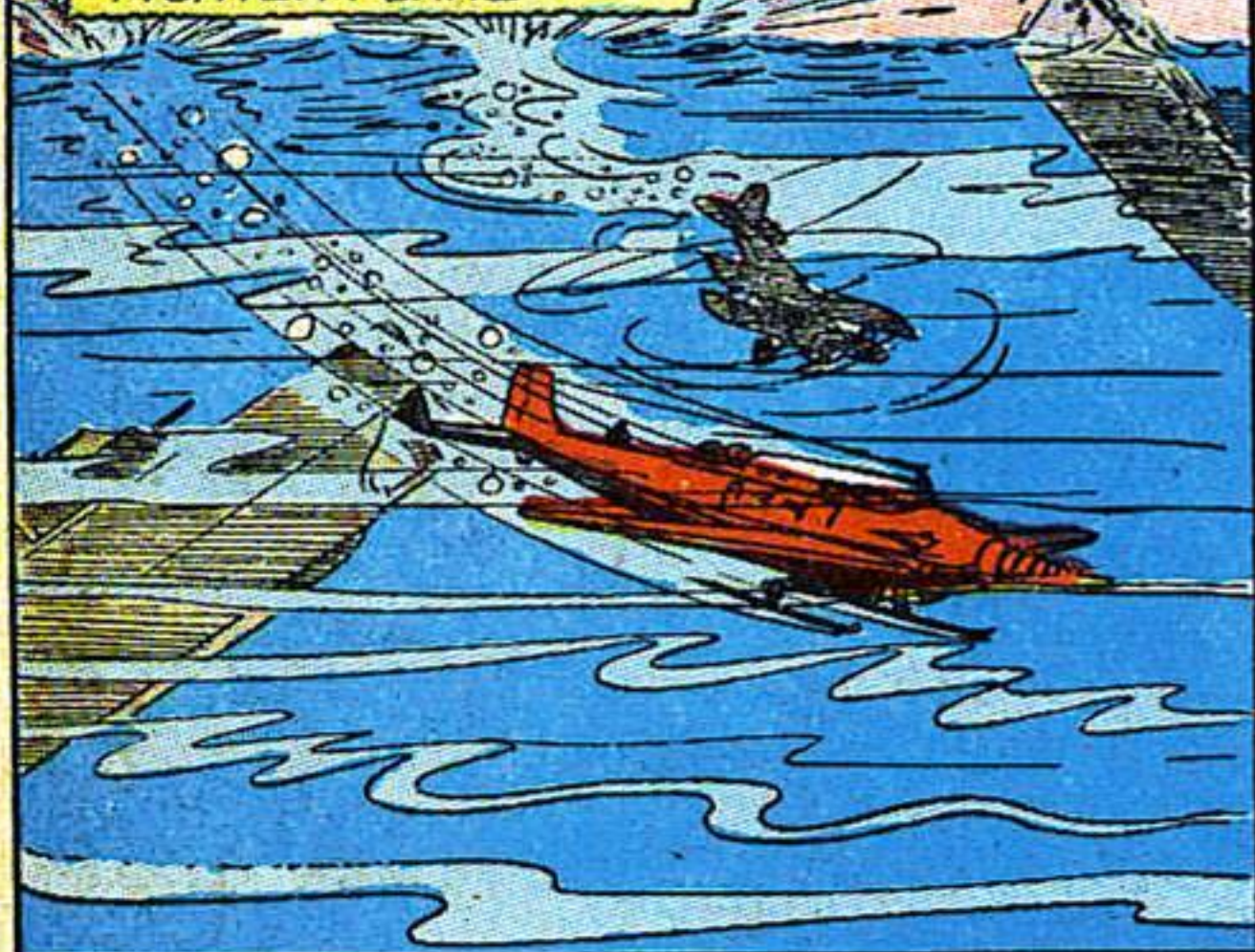
INSTANTLY THE JAP BURSTS INTO FLAMES, AND PLUNGES TO THE SEA!



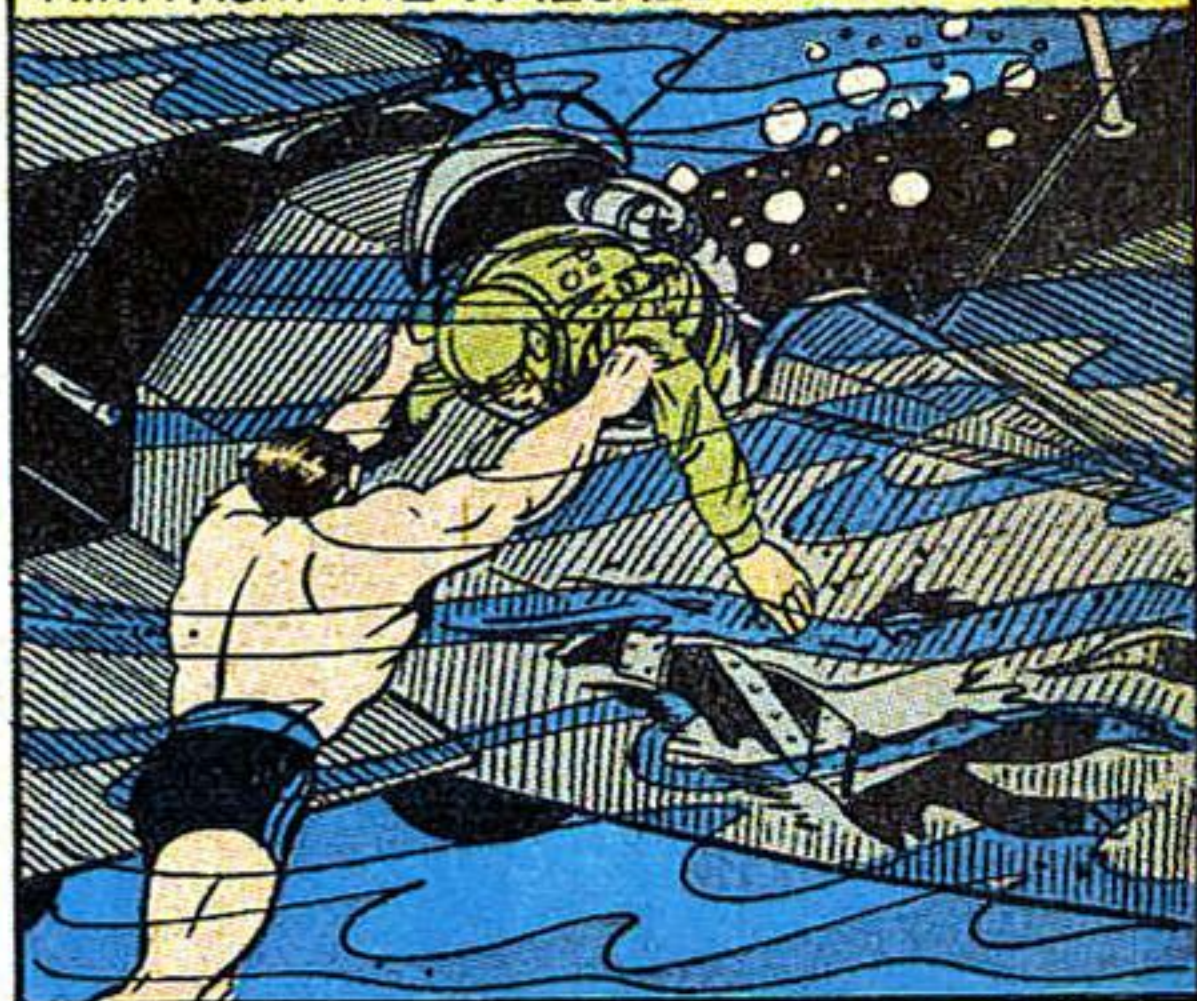
NAMOR DIVES AFTER HIM, ROARING INTO THE JAP'S TRAIL OF SMOKE---



AS THE TWO SHIPS CRASH THROUGH THE SURFACE, NAMOR COMES UP UNDER THE FIGHTER PLANE---



---AND A SECOND LATER NAMOR, HIMSELF, SWIMS TO THE JAP'S RESCUE, PULLING HIM FROM THE WRECKED SHIP---



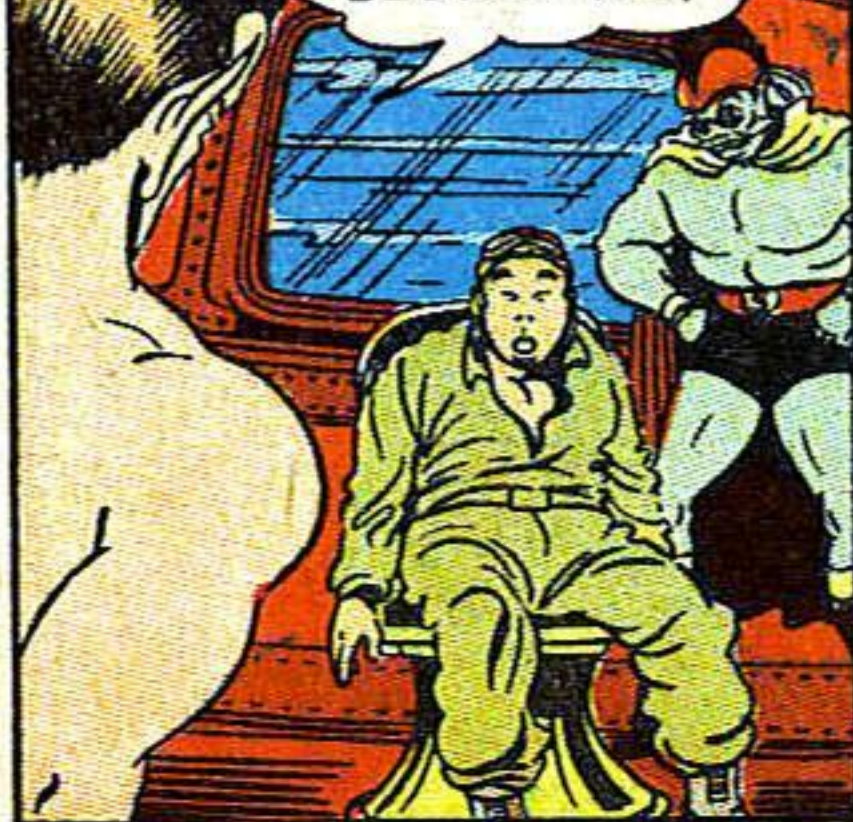
BACK IN THE AERIAL-SUB, NAMOR REVIVES THE JAPANESE PILOT--

HE'S COMING AROUND ALL RIGHT NOW, FOLMA.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER---

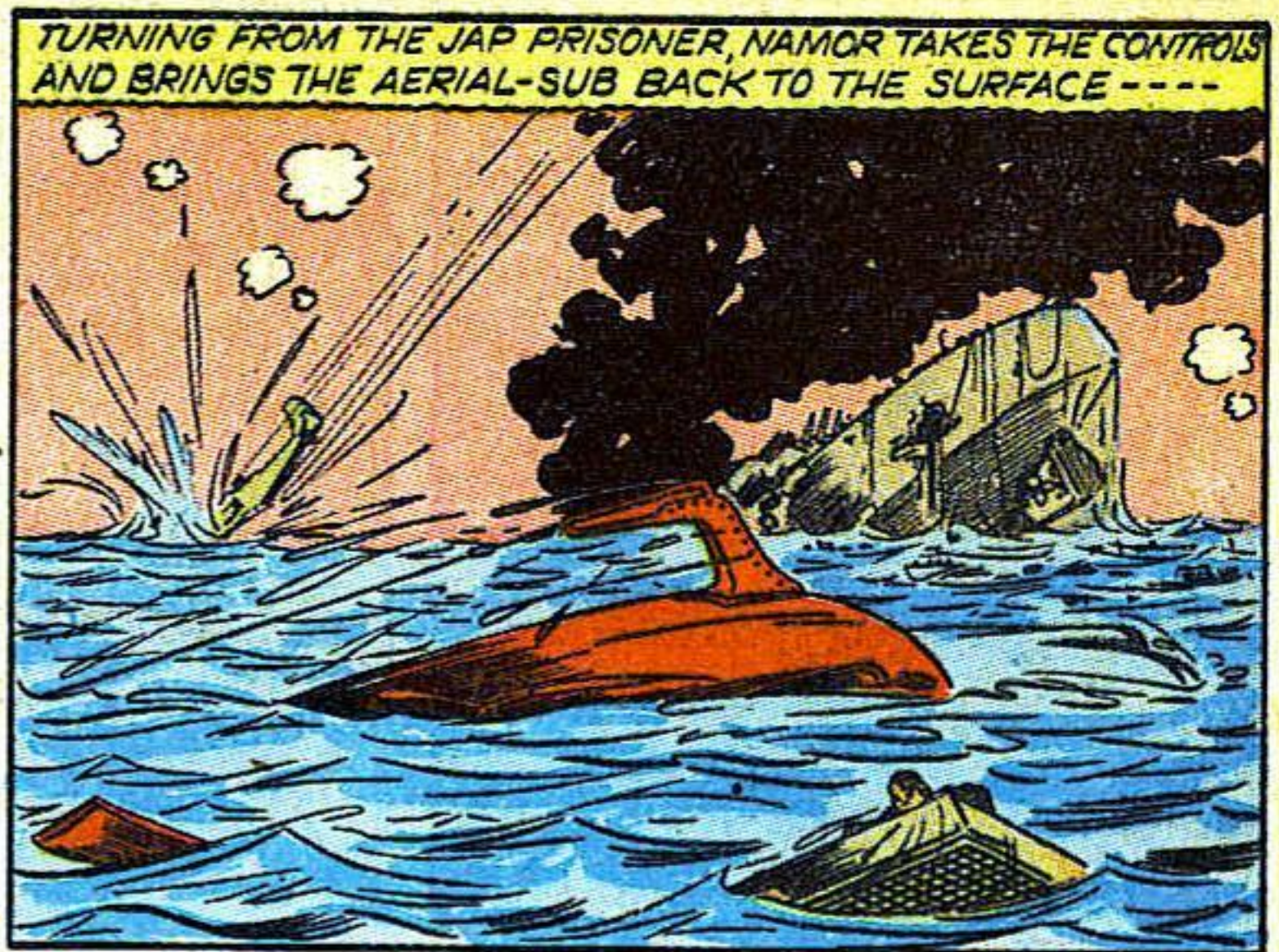
WELL, JAP SAP, YOU CAN COME CLEAN NOW. WHAT DIVISION ARE YOU, AND WHAT'S YOUR DESTINATION?



THE JAP REPLIES IN PERFECT ENGLISH---

WE ARE A SUICIDE DIVISION--NONE OF US EXPECT TO RETURN TO JAPAN ALIVE. BUT AS TO OUR DESTINATION, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T TELL YOU, FOR I DON'T HONESTLY KNOW.





ON THE PACIFIC COAST, NAMOR'S MESSAGE IS RECEIVED---

HOLY CATS! JAP FLEET ON ITS WAY TO RAID SAN DIEGO! GET THE COMMANDER, LIEUTENANT!!!

WOW!



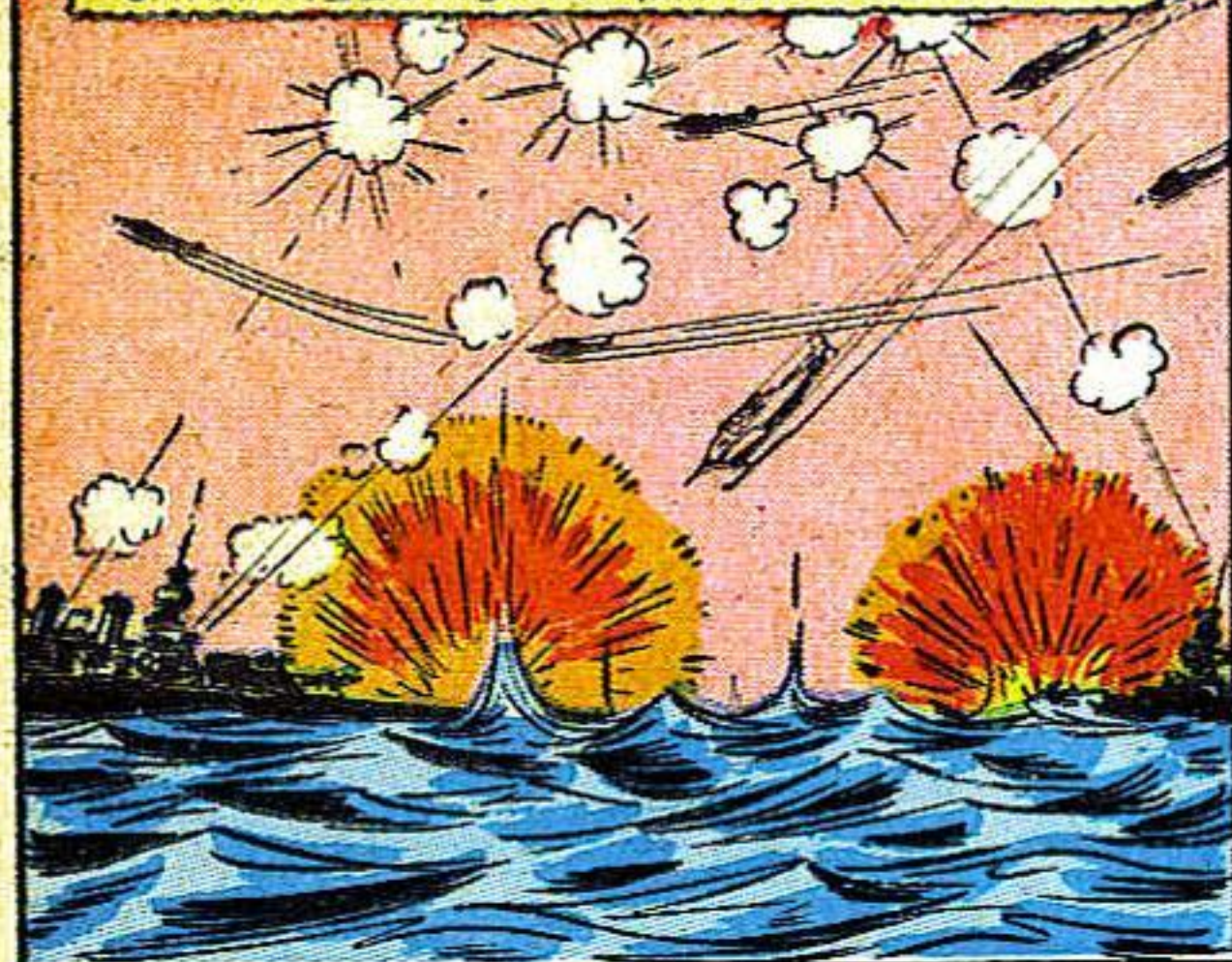
MEANWHILE, NAMOR'S SQUADRON SETS OUT TO LOOK FOR THE JAPANESE SHIPS---

LOOK, NAMOR! THERE THEY ARE NOW!

OKAY, MEN! DIVE FORMATION-LET 'EM HAVE IT!!!



AS NAMOR'S PLANES BLAST THE DESTROYERS, NAMOR HIMSELF PLUNGES SEAWARD, DODGING SHRAPNEL AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS---



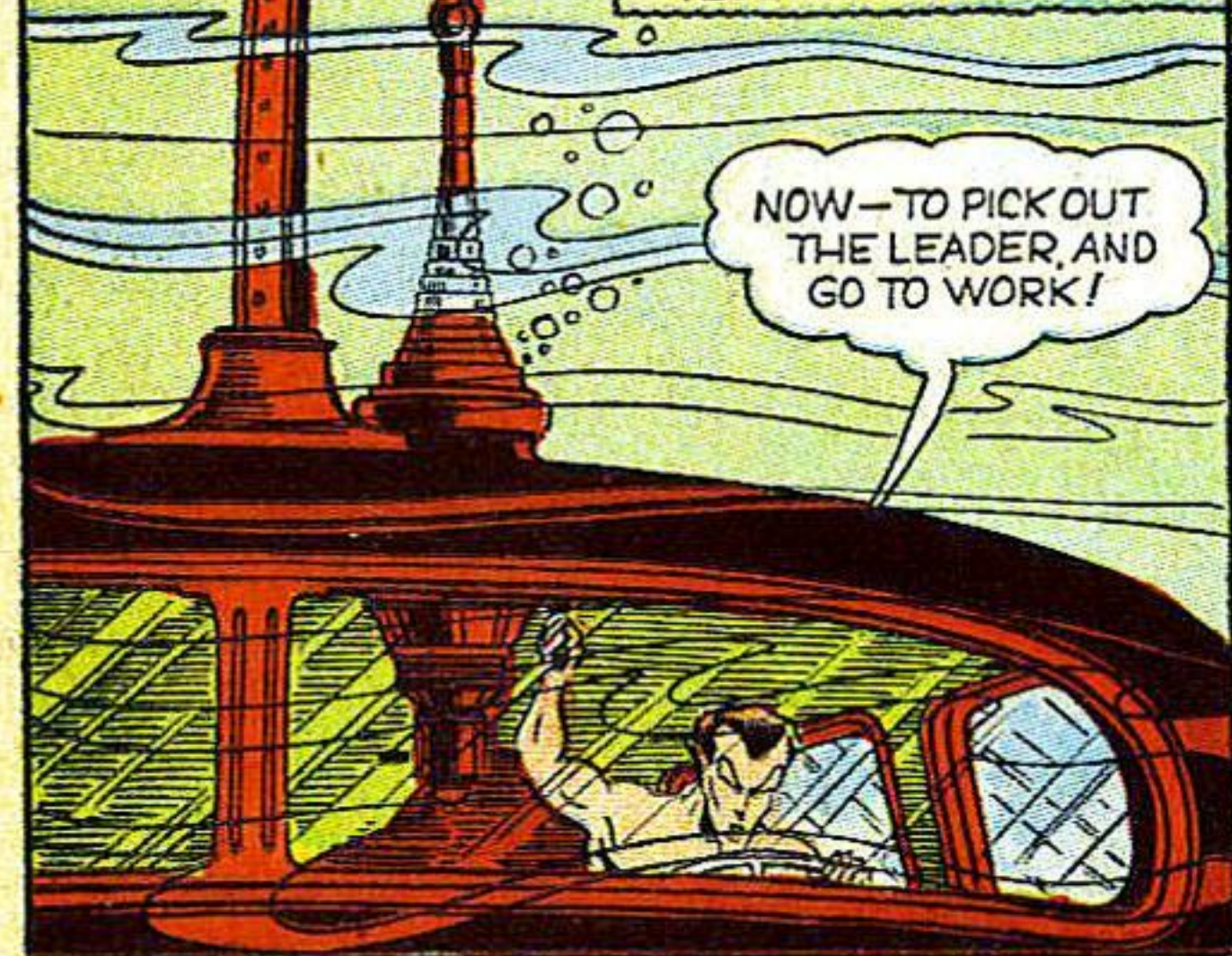
A SECOND LATER, HE CRASHES THROUGH THE SURFACE---

GOT A LITTLE IDEA UP MY SLEEVE--- WE'LL LICK THESE YELLOW RATS EASY!

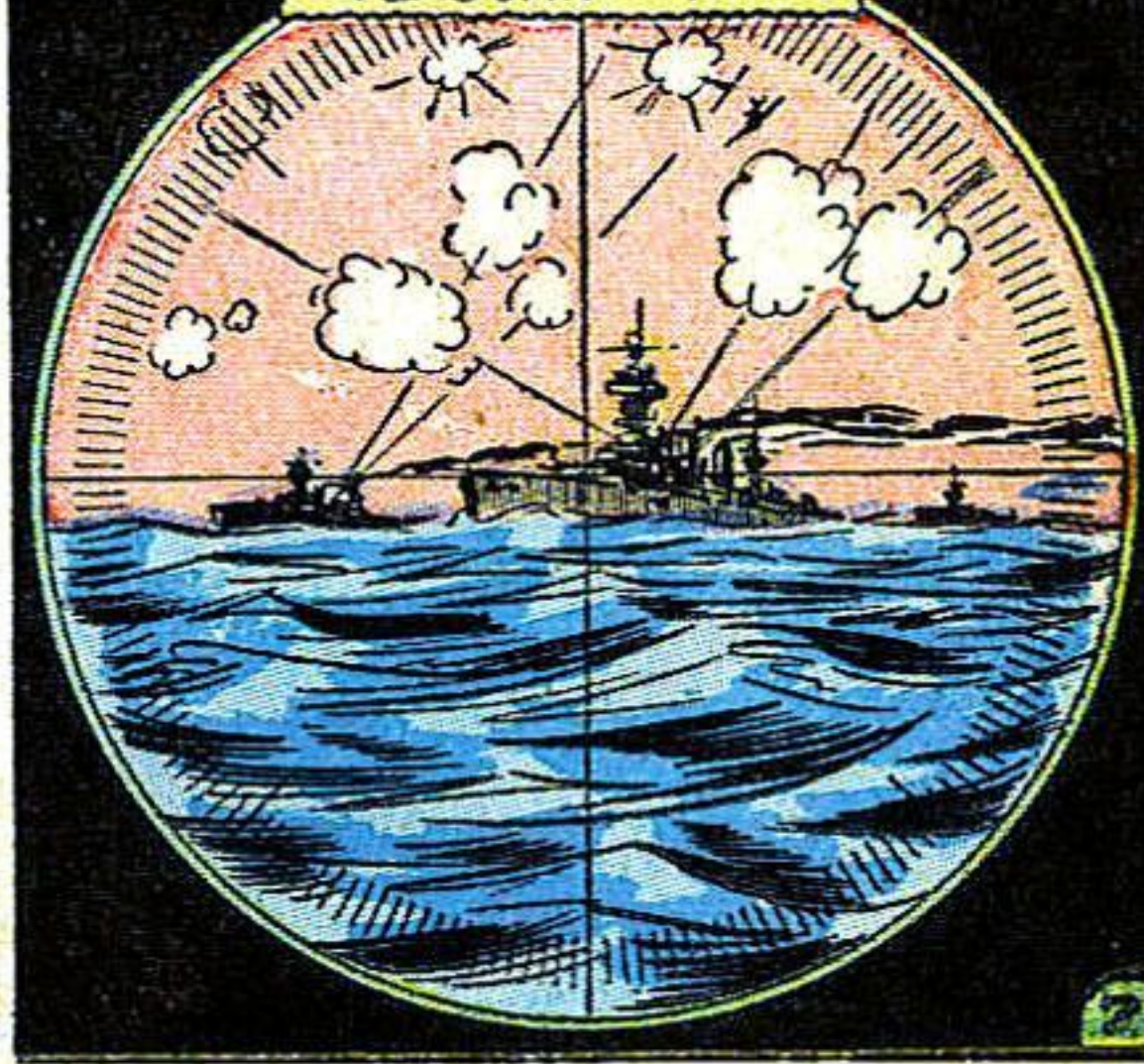


UNDERWATER, HE LEVELS OFF, AND RUNS UP THE TELESCOPIC PERISCOPE---

NOW--TO PICK OUT THE LEADER, AND GO TO WORK!

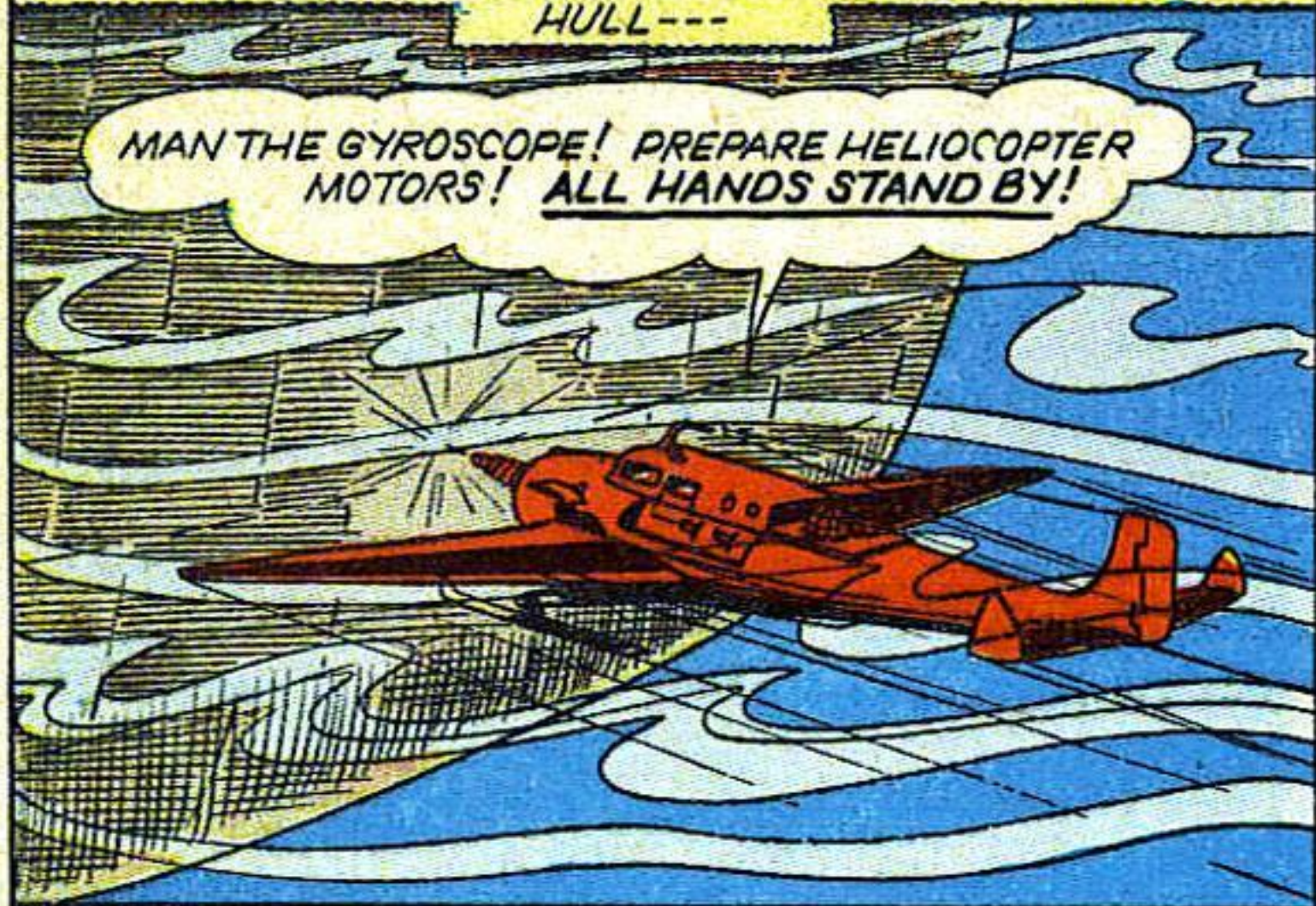


THROUGH THE GLASS, HE SPOTS THE JAP FLAGSHIP---



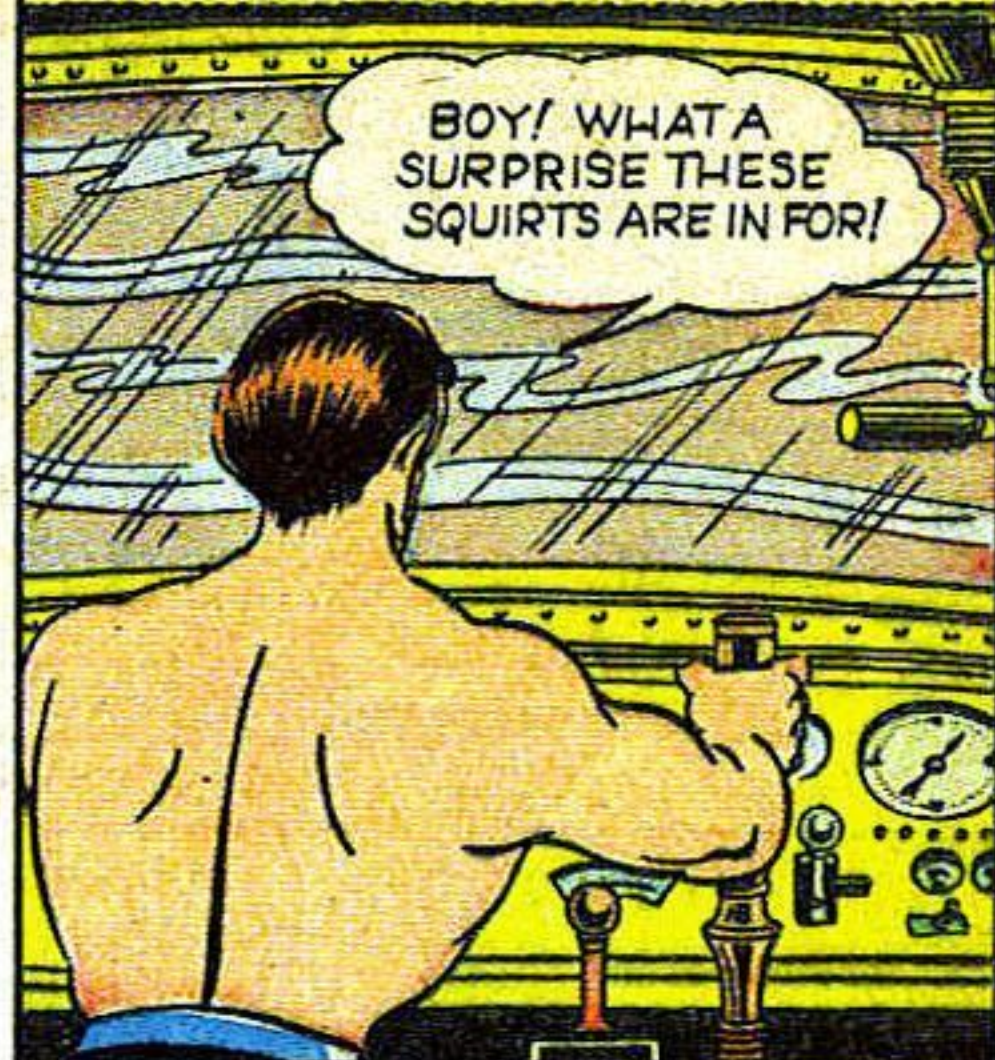
CUTTING THE MOTORS, NAMOR COASTS UP TO THE SHIP, AND EASES THE DRILL SNOOT OF HIS AERIAL-SUB AGAINST THE HULL---

MAN THE GYROSCOPE! PREPARE HELICOPTER MOTORS! **ALL HANDS STAND BY!**

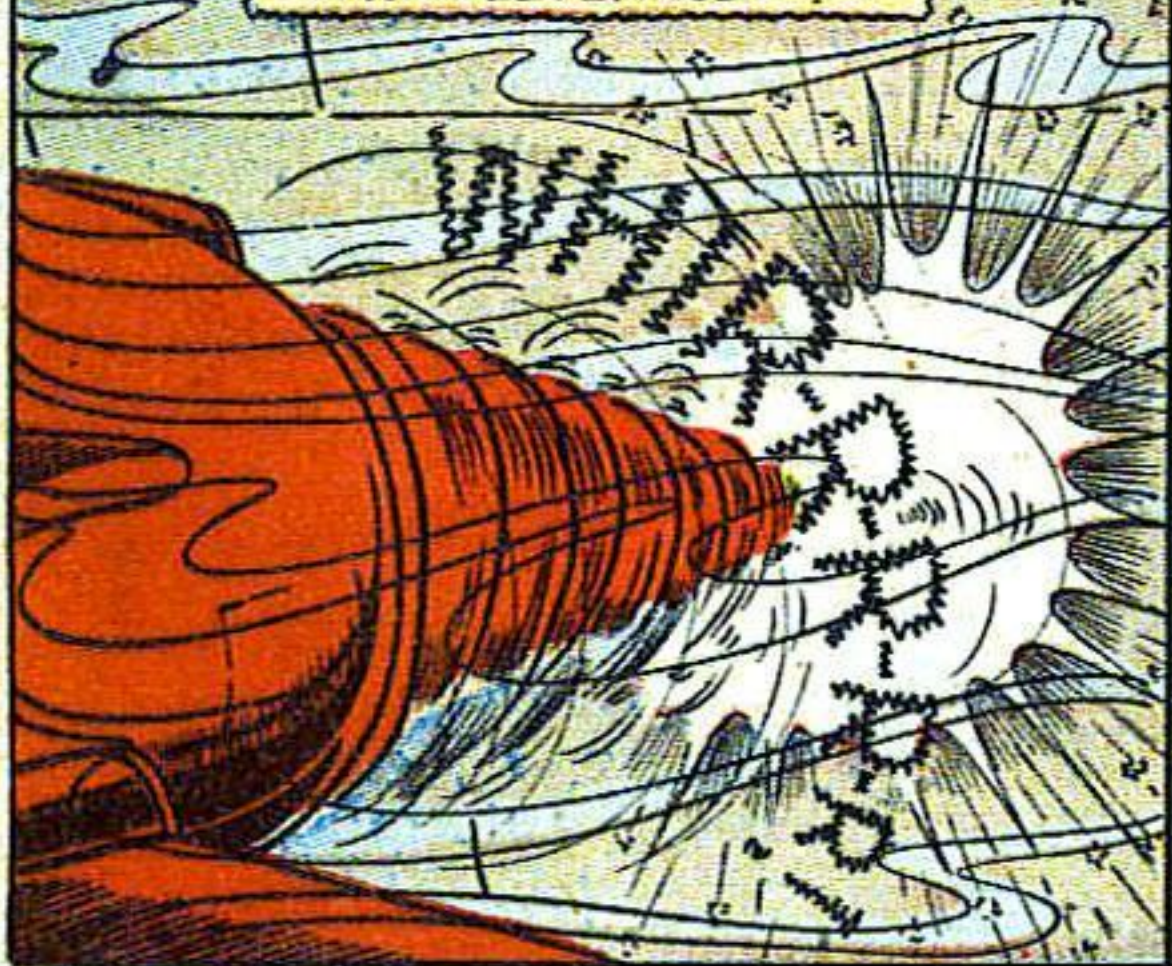


INTERNAL MOTORS ROAR AS NAMOR THROWS A HEAVY LEVER FORWARD---

BOY! WHAT A SURPRISE THESE SQUIRTS ARE IN FOR!

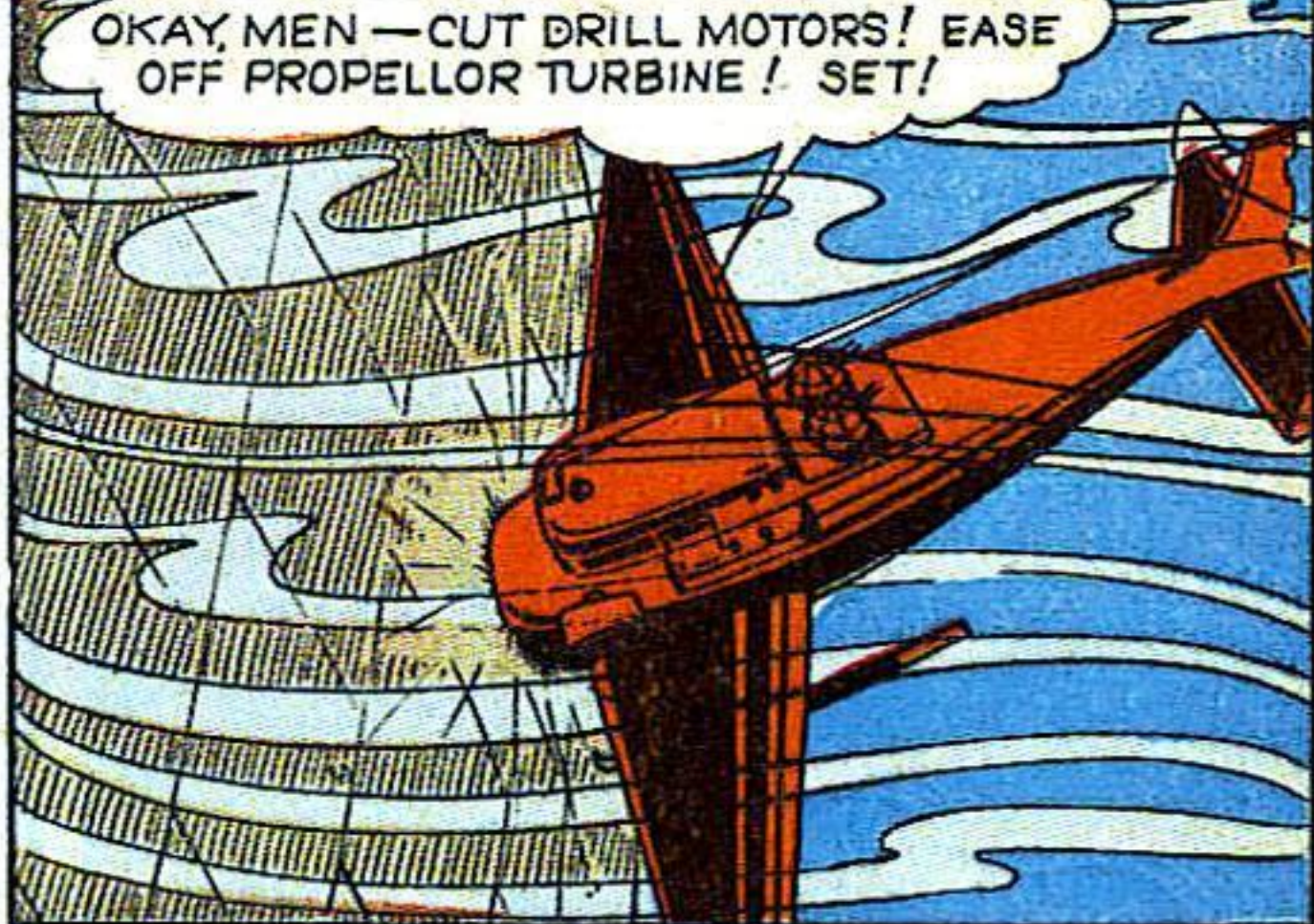


INSTANTLY THE GIANT DRILL GOES INTO ACTION, ANGRILY GRINDING ITS POINT INTO THE STEEL PLATES, AS THE SUB'S PROPELLING TURBINES GIVE IT LEVERAGE----



TWO MINUTES LATER, THE NOSE OF THE SUB IS BURIED DEEP IN THE HULL---AND ELECTRO-MAGNETS SEAL IT TIGHTLY THERE-----

OKAY, MEN--CUT DRILL MOTORS! EASE OFF PROPELLOR TURBINE! SET!



NAMOR LOCKS THE CONTROLS, AND TURNS TO HIS MEN--

PREPARE TO DISEMBARK! ALL HANDS TAKE ELECTRIC HAND-DRILLS, AND SHOCK PISTOLS.... **LET'S GO!**

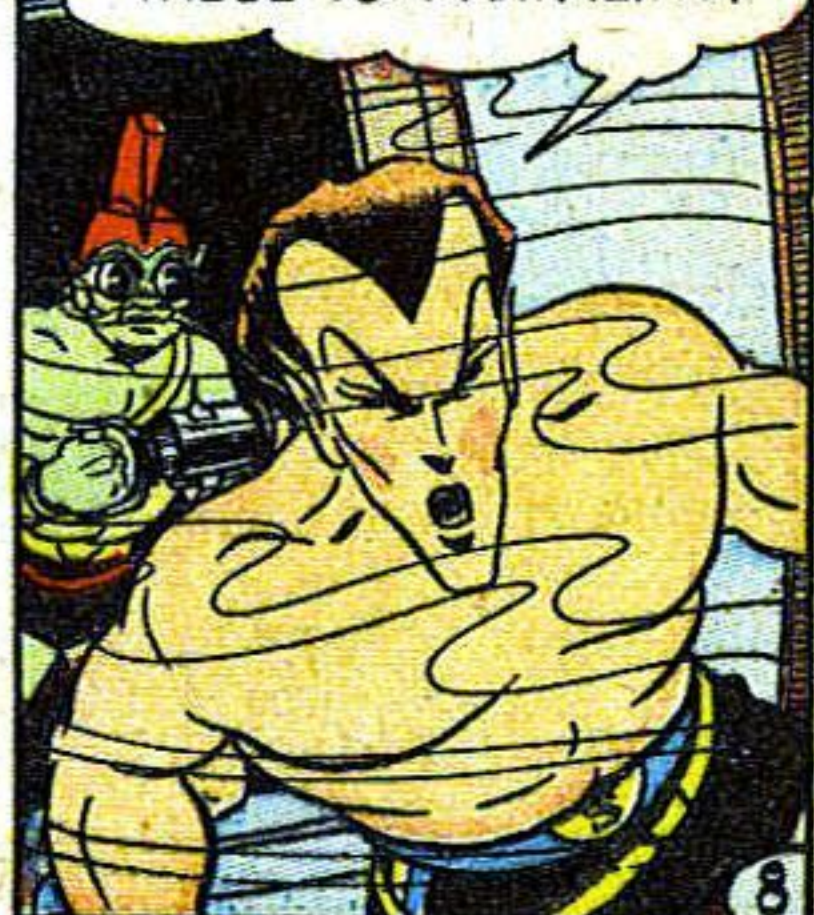


IN A CROSS-SECTION VIEW, WE SEE A SMALL HATCH IN THE BOW OF THE SUB OPEN, AND NAMOR STEPS OUT---- INTO THE BILGE BALLAST TANKS OF THE JAPANESE FLAGSHIP!

COME ON, BOYS--NO TIME TO LOSE!

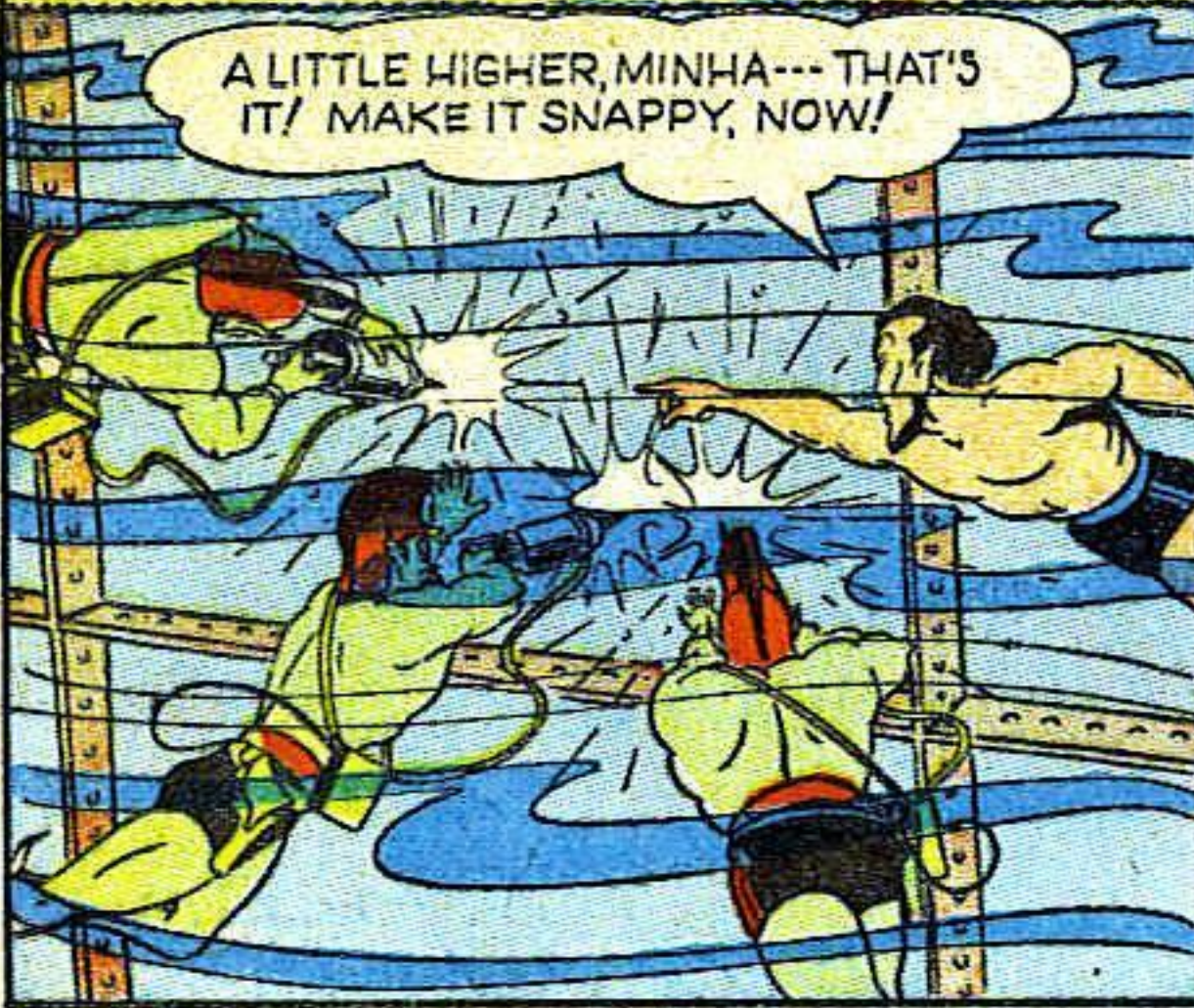


FOLLOW ME! WE'LL SHOOT UP THROUGH THE PUMP HATCH INTO THE ENGINE ROOM. USE YOUR DRILLS TO CUT THROUGH THESE COMPARTMENTS!



THE MEN SWIM TO THE HEAVY BULKHEADS, AND CUT A HOLE THROUGH INTO THE NEXT COMPARTMENT....

A LITTLE HIGHER, MINHA--- THAT'S IT! MAKE IT SNAPPY, NOW!



PROCEEDING THROUGH THE BATTLESHIP'S DOUBLE BOTTOM, THEY COME TO A TIGHTLY SEALED HATCH IN THE CEILING ---

DRILL THOSE RIVETS OFF, SANDA. WE SHOULD BE DIRECTLY UNDER THE ENGINE-ROOM....

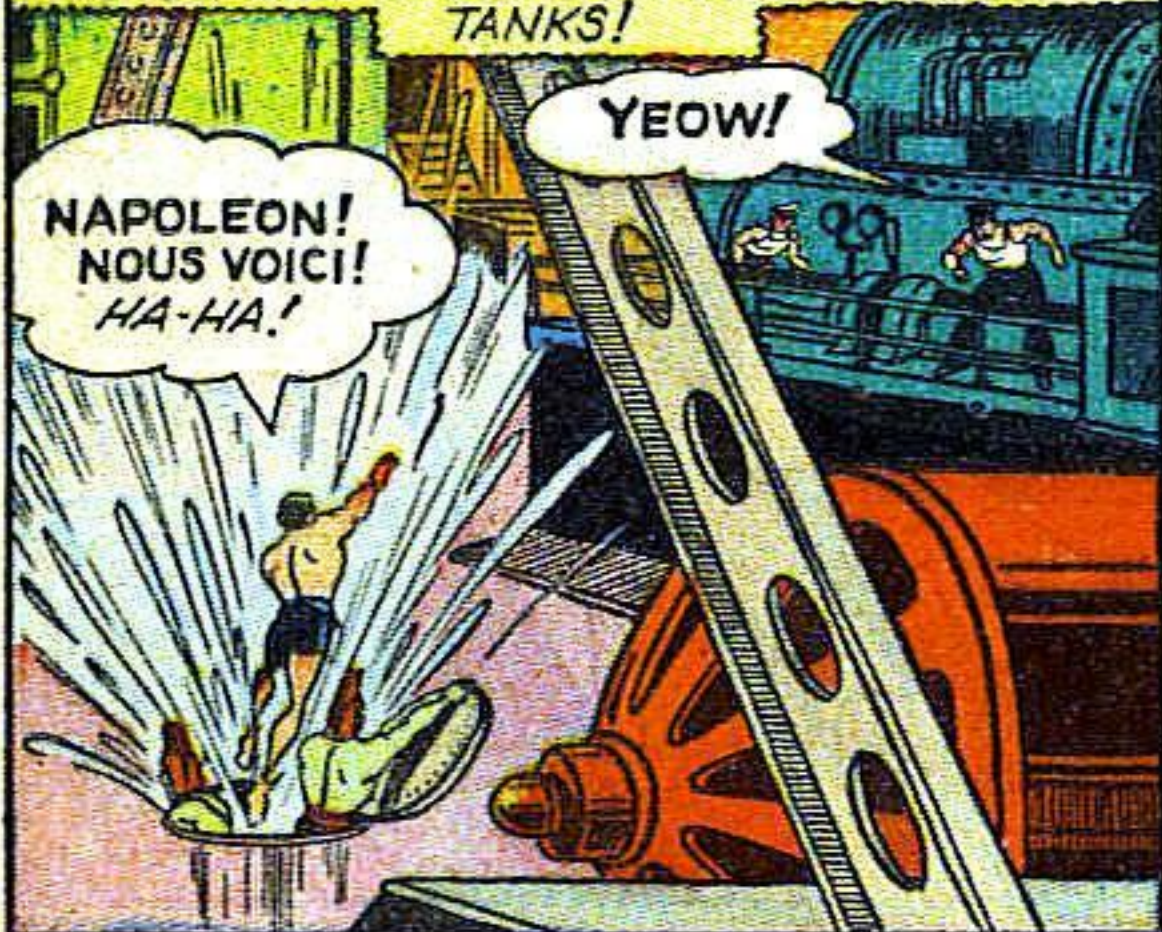
PLENTY NOISY UP THERE!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, WITH A LOUD CLANK, THE HATCH BURSTS OPEN, AND NAMOR AND HIS MEN SPURT UP ON A GEYSER CAUSED BY THE PRESSURE OF THE WATER IN THE BALLAST TANKS!

YEOW!

NAPOLEON! NOUS VOICI! HA-HA!



TERRIFIED AT WHAT THEY DEEM A PHENOMENON OF THE DEVIL-GODS, THE JAP ENGINEERS SCREAM AND RACE FOR THE DECK!

YEOW! GOO-BYE PLEASE!

GLURP!

HONORABLE GODS-SAVE US!!!



BUT NAMOR AND HIS MEN STOP THEM ABRUPTLY---

NYAH! NO YA DON'T, BUTCH!

YI-YI-I-I-Y!

UGH!

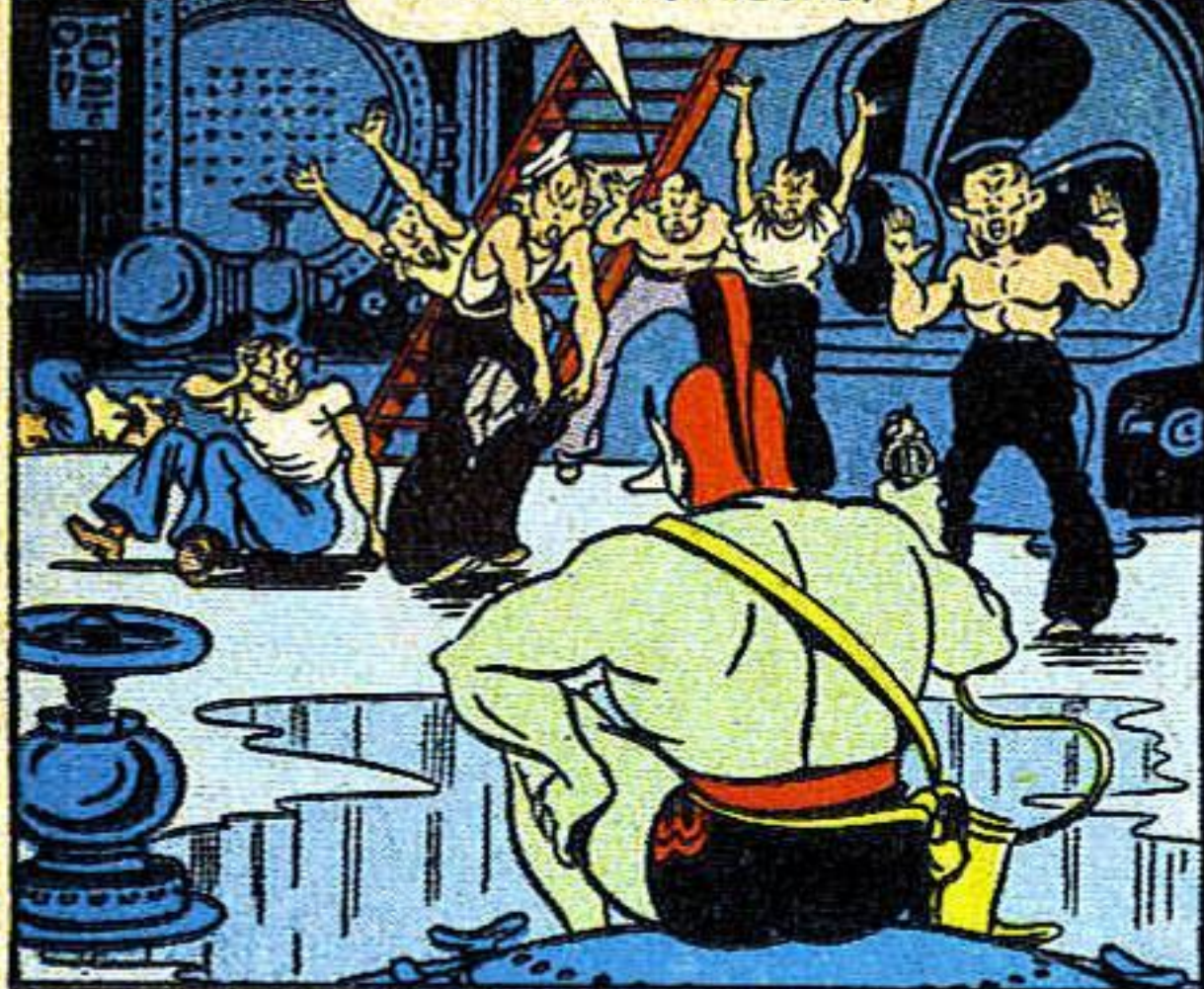


MINHA — BATTEN THAT HATCH DOWN AGAIN, AND SIT ON IT! KEEP AN EYE ON THESE RATS — DON'T LET 'EM PULL ANY FUNNY STUFF. I'M TAKING THE BOYS FOR A LITTLE RECONNOITERING!

YES SIR!



ALL RIGHT, YOU LITTLE JAP LICE! -- SIT TIGHT, AND DON'T MAKE A FALSE MOVE, OR I'LL BLAST YOU INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!



NAMOR TAKES THE REST OF HIS MEN, AND MOVES UP THE COMPANIONWAY---

STICK CLOSE BEHIND ME, LADS--- THIS IS A CASE OF STRATEGY PLUS FORCE! WE'LL GET A LITTLE HAND-TO-HAND ACTION NOW!



ON DECK, THEY SNEAK PAST AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY----

EASY, BOYS--- IF THEY SEE US, BLAST 'EM COLD! QUIET, NOW!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, THEY CLIMB TO THE FIRE-CONTROL TOWER---

IF MY PLAN WORKS, THERE'LL BE VERY FEW MORE SHOTS FIRED! AND THIS INVASION WILL STOP RIGHT HERE AND NOW!



INSIDE THE CONTROL BRIDGE, NAMOR AND HIS MEN STAGE A SMALL-SIZED BLITZKRIEG!

ONE FOR THE MONEY---

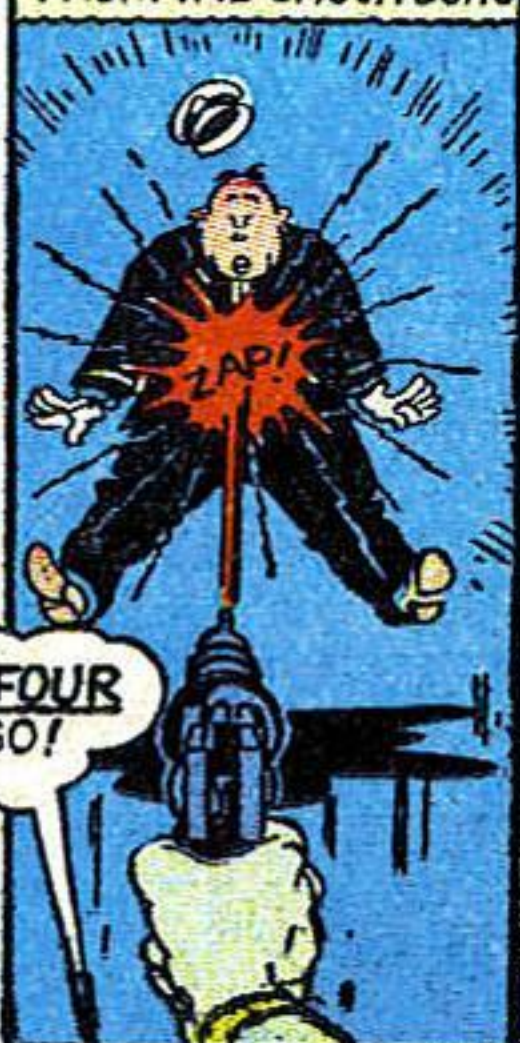
TWO TO SHOW---

THREE TO GET READY---



AND FOUR TO GO!

THE AIR CRACKLES WITH ELECTRICITY FROM THE SHOCK GUNS



THE SURPRISED NIPPONESE COMMANDERS THROW UP THEIR HANDS IN TERROR!

STOP! CEASE! DESIST!

DON'T SHOOT!

GO 'WAY!

WE SURRENDER!



NAMOR SEIZES THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN---

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ME? WHY, I'M JUST **THE SUB-MARINER** FAT-FACE! AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO ME A FAVOR. ORDER YOUR MEN TO CEASE FIRING, AND RETURN TO JAPAN AT ONCE! **DO IT NOW!!! UNDERSTAND?**

Y-YES S-SIR! I UNDERSTAND! C-CALLING ALL SHIPS --- C-CALLING ALL SH-SHIPS! CEASE FIRING AT ONCE! REVERSE COURSE! RETURN TO HOME B-BASE IMMEDIATELY!

GOOD!

INSTANTLY THE GUNS OF THE NIPPONESE BATTLE FLEET ARE SILENCED, AND THE WARSHIPS SWING ABOUT, AS NAMOR'S PLANES, SURPRISED AT THIS MANEUVER, HANG OVERHEAD, PUZZLED----

BUT MEANWHILE LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK INSIDE NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUBMARINE, WHERE THE JAP PILOT IS HELD PRISONER, GUARDED BY A SUB-MARINER LIEUTENANT---

THE INSTANT THE GUARD'S ATTENTION IS DIVERTED, THE JAP SEIZES A SECTION OF BRASS PIPING, AND SWINGS IT WITH DEADLY ACCURACY!

THAT FOR YOU, FISH-FACE!

THE GUARD NEATLY FLATTENED, THE PRISONER RUNS TO THE CONTROLS---

WHICH IS WHICH, HERE? I'LL TRY 'EM ALL--- SOMETHING OUGHT TO WORK!

THROWING SWITCHES AT RANDOM, THE JAP GRINS WITH SATISFACTION AS THE MOTORS ROAR IN REVERSE, AND THE BIG SUB BACKS SLOWLY OUT OF THE HOLE IN THE WARSHIP'S HULL---

HA-HA! NO TRICK AT ALL! NOW FOR A QUICK GETAWAY-IF I CAN WORK THIS THING RIGHT!

AS THE SUB PULLS AWAY, THE RELEASED PRESSURE OF THE SEA POURS TONS OF SURGING WATER INTO THE ALREADY FILLED BILGE TANKS--BURSTING PLATES AND DEMOLISHING THE COMPARTMENT WALLS!

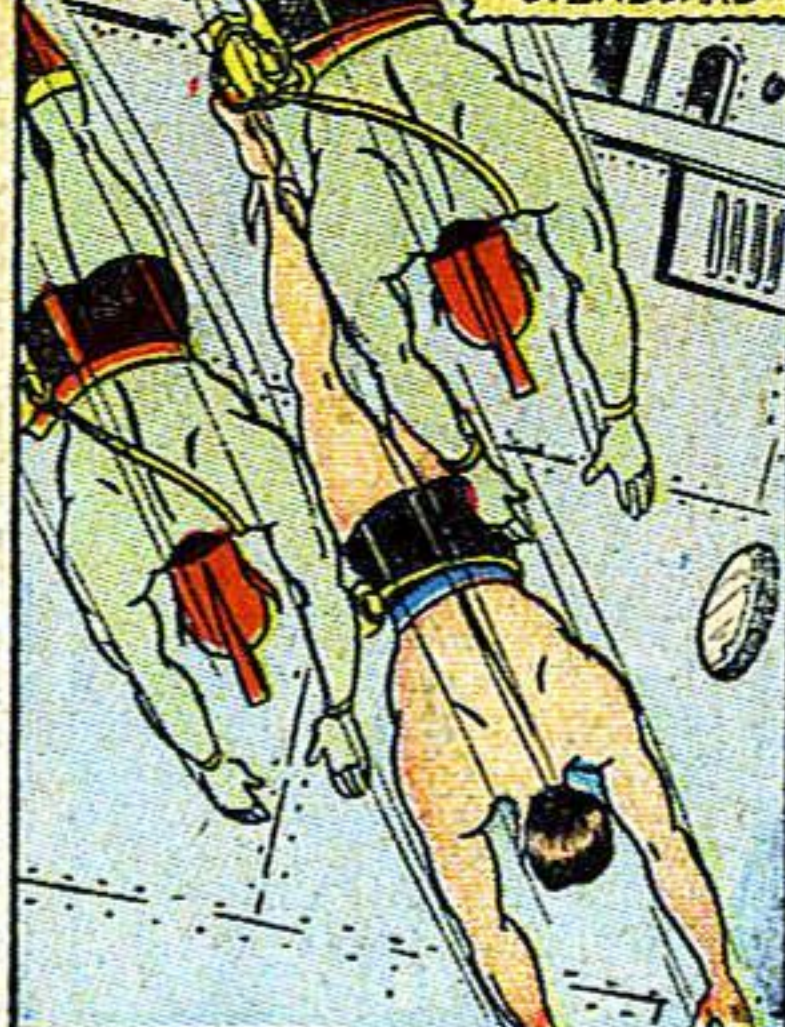
INSTANTLY THE ADDED WEIGHT HEELS THE SHIP OVER, AND ALL IS PANIC ABOARD---

NAMOR!
WHAT HAPPENED?

DUNNO! WASN'T
A BOMB HIT!



NAMOR AND HIS MEN QUICKLY DIVE OVERBOARD--



UNDERWATER, THEY SPOT THE AERIAL-SUB RUNNING AWAY FROM THE SINKING SHIP--

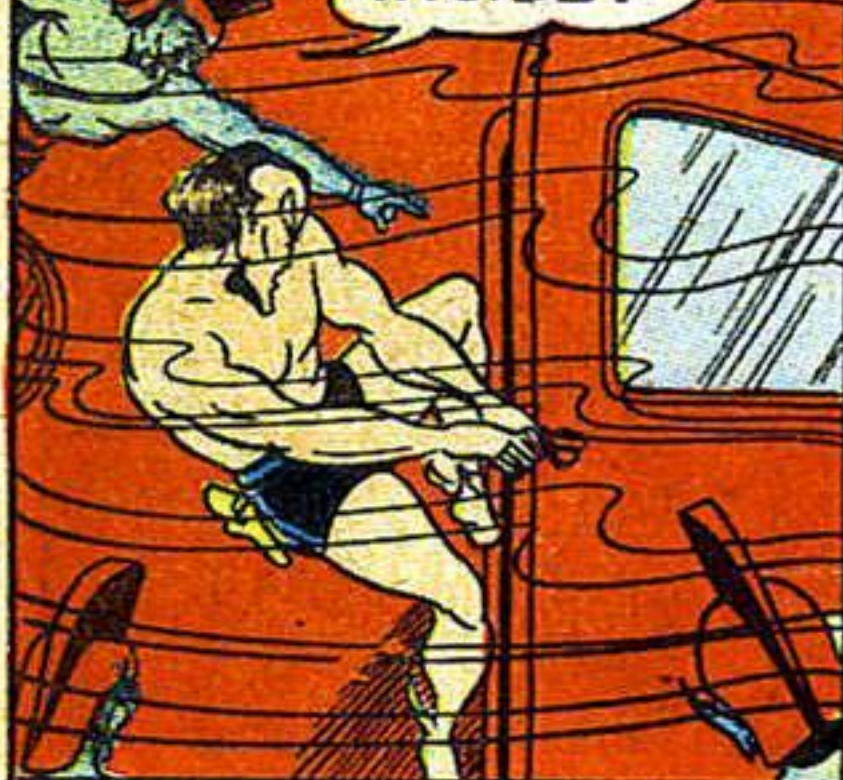
C'MON!
WE'VE GOT
TO STOP
HIM!

LOOK, MASTER!
DASHA'S RUNNING
AWAY WITH THE
PLANE!



NOT REALIZING THAT THE JAP, NOT DASHA, IS PILOTING THE PLANE, NAMOR FURIOUSLY RIPS OPEN THE HATCH---

WAIT, CHIEF! LOOK!
INSIDE!



IMMEDIATELY TAKING IN THE SITUATION, NAMOR LEAPS AT THE JAP---

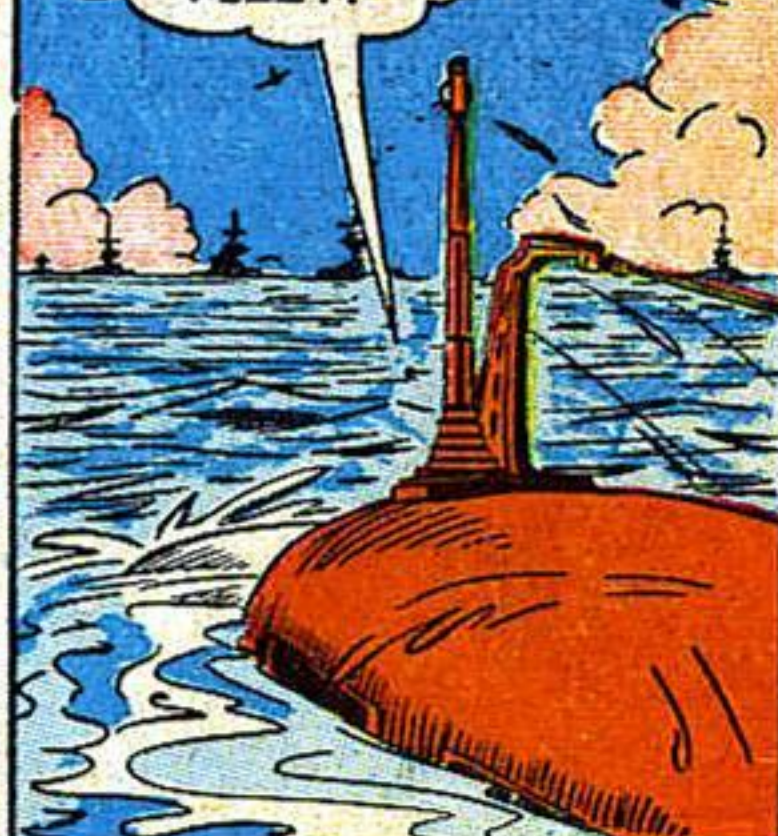
WHY, YOU
DIRTY---!!!

CLUNK!



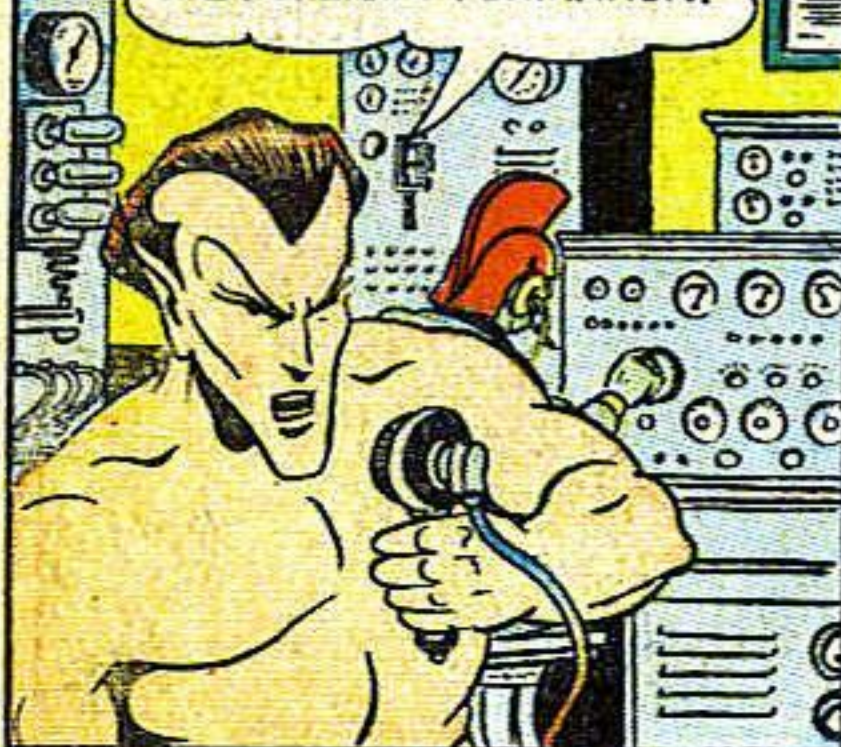
THE PRISONER BOUND SECURELY, NAMOR BRINGS THE SUB TO THE SURFACE, JUST IN TIME TO SEE---

THE AMERICAN
FLEET!



HE GRABS A MICROPHONE, AND SIGNALS TO HIS OTHER PLANES IN THE AIR---

OKAY, BOYS! THE AMERICANS
GOT MY MESSAGE ALL RIGHT--
LET 'EM TAKE OVER NOW! FOLLOW
ME IN FLIGHT FORMATION!



A SECOND LATER, HE IS IN THE AIR, LEADING HIS SQUADRON BACK TO THE SOUTH ANTARCTIC---

ANOTHER JOB WELL DONE,
PRINCE! WHAT HAPPENS
NOW?

WAIT--YOU'LL
SEE!

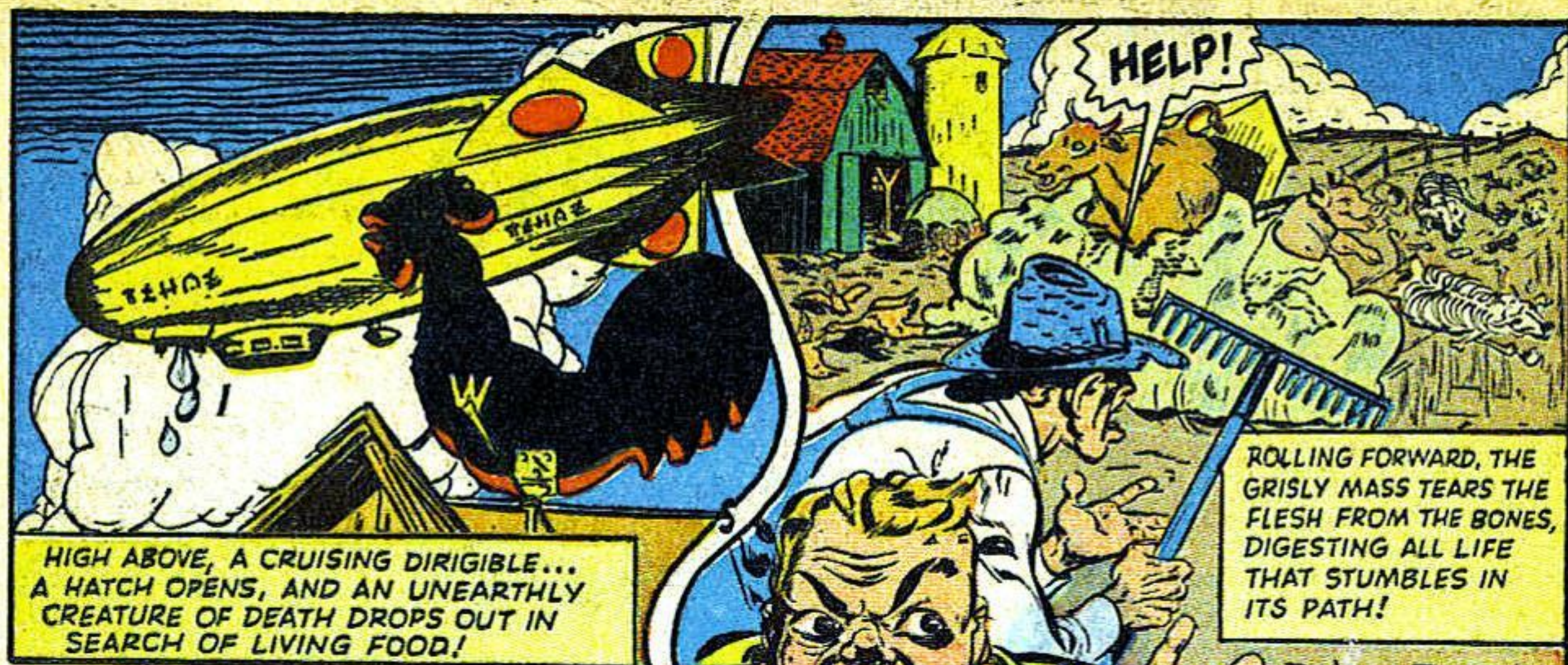


(S)
Watch for
FURTHER ADVENTURES
of
PRINCE NAMOR
THE
SUB-MARINER
KING OF AN UNDERSEA
EMPIRE----
IN
MARVEL
Comics



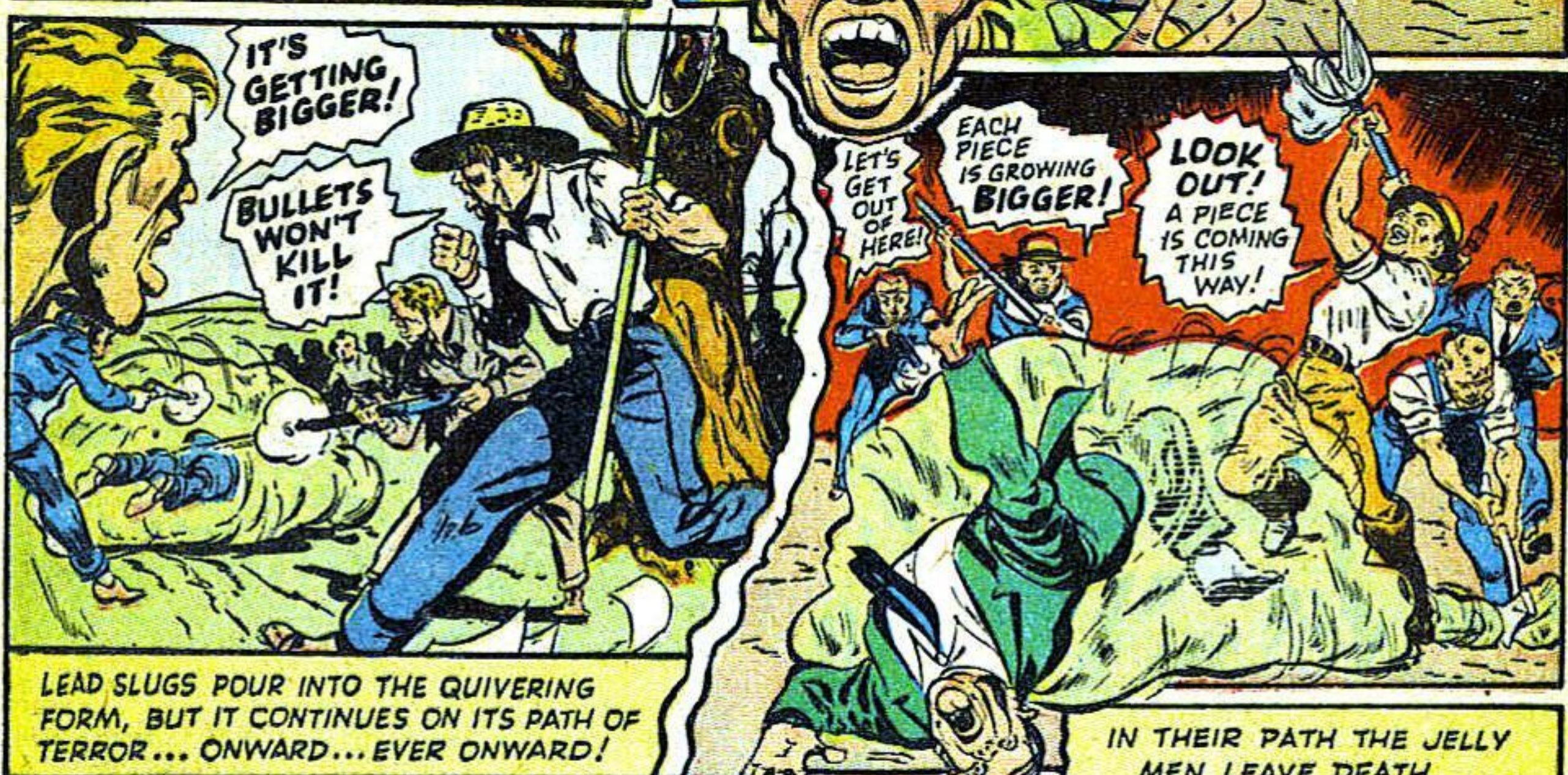
CREATED BY THE FIENDISH BRAIN OF A FANATICAL JAPANESE SCIENTIST, A DEVILISH MASS OF LIVING PROTOPLASM IS FLOWN TO AMERICA TO OVERRUN THE COUNTRY, LEAVING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS PATH!

HIGH ABOVE THE SUBURBS OF NEW YORK CITY, THE GHASTLY BLOB IS DROPPED FROM THE BELLY OF A DIRIGIBLE, GROWING LARGER AS IT FALLS ON ITS VICTIMS...WHILE THE JELLY MASTER LAUGHS HIDEOUSLY, THE **VISION** DARES TO CHALLENGE HIM!



HIGH ABOVE, A CRUISING DIRIGIBLE... A HATCH OPENS, AND AN UNEARTHLY CREATURE OF DEATH DROPS OUT IN SEARCH OF LIVING FOOD!

ROLLING FORWARD, THE GRISLY MASS TEARS THE FLESH FROM THE BONES, DIGESTING ALL LIFE THAT STUMBLES IN ITS PATH!



IT'S GETTING BIGGER!

BULLETS WON'T KILL IT!

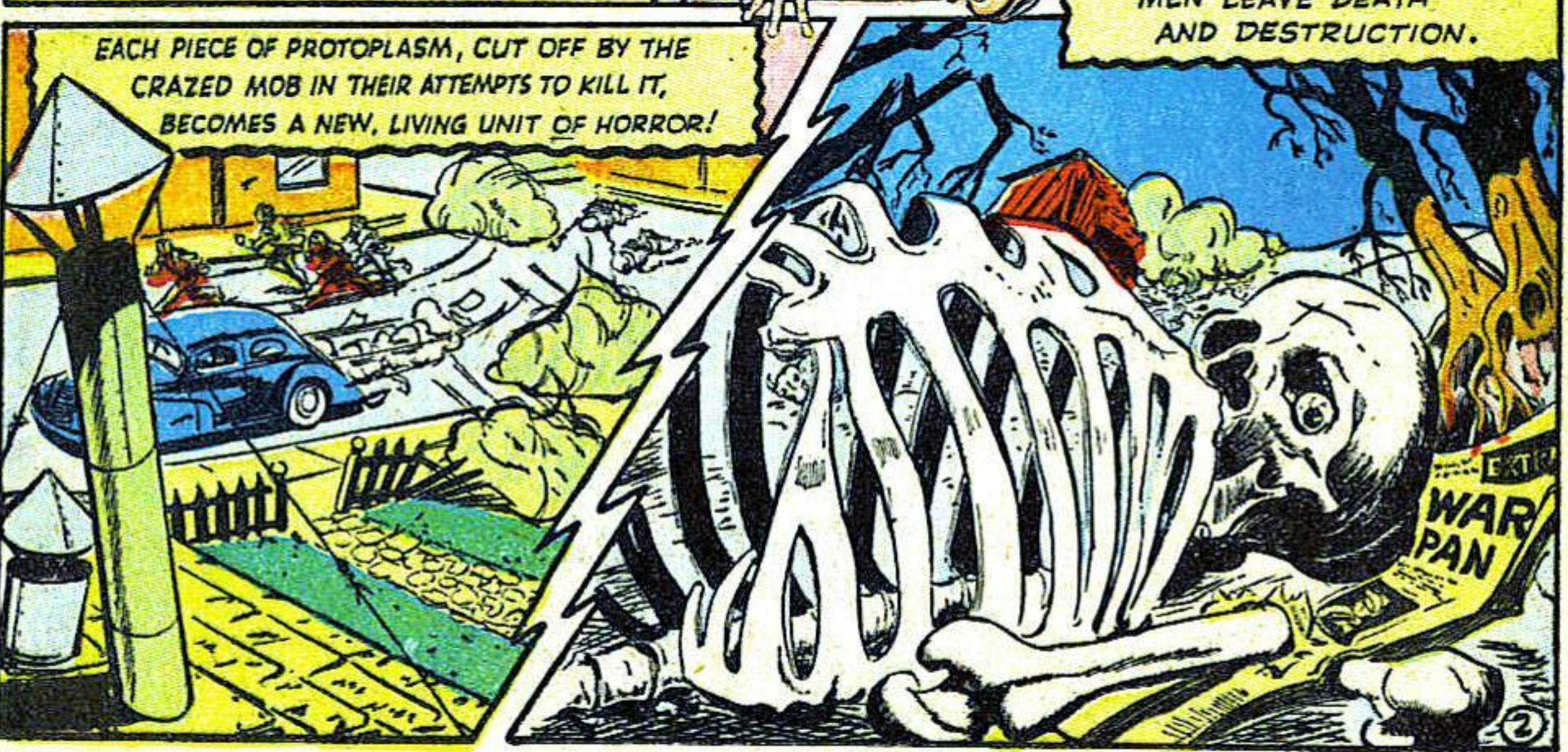
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

EACH PIECE IS GROWING BIGGER!

LOOK OUT! A PIECE IS COMING THIS WAY!

LEAD SLUGS POUR INTO THE QUIVERING FORM, BUT IT CONTINUES ON ITS PATH OF TERROR... ONWARD... EVER ONWARD!

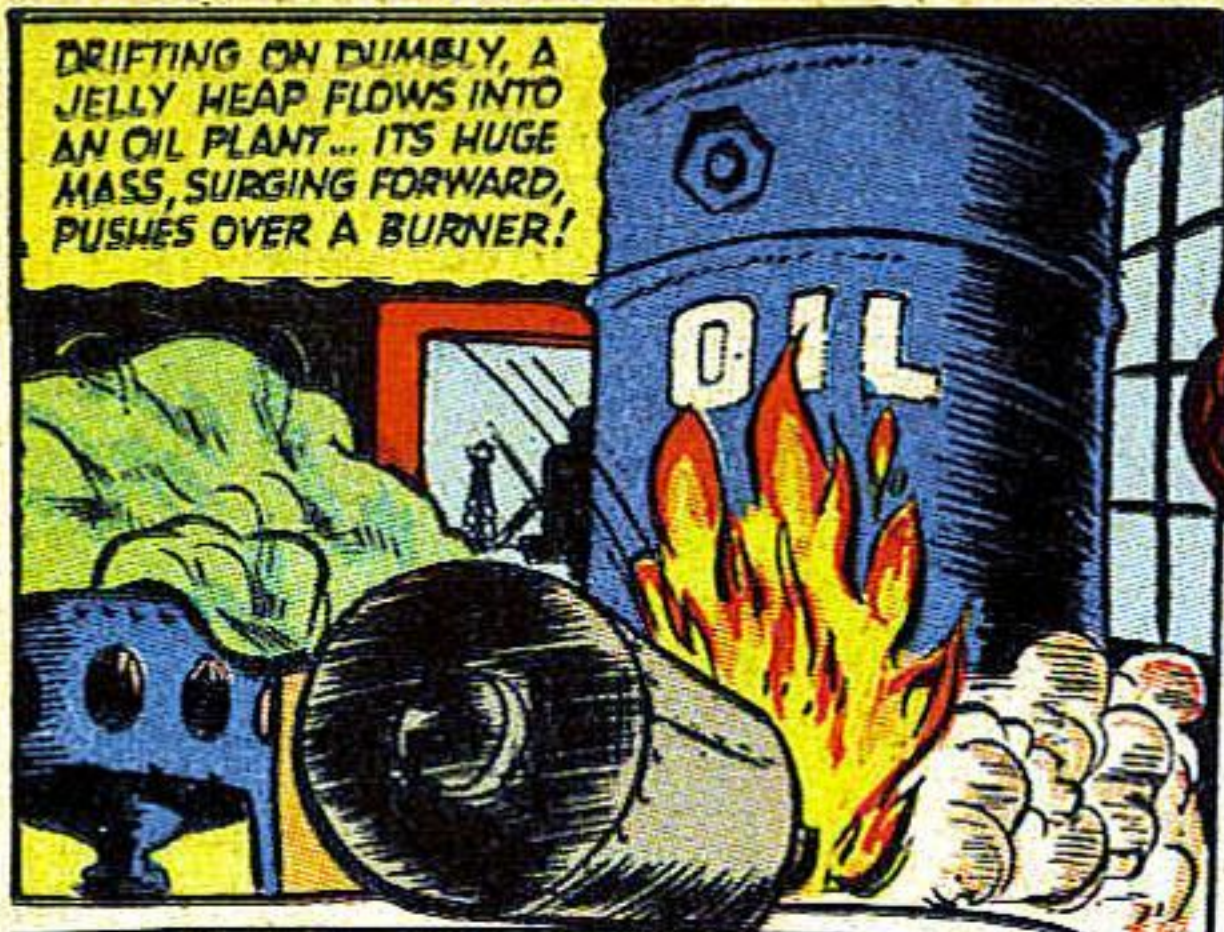
IN THEIR PATH THE JELLY MEN LEAVE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.



EACH PIECE OF PROTOPLASM, CUT OFF BY THE CRAZED MOB IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO KILL IT, BECOMES A NEW, LIVING UNIT OF HORROR!

EXTRA
WAR
PAN

DRIFTING ON DUMBLY, A JELLY HEAP FLOWS INTO AN OIL PLANT... ITS HUGE MASS, SURGING FORWARD, PUSHES OVER A BURNER!



THERE IS A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION, AS THE OIL TANKS IGNITE, AND PIECES OF THE JELLY ARE SCATTERED FAR AND WIDE LIKE A RAIN OF SEETHING DOOM!

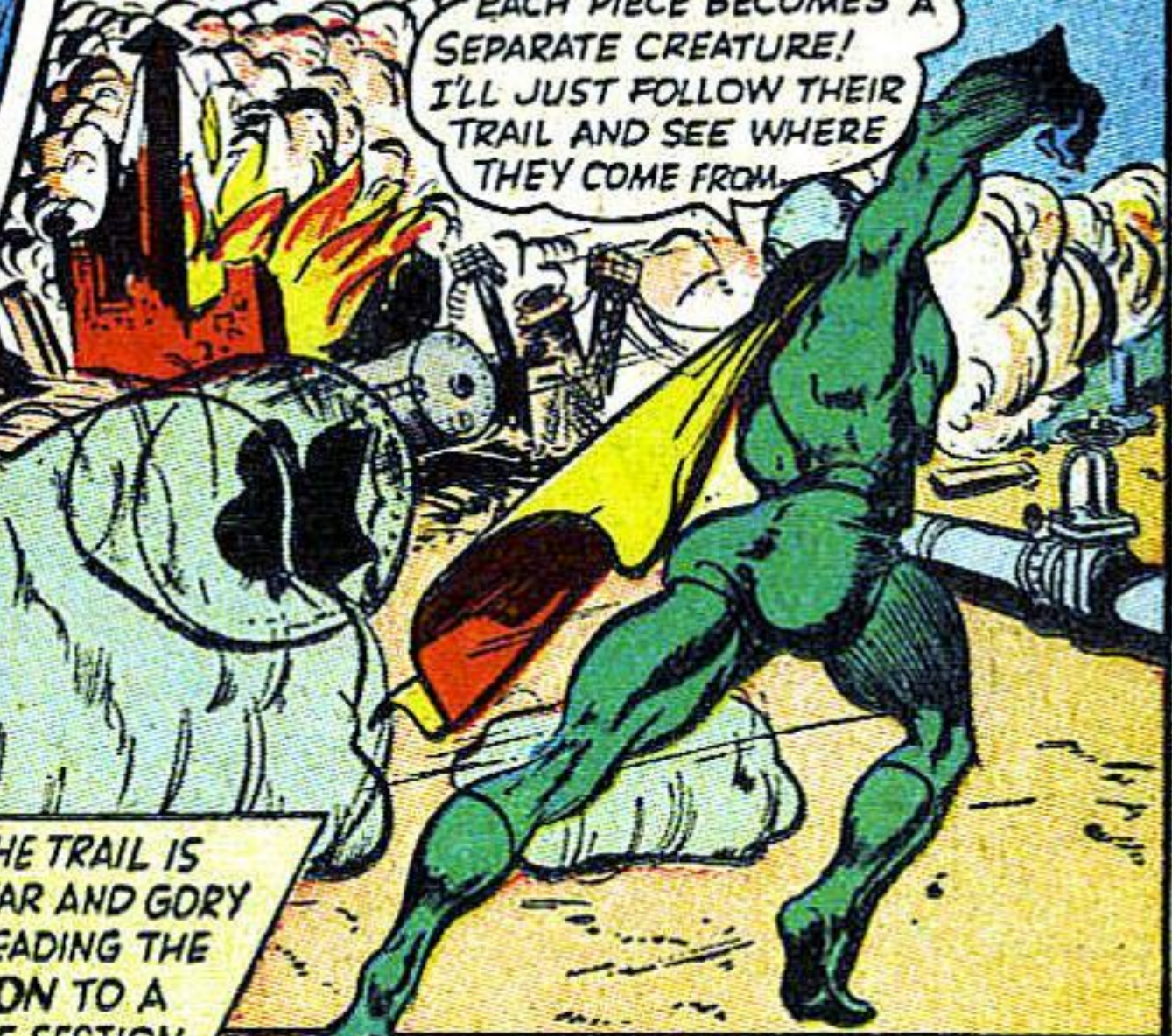


FROM THE SMOKE AND FLAMES RISES **THE VISION**, READY TO COMBAT THIS NEW MENACE TO AMERICA'S FREEDOM.

I'LL HAVE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!



HMMMMM! EACH PIECE BECOMES A SEPARATE CREATURE! I'LL JUST FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL AND SEE WHERE THEY COME FROM.

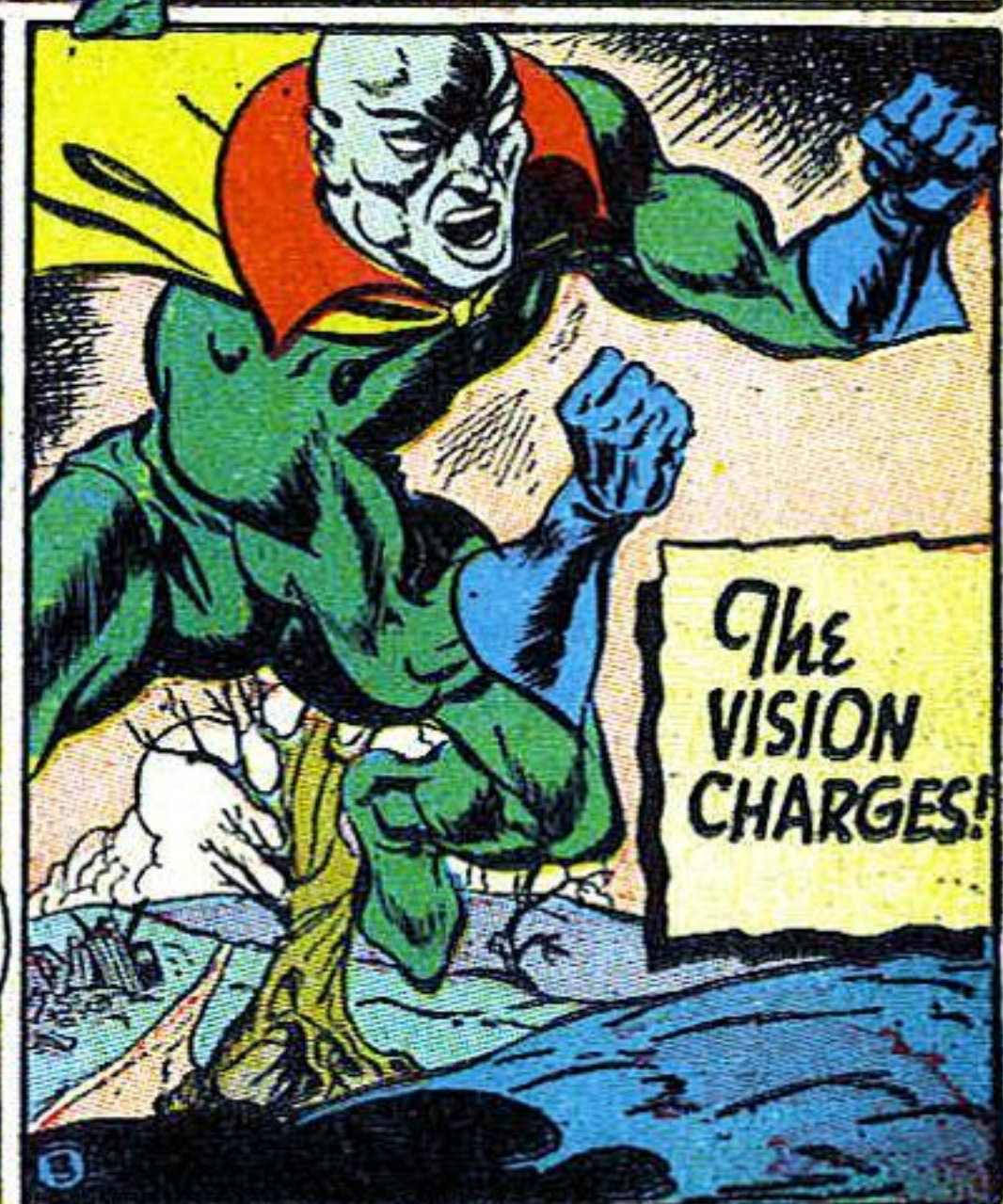


THE TRAIL IS CLEAR AND GORY ... LEADING THE **VISION** TO A REMOTE SECTION, WHERE THE JAP DIRIGIBLE HAS LANDED!

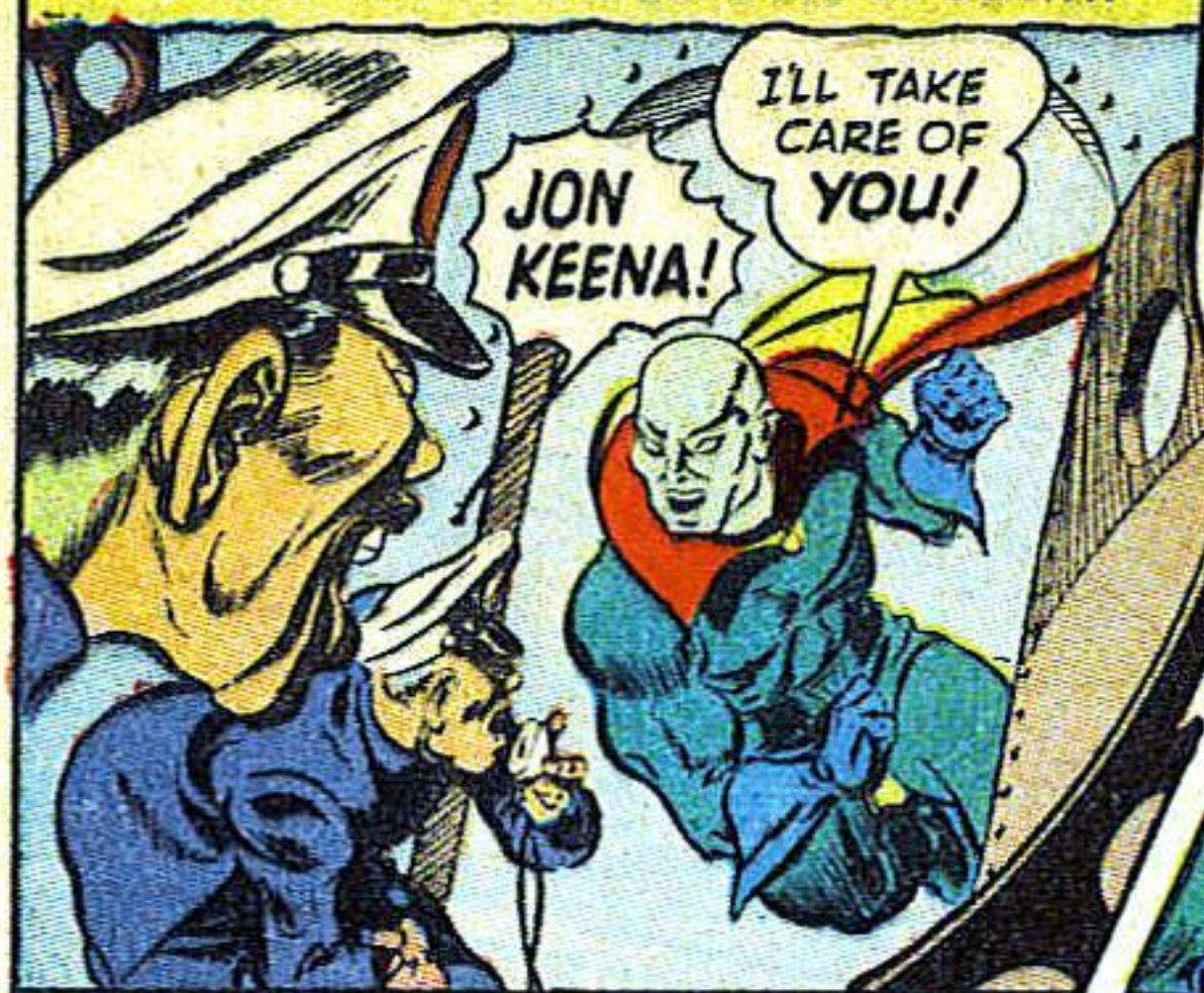


SO HERE'S WHERE THEY COME FROM! NOW FOR SOME ACTION!

The VISION CHARGES!



...AND CRASHES INTO THE DIRIGIBLE OF DEATH!

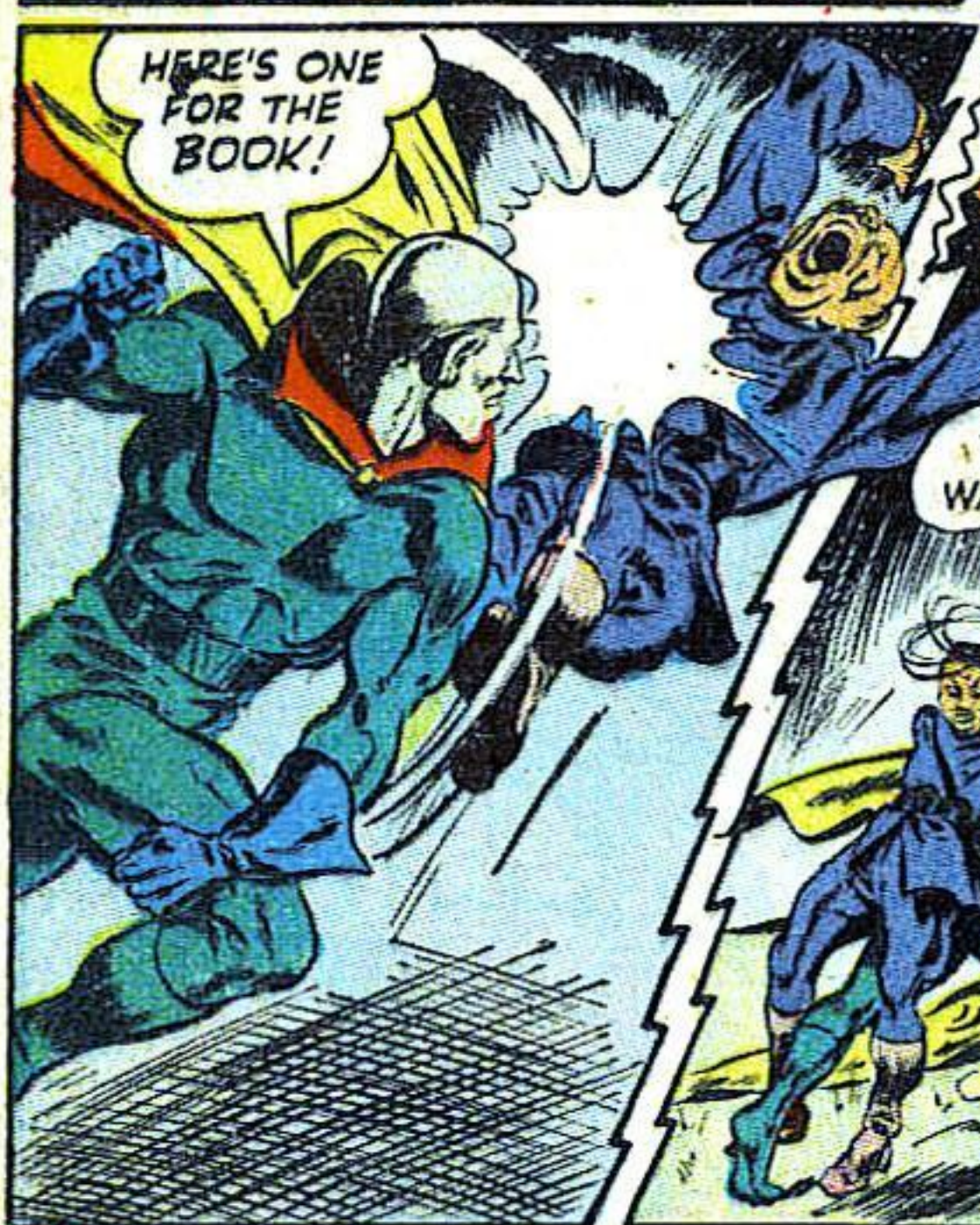


JON KEENA!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



MISSED!



HERE'S ONE FOR THE BOOK!



UGG!



YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE!

BUT... REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, THE MAD JAP BLOWS A PIERCING NOTE... ALMOST TOO HIGH-PITCHED TO HEAR!

THE POLICE WILL WANT TO QUESTION THIS GUY!



I GET IT! HE CONTROLS THEM WITH HIS WHISTLE! WELL, PAL, YOU'LL BE WHISTLING A DIFFERENT TUNE WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!



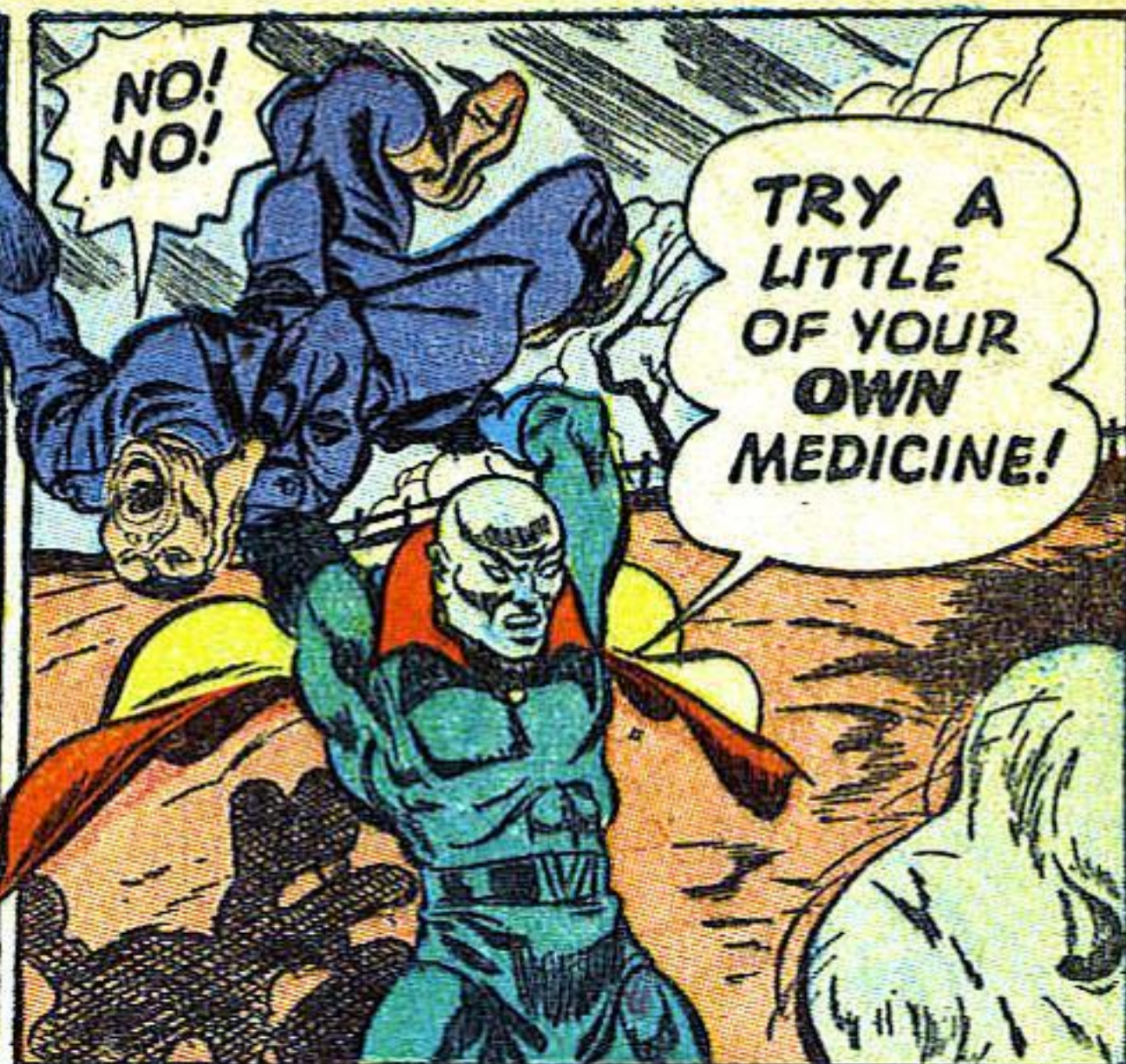
TWO JELLY MEN ATTACK THE VISION, BUT, AS HE DODGES, THEY COLLIDE!

WHAT'S THIS? WHEN THEY TOUCH THEY FUSE TOGETHER!

YOU DIE NOW, DOG!



THE SCREAMING NOTE SUMMONS MORE OF THE CREATURES, WHO START TO CIRCLE THE VISION...
... SLOWLY... MADDENINGLY!



HERE'S SOME TAINED MEAT, BOYS!



INSTANTLY, THE FLESH DROPS FROM THE BONES OF THE JAP WHILE HE SCREAMS WITH MORTAL PAIN!

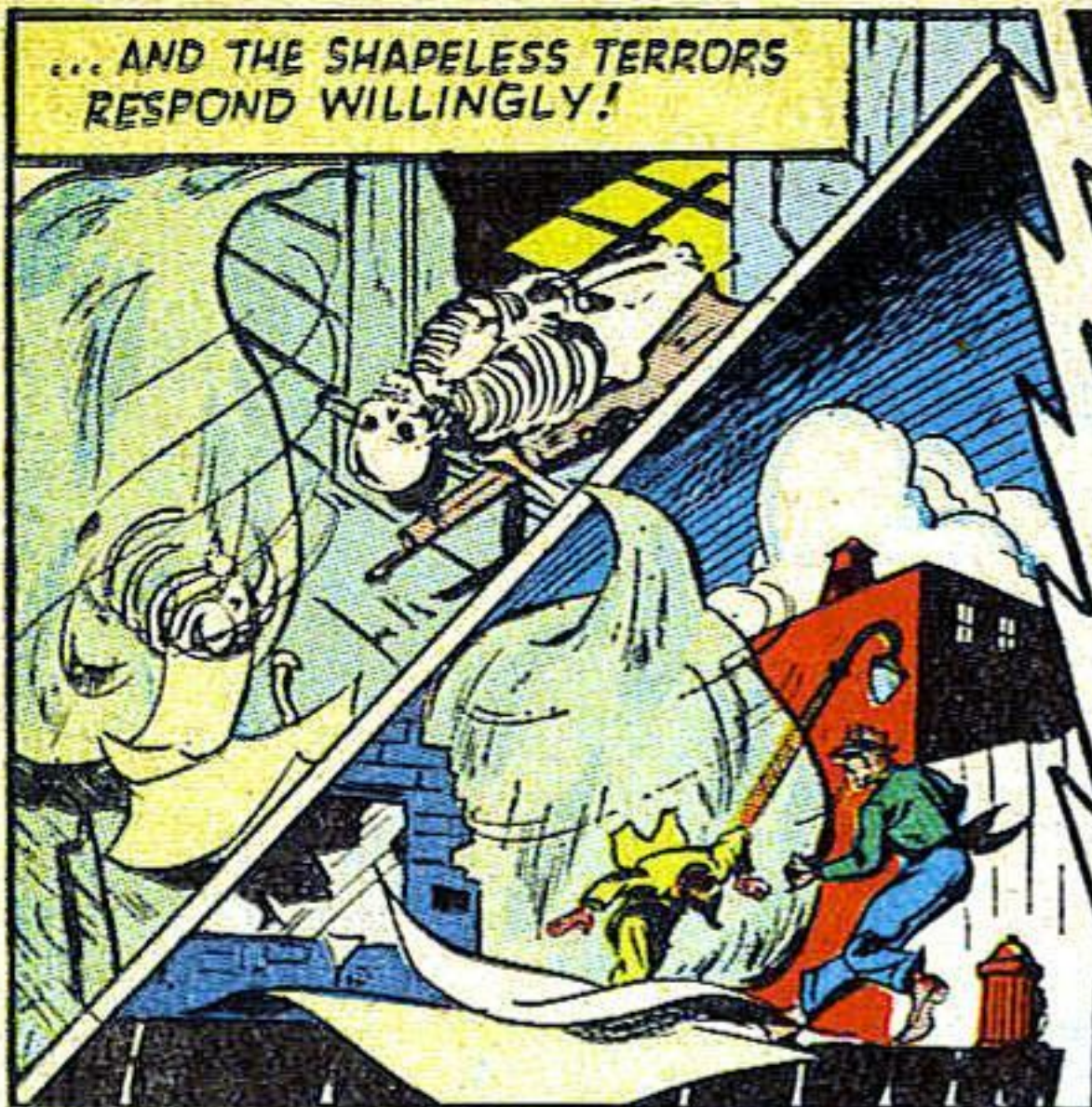


AH, THE WHISTLE!
THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR THE JELLY MEN!

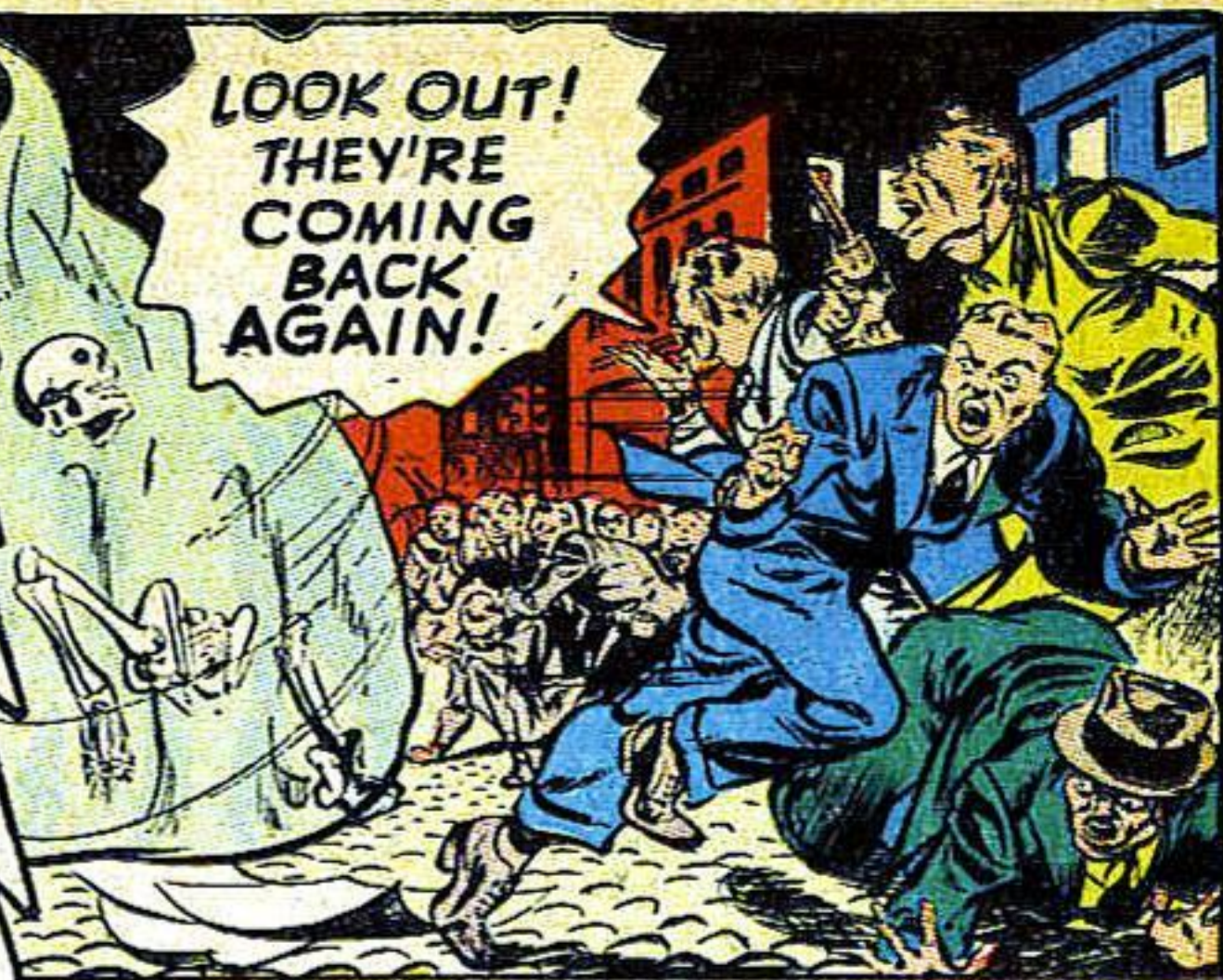


THE VISION BLOWS FOR ALL HE'S WORTH!

... AND THE SHAPELESS TERRORS
RESPOND WILLINGLY!

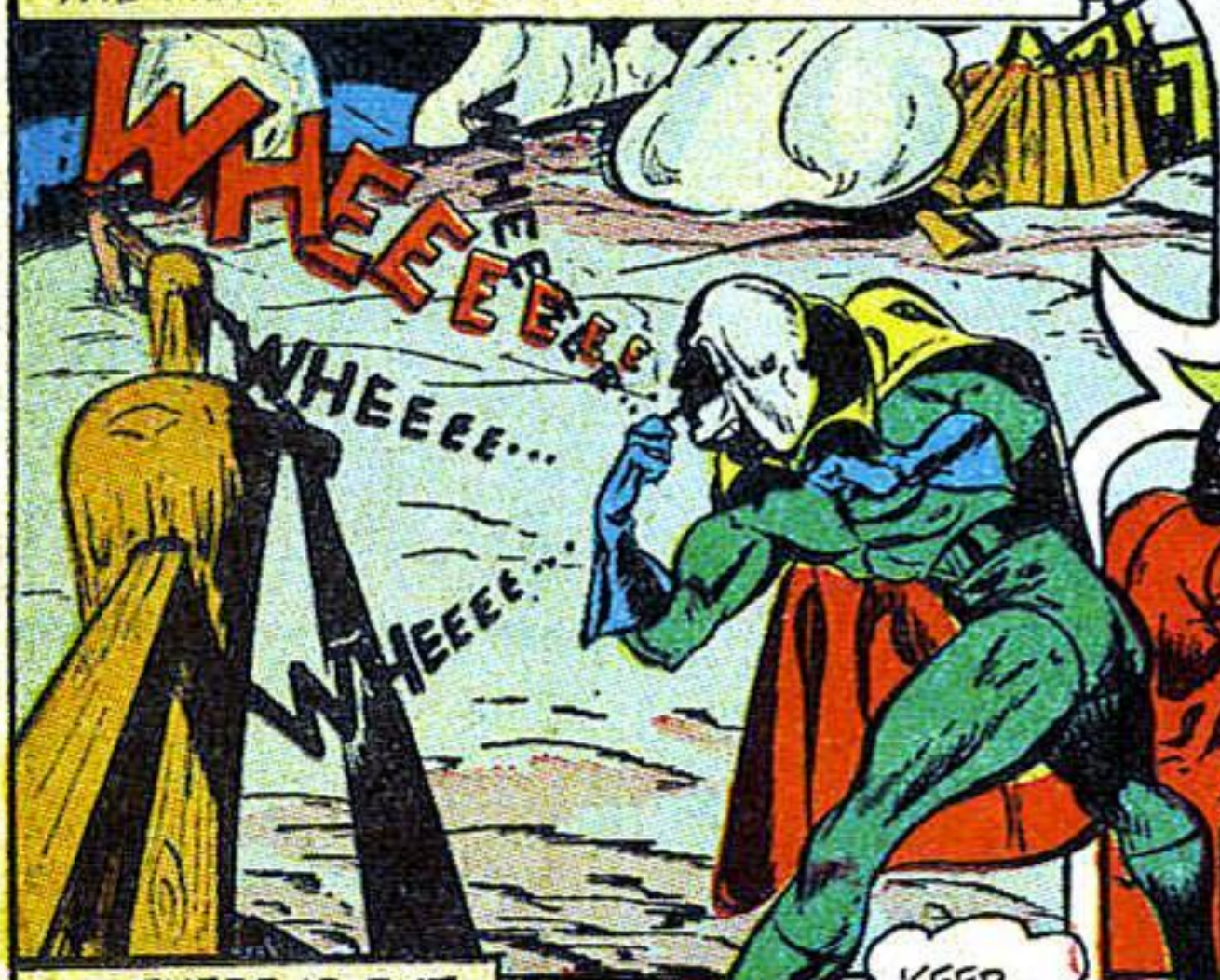


LOOK OUT!
THEY'RE
COMING
BACK
AGAIN!



THEN, AS THEY CONVERGE UPON THE **VISION**,
THEY MEET!

LIKE GIGANTIC SLOW-MOTION TIDAL WAVES OF
DEATH, THE GRUESOME FORMS POUR INTO
THE FIELD WHERE THE **VISION** AWAITS!



... THERE IS BUT
ONE HUGE MASS
OF WRITHING,
FOUL-SMELLING
GREEN "JELLY"!

KEEP
THOSE
LIGHTS
ON IT!



BRING UP
THE
GUNS!

SHOUTING ORDERS NOT TO FIGHT
IT... BUT TO KEEP IT AT A
DISTANCE AND WELL ILLUMINATED...

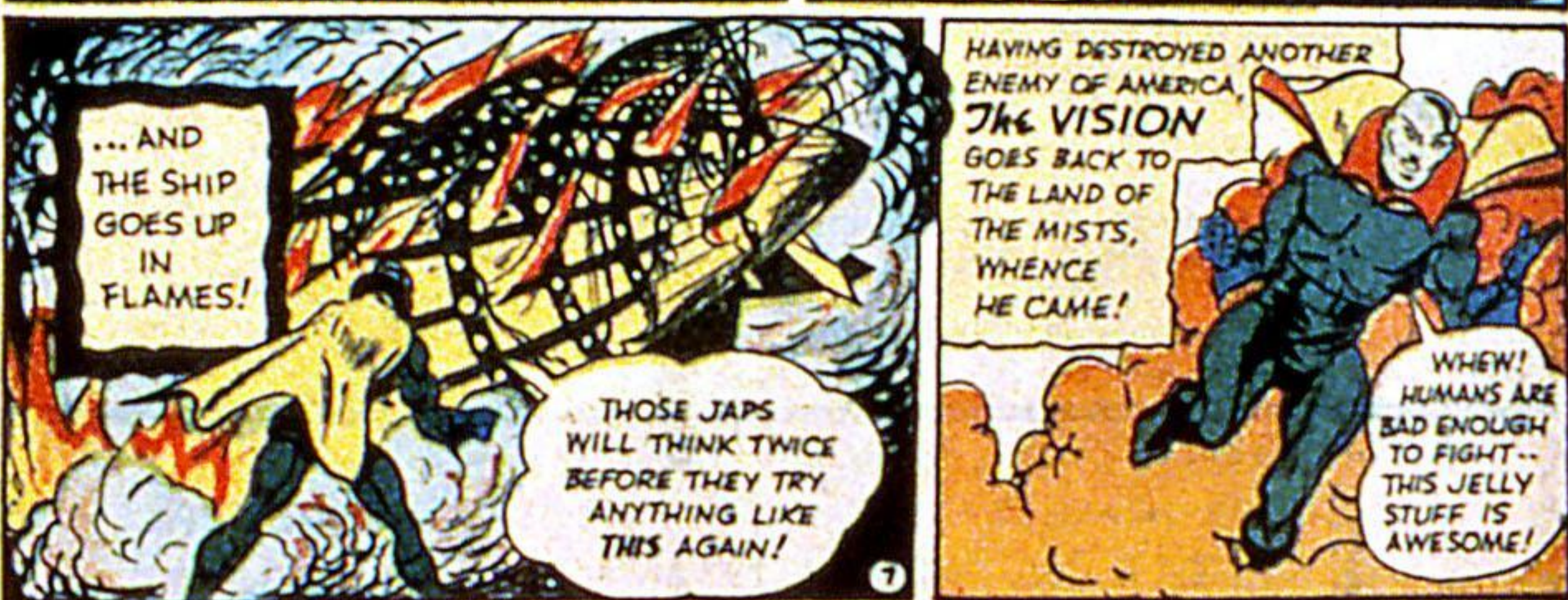
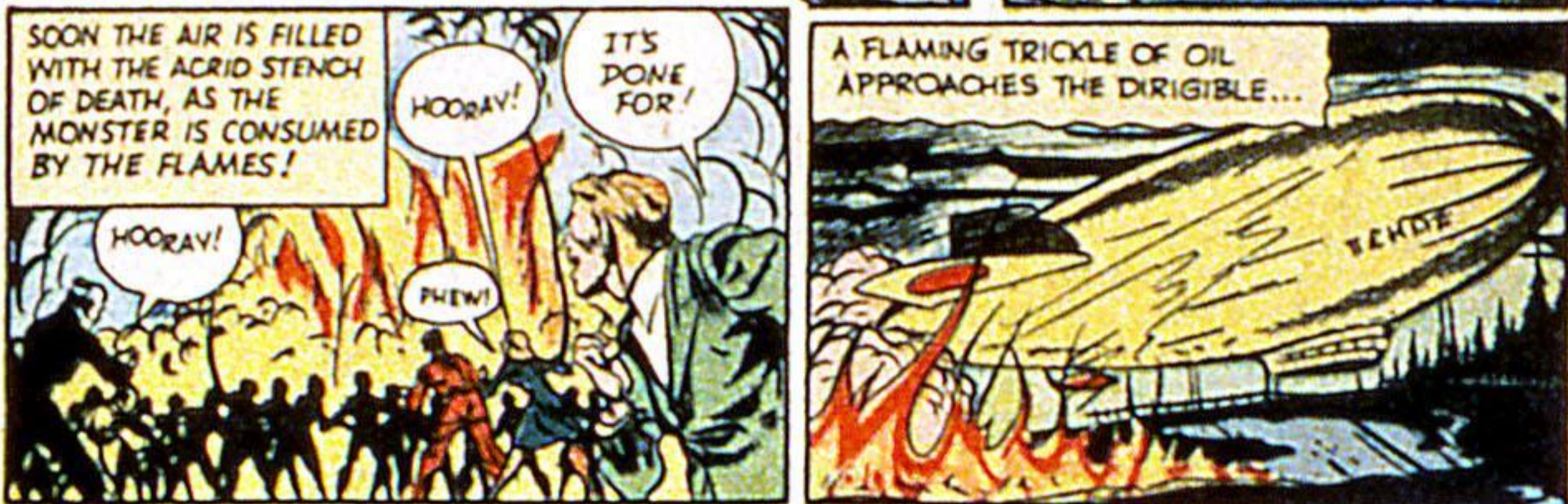
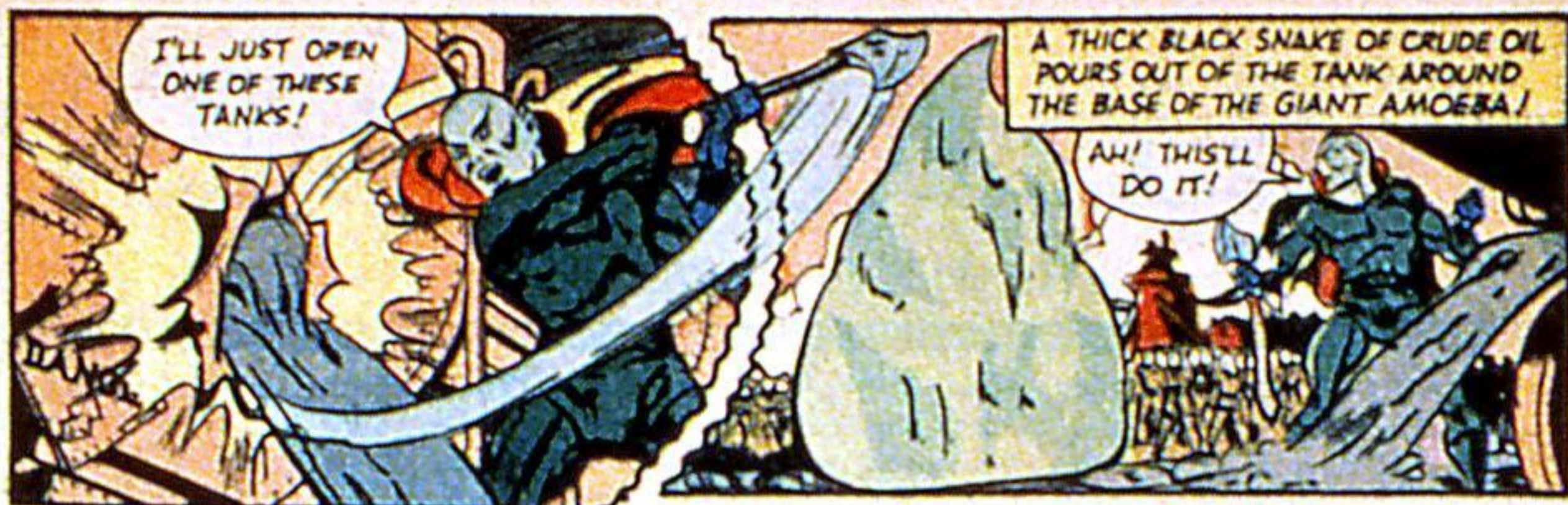
... AND FUSE
TOGETHER,
UNTIL ...

MAN!
WHAT AN
UGLY
MESS!

THE **VISION**
HEADS FOR A
NEARBY OIL
TANK TRAIN!

NOW FOR THE
FINISHING
TOUCH!





KILLER'S RETURN

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

RIPPING THE NIGHT apart with its shrill clang, the burglar alarm on Forbes' jewelry shop made a curious throng collect outside the store. Bill Evans, the insurance investigator, pushed his way through and stuck his pass key in the lock. The door opened under his touch, and he stepped inside.

One hurried look told him all that he needed to know. Huddled on the floor like a bundle of rags was the body of the watchman, while the door of the safe dangled from broken hinges. Quick strides took him around the room, inspecting doors and windows. Everything was locked tight, leaving the floor upstairs the only out. Bill had arrived seconds after the alarm went off. If only the killer hadn't had time to get away!

He went up the stairs two at a time, crouching low when he came to the top landing. His breath came slowly, and he peered desperately through the gloom. Slowly he crept into the darkened rooms about him. There, too, everything was still, and the windows locked tightly! This was too much! The killer couldn't have gotten away, but where was he?

It came to him then, like a flash, that left him enraged at his own stupidity. Whoever committed the crime must have hidden in the safe while he went upstairs, and by now he would be

gone! Bill tore downstairs and made a mad dash for the door. He nearly knocked down the policemen that were standing outside.

Captain George Woods of the detective squad spotted him. "Hey, Bill, take it easy! Is anything gone inside?"

"Plenty, the safe is clean, and the night watchman is dead. What's worse, the killer got out while I was upstairs."

"Well, he couldn't have gotten far — we blocked all the streets around here about ten minutes ago. If what you said is so, then he's somewhere in this crowd!"

"QUICK QUESTION THOSE that were standing around for a description of anybody that came out. Then knock off a general search for the stuff. There isn't any place to duck it, which means that the guy that pulled the job still has it on him."

Woods started off on his mission just as Mr. Forbes himself came up. He was a shriveled old crank, bursting with excitement. Bill and he went inside to get a list of what was stolen. "I don't know what I'm paying your company for if I can't get any protection!" Forbes said.

"Don't worry, if you don't get it back, you'll collect the insurance."

"I don't give a hang about the insurance! Somebody stole the

Evans whistled softly. He hadn't known, that Forbes had the stone, at least it wasn't insured with his company.

"Well, a thing like that will take a lot of hiding!" Bill went out to see Woods. The questioning resulted in a stalemate. Several people had seen a tall, thin man come out, but he seemed to be in no hurry, so everyone took him for a watchman or something. The search proved fruitless, too. There were a lot of tall, thin men in the several hundred in the crowd, but none of them had anything on them.

BILL WENT HOME that night with a problem on his mind. There was no doubt but what the killer had gotten out the way he thought, but what happened to him? Evidently he had looked the place over carefully before attempting the robbery, for it was only by accident that the alarm went off at all. The safe had been cut through with an acetylene torch, wielded by an expert hand.

Sleeping brought no solution, and Bill awoke as puzzled as ever. Outside a newsboy was hawking the story of the robbery, and he sent out for a copy. Perhaps the police had found a lead on the case. However, there was nothing new. A four column picture of the crowd in front of the store took up the front page, and Bill looked at it carefully. Nope, not a thing to work on.

LADY LUCK LENT A HAND WHEN BILL EVANS FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING FOR THE PROVERBIAL NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK!

Laying the paper down, he walked to the window and looked out at his own corner. He thought to himself, "What would I do if I had to duck a bag full of stones out there?" He shrugged his shoulders. There just wasn't any place to hide anything!

A bunch of kids were setting up a racket on the street with their ball playing. The shouting was ordinary until there was a sudden hard "smack" of a solidly hit ball. One side was yelling their cheers, but suddenly the note changed, and everyone on both sides was hollering, "Get it! Quickly, don't let it go down!"

The ball must have been retrieved safely, for an audible sigh of relief went up. "Queer," thought Bill. Something was trying to pound its way into his head, but he couldn't quite make it. He picked up the paper again and glanced through it, finally getting back to the picture. Sitting down, he fenced off the photo with a lot of squares, and went over each square separately, paying close attention to every detail.

After an hour he gave up in disgust. The situation seemed hopeless. Bill's mind drifted back to the kids in the street. What was it they had said? "Don't let it go down." Why, there it was right in his lap: the solution to the whole thing! He grabbed up the picture and went over it. Sure enough, there was the thing he was looking for!

TIME WAS PRECIOUS, now. A cab took him to the front of Forbes', and he hopped out and shot a quick glance around. Only the ordinary run of people were around, hurrying on their duties. The type of person he expected hadn't turned up yet. "I hope I'm not too late!" he said to himself. Inwardly he didn't think so, for it would probably

be after the working crowd had gone that the killer would attempt his plan.

He looked at his watch. Four-thirty. The streets were filling now. Bill Evans made himself as unobtrusive as possible in the shadowed doorway of one of the office buildings, his eyes sharp as he kept his watch. Two and half hours passed slowly, and nothing happened. Bill was getting ready to give up in disgust.

At that moment a brown pickup truck came around the corner and pulled up by the curb on the other side of the street, directly opposite where Bill was standing. On the side was lettered, "CITY SEWERAGE DEPT." Bill's eyes narrowed. This was it, all right!

Bill was a little sorry now, that he hadn't let some of the police boys in on the job. The two mugs in the front seat looked like a mean pair. One of them got out and took a crowbar from the truck. He walked to a manhole cover, fitted the bar under the plate, and forced it out. A call brought the other guy, and he stood by the underground exit waving a red flag, as his pal went down.

Trying to act as much like a jay-walker as possible, Bill crossed the street unnoticed by the suspect. Only when a black-jack thudded dully on his head did the man with the flag realize that the game was up, but then it was too late! Bill flashed his badge on a startled pedestrian. "Watch this guy. Don't let him wake up, and send somebody for the cops—hurry!" The guy was still yelling for help as Bill went down the iron rungs.

The sewer was as dark as a tomb, with little furry things dashing over the damp stone floor. Faintly, the splashing of the sewer outlet could be heard. Bill tried to locate himself so that he pointed toward the

North corner of the street above. On tiptoes he stole forward, feeling his way along the slimy wall.

Suddenly a beam of light shot out of the darkness enveloping him in its brilliance! Just as suddenly he charged forward, and got his hands on a throat! Two figures in total darkness lashed out, fighting to the death. They stumbled about, swinging madly. Both of them connected against the other, and they grunted under the impact. Bill slipped, and the man over him headed for the tiny pinpoint of light that showed where the exit was.

But Bill was not caught napping. His hand shot out and closed around an ankle. The man fell with a thud. Bill swarmed all over him, punching madly with both hands. He swung a wicked one and it connected solidly with the point of a chin. Rising, Bill grabbed the collar of the fallen man's coat and dragged him to the exit.

Police cars were screaming up the avenue, and two blue-coats stood with guns out peering down the manhole. Bill handed the crook up. Captain Woods ran over. "You, Bill! What is this?"

"This is the guy that stuck up the Forbes shop," Bill said. "You'll probably find the stones in his pocket!"

"Well, what was he doing there?"

"When he saw he was surrounded the night of the robbery, he tossed the swag down the sewer, and had to get to it through this manhole here. Pretty slick, I say!"

Captain Woods scratched his head. "Well, I'll be— How did you get wise?"

"O's, I heard a bunch of kids yelling not to let their ball 'go down,' and I got the idea of the sewer. That was the only possible place he could've hidden it!"

THE END

the PATRIOT ★



The INSECTS of SUDDEN DEATH!

WHEN CIVIL WAR STARTED IN THE MANEUVERS AT FORT MIX, **PATRIOT** DECIDED THAT IT WAS TIME TO ACT. THE PLOT HE UNCOVERED WAS UNEQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF DIABOLICAL CRIME!



AL FAGALY

STRAIGHT TOWARD **PATRIOT** CAME THE DEADLY INSECTS -- FLYING WITH THE SPEED OF BULLETS!

SHAM BATTLE TURNS INTO REAL BATTLE!

MANY KILLED WHEN AMERICAN ARMY MANEUVERS TURN INTO REAL WAR! MYSTERY Baffles Army Officers!

Soldiers of First Army use live ammunition in retaliation for mysterious death.

War Games Called Off For Investigation.

Congress will

AND SO YOU SEE THAT'S TH' WAY IT IS! AN' NOW TH' CHIEF SENDS ME DOWN TO FORT MIX TO FIND OUT WHAT TOOK PLACE. I HOPE YOU KIDS DON'T MIND GETTIN' LUGGED OFF LIKE THIS!

NOT ME! I ALWAYS GET A KICK OUT OF THESE MYSTERIOUS CASES!

SOUNDS THRILLING! I HOPE YOU CATCH SOME SPIES!

THE MANEUVERS ARE ABOUT TO BE RESUMED WHEN CASEY, MARY, AND JEFF ARRIVE AT FIRST-ARMY FIELD HEADQUARTERS.

COME ON! YOU ARE JUST IN TIME FOR THE START OF THE MANEUVERS

WE HAVE A PERFECT VIEW FROM THIS OBSERVATION POINT! AND WE ARE KEEPING A WEATHER EYE FOR ANYTHING STRANGE THAT HAPPENS!

AS THE SHAM BATTLE GETS UNDER WAY, THERE IS SUDDENLY CONFUSION IN THE RANKS OF THE FIRST ARMY.

THE MEN START DROPPING DEAD AS THICK AS FLIES!

WHY, THEM DIRTY SO-AND-SO'S! THEY'RE USING REAL BULLETS AGAIN! TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME! I'M GONNA PICK OFF SOME OF THEM GUYS WITH LIVE AMMUNITION!

YOU BET! WE'LL GIVE 'EM AS GOOD AS WE TAKE!

AGH-H-H!

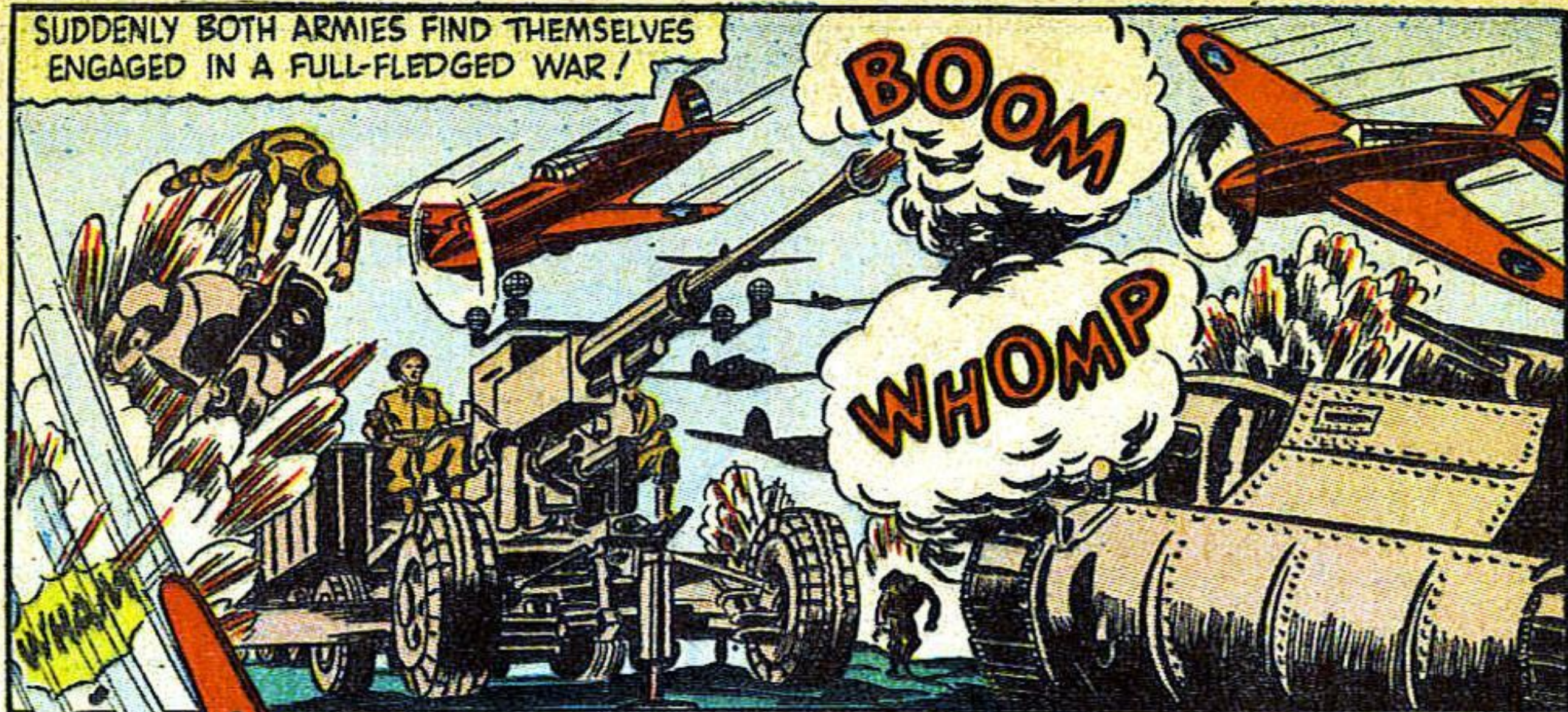
OOF!

BUT...ON THE SIDE OF THE SECOND ARMY!

HEY! LOOK! THEM RATS ON THE OTHER SIDE ARE USING REAL BULLETS AGAIN! C'MON, GANG! LET'S GIVE 'EM BOTH BARRELS -- AN' NO BLANKS THIS TIME!

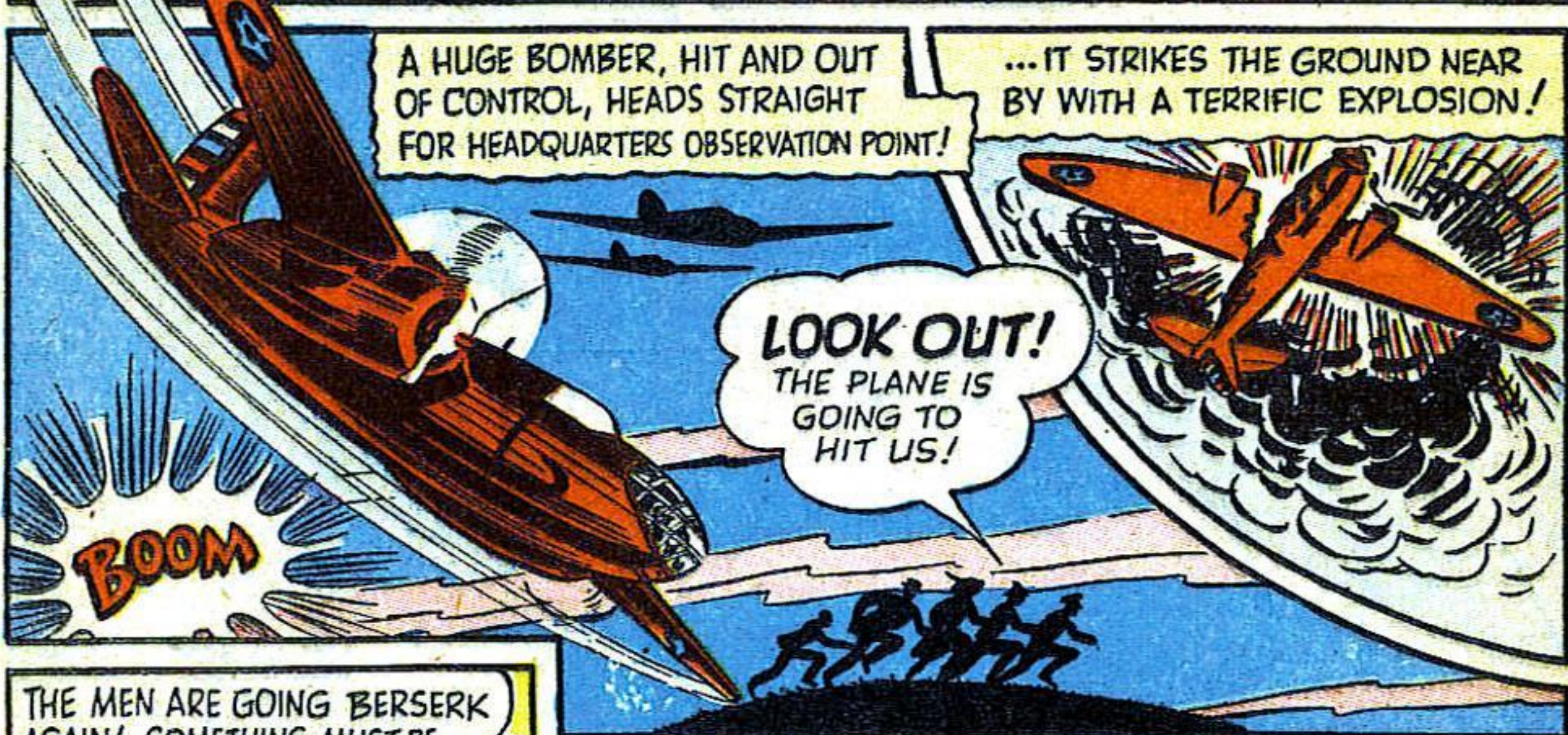
YEAH!

SUDDENLY BOTH ARMIES FIND THEMSELVES ENGAGED IN A FULL-FLEDGED WAR!



A HUGE BOMBER, HIT AND OUT OF CONTROL, HEADS STRAIGHT FOR HEADQUARTERS OBSERVATION POINT!

...IT STRIKES THE GROUND NEAR BY WITH A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!

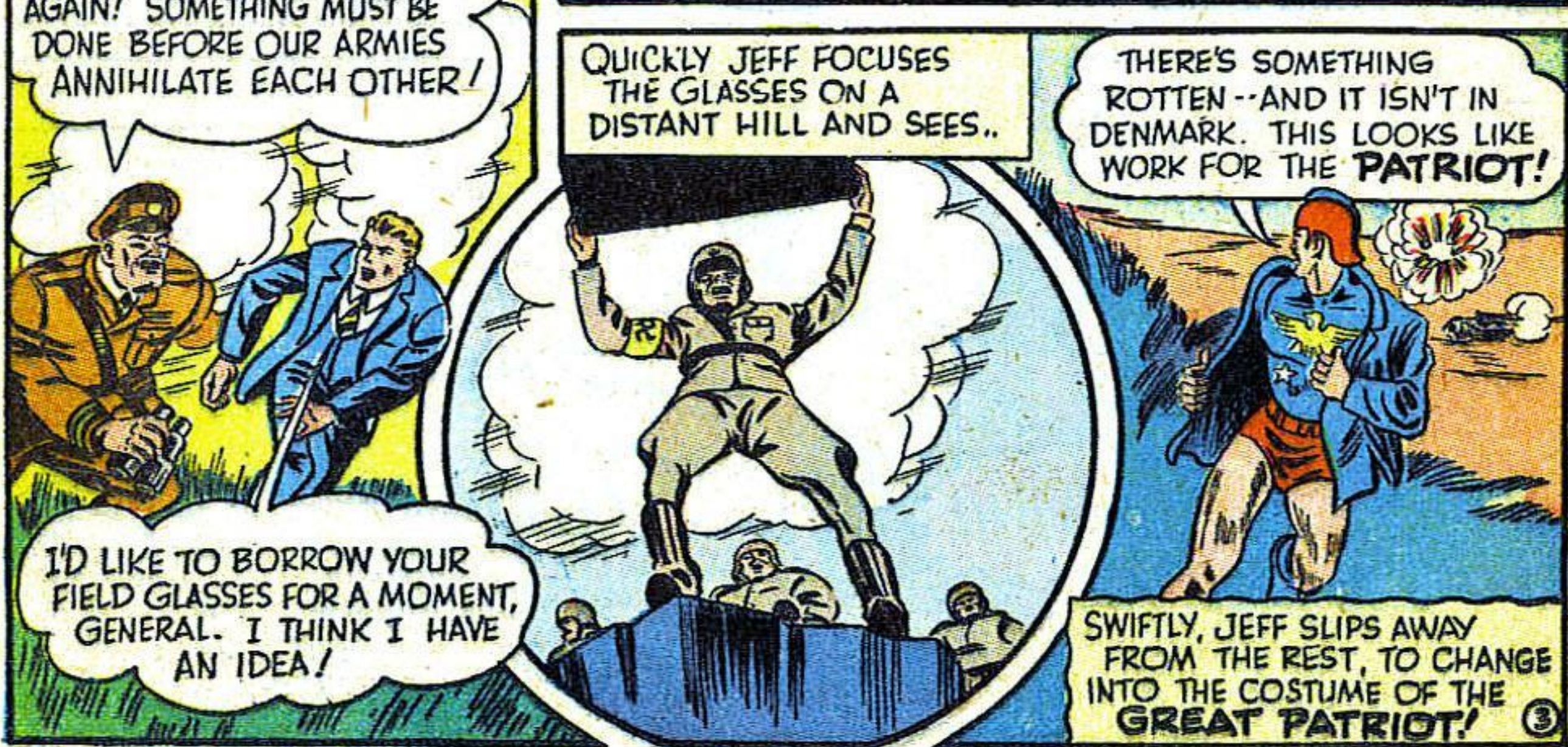


THE MEN ARE GOING BERSERK AGAIN! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE BEFORE OUR ARMIES ANNIHILATE EACH OTHER!

QUICKLY JEFF FOCUSES THE GLASSES ON A DISTANT HILL AND SEES..

THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN--AND IT ISN'T IN DENMARK. THIS LOOKS LIKE WORK FOR THE PATRIOT!

I'D LIKE TO BORROW YOUR FIELD GLASSES FOR A MOMENT, GENERAL. I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA!



SWIFTLY, JEFF SLIPS AWAY FROM THE REST, TO CHANGE INTO THE COSTUME OF THE GREAT PATRIOT! ③

REACHING A HIGH CLIFF,
PATRIOT QUICKLY ASCENDS ...

THERE'S MORE TO
THIS MOCK WAR THAN
MEETS THE EYE -- AND
I THINK THE SOLUTION
LIES UP HERE!

... AND SEES ...

OTTO HAS SUCCEEDED!
OTTO VILL BE FUEHRER!
INSECTS VOT FLY VIT DER SPEED
UF BULLETS HAFF CAUSED DER
CIVIL VAR IN DER ARMY CAMP!

VOT SHOULD
VE DO
VIT DER
INSECTS,
SIR?



VE VILL USE DEM IN
ODDER CAMPS AS VE
HAFF IN DIS VUN. SOON
OTTO VILL BE FUEHRER
OFF AMERICA. ISS IT
NOT SO, MEIN GOOT
SOLDIERS?

NO!

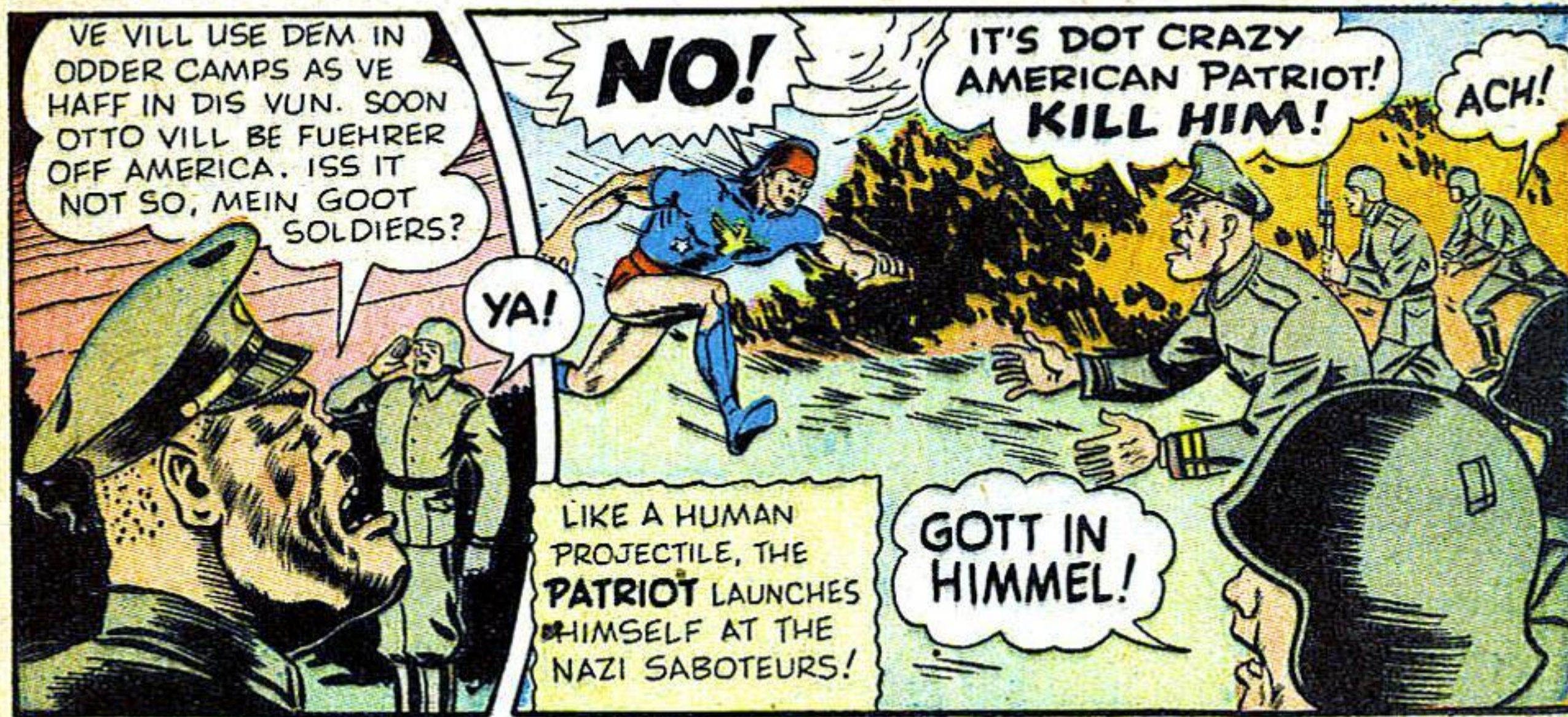
IT'S DOT CRAZY
AMERICAN PATRIOT!
KILL HIM!

ACH!

YA!

LIKE A HUMAN
PROJECTILE, THE
PATRIOT LAUNCHES
HIMSELF AT THE
NAZI SABOTEURS!

**GOTT IN
HIMMEL!**



HERE'S ONE FOR
YOUR FATHERLAND!

VE ARE COMING,
OTTO!

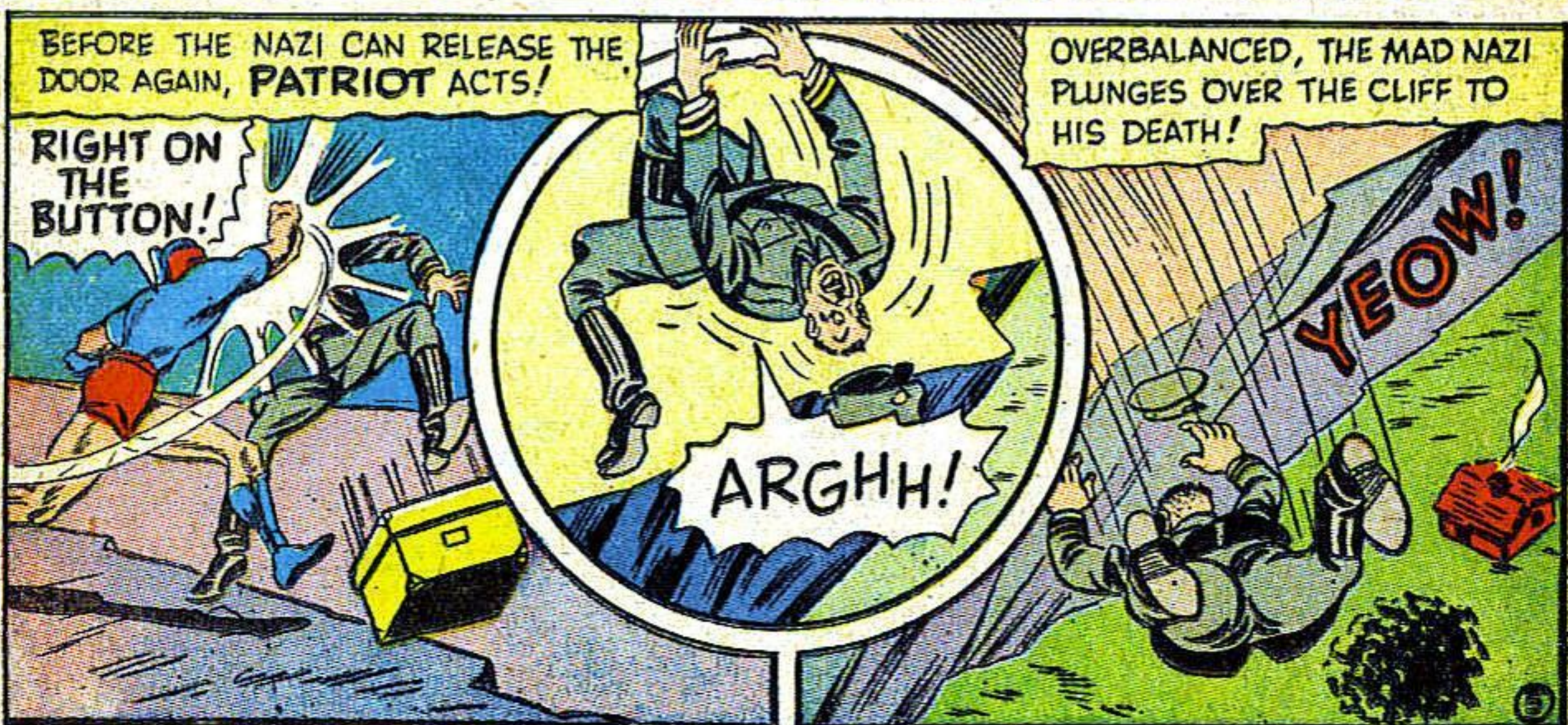
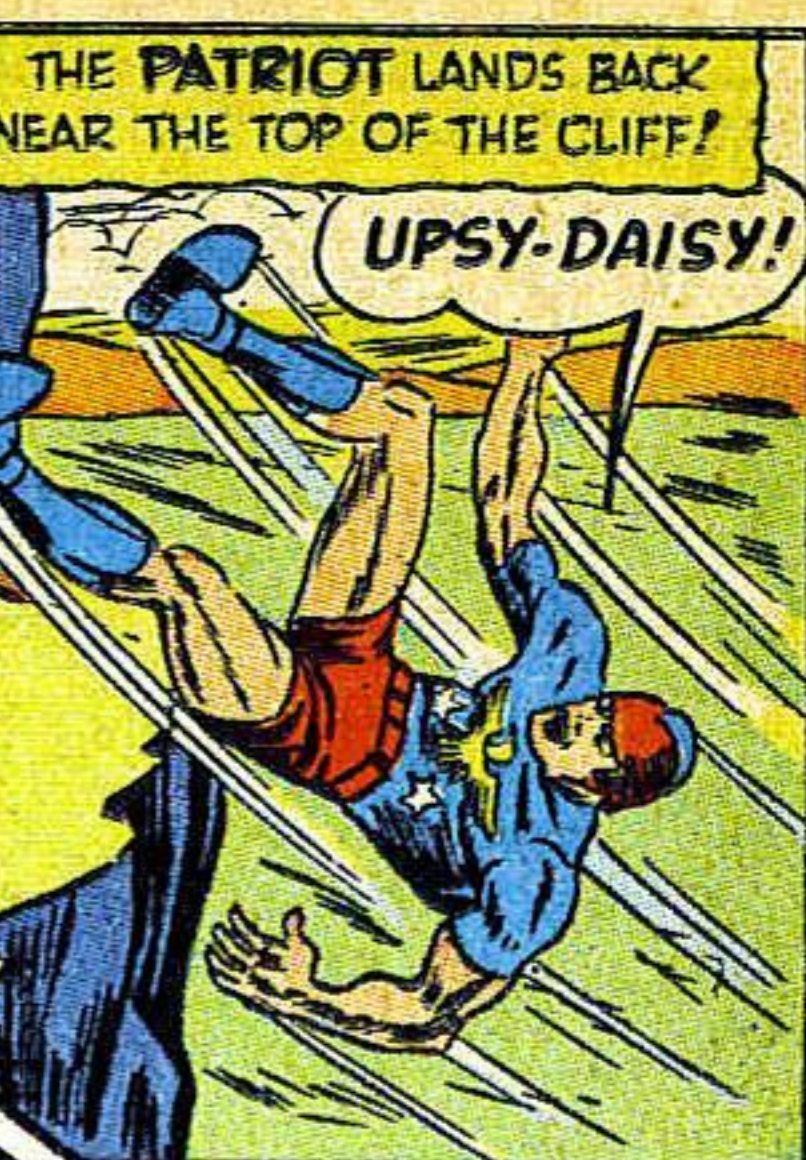
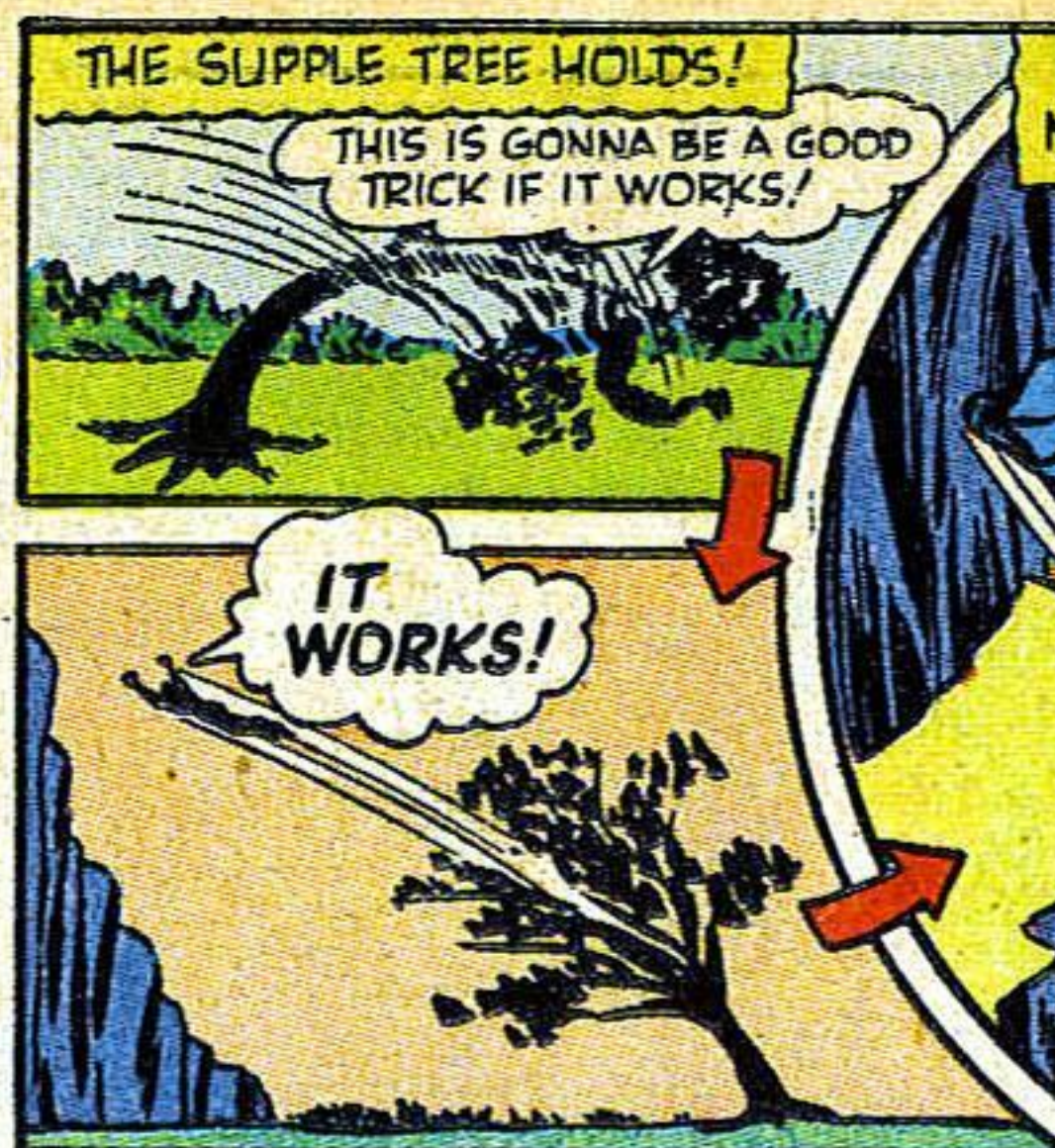
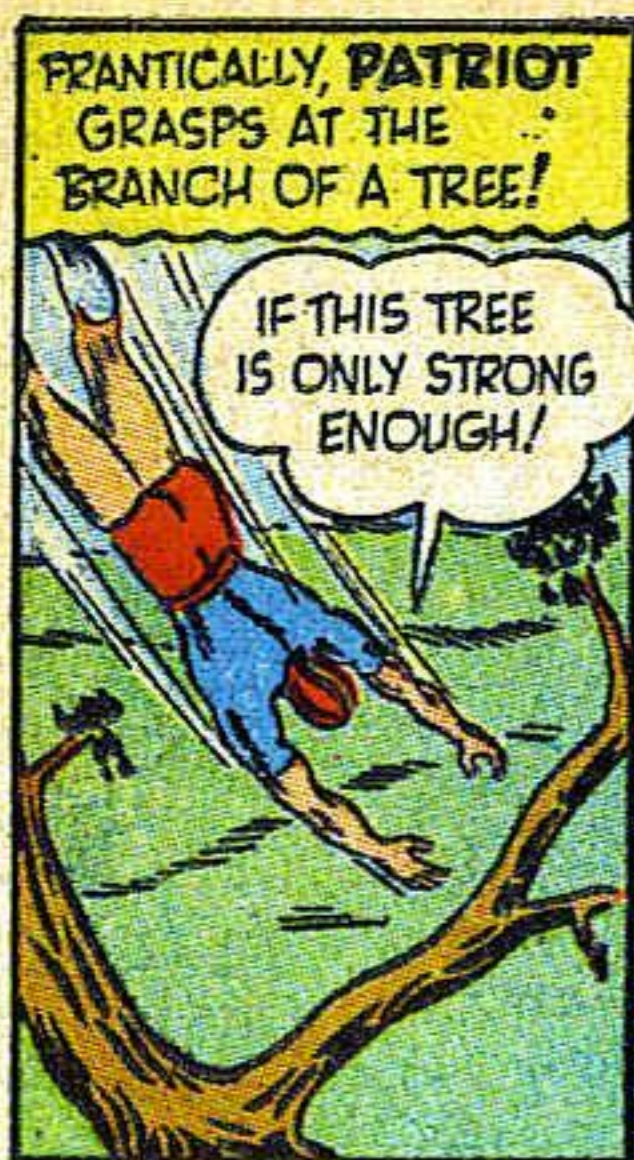
**WOW!
WHAT A
DROP!**

HELP!

IN THE STRUGGLE, **PATRIOT** IS
FORCED
OVER THE
CLIFF.

AND THIS IS
FOR THE MEN
YOU KILLED!





PATRIOT WHIRLS, HITS THE NAZIS LIKE A TORNADO!



IT'S ABOUT TIME
YOU GUYS GOT HERE!



**PATRIOT HOLDS THE NAZIS UNTIL
THE MEN FROM FORT MIX ARRIVE.**

GOOD WORK, **PATRIOT!**
WE FOUND OTTO AT THE
BASE OF THE CLIFF, DEAD!
BUT HOW DID HE KILL
OUR MEN WITHOUT
FIRING ON THEM?

HE USED THE INSECTS
IN THIS CAGE! THEY
FLY WITH THE SPEED
OF A HIGH-POWERED
BULLET AND CAN
PENETRATE THICK
STEEL ---



--- BY DIRECTING THEM AT THE MEN
OF THE FIRST ARMY, HE CAUSED YOUR
SOLDIERS TO THINK THAT THE OTHER
SIDE WAS FIRING LIVE AMMUNITION!
-- HIS PLAN WAS TO START INSPECTIONS
SO THAT AMERICA'S ARMY WOULD
DECIMATE ITSELF!

I CAN'T TELL
YOU HOW MUCH
WE APPRECIATE
WHAT YOU
HAVE DONE!

I SHALL SEE THAT YOU
GET THE PROPER REWARD
FOR YOUR ---

HEY!
WHERE
DID HE
GO?



BUT **PATRIOT** DOESN'T WISH
UNDUE PUBLICITY -- HE SLIPS
AWAY AND ---



... RETURNS TO MARY
AND CASEY AS JEFF MACE!

HELLO!



WHERE IN BLAZES
DID YOU GET TO?
YOU MISSED ALL
THE FUN!

I THINK HE WAS
AFRAID OF ALL THE
BULLETS! BUT
NOT THE
PATRIOT!
HE ---

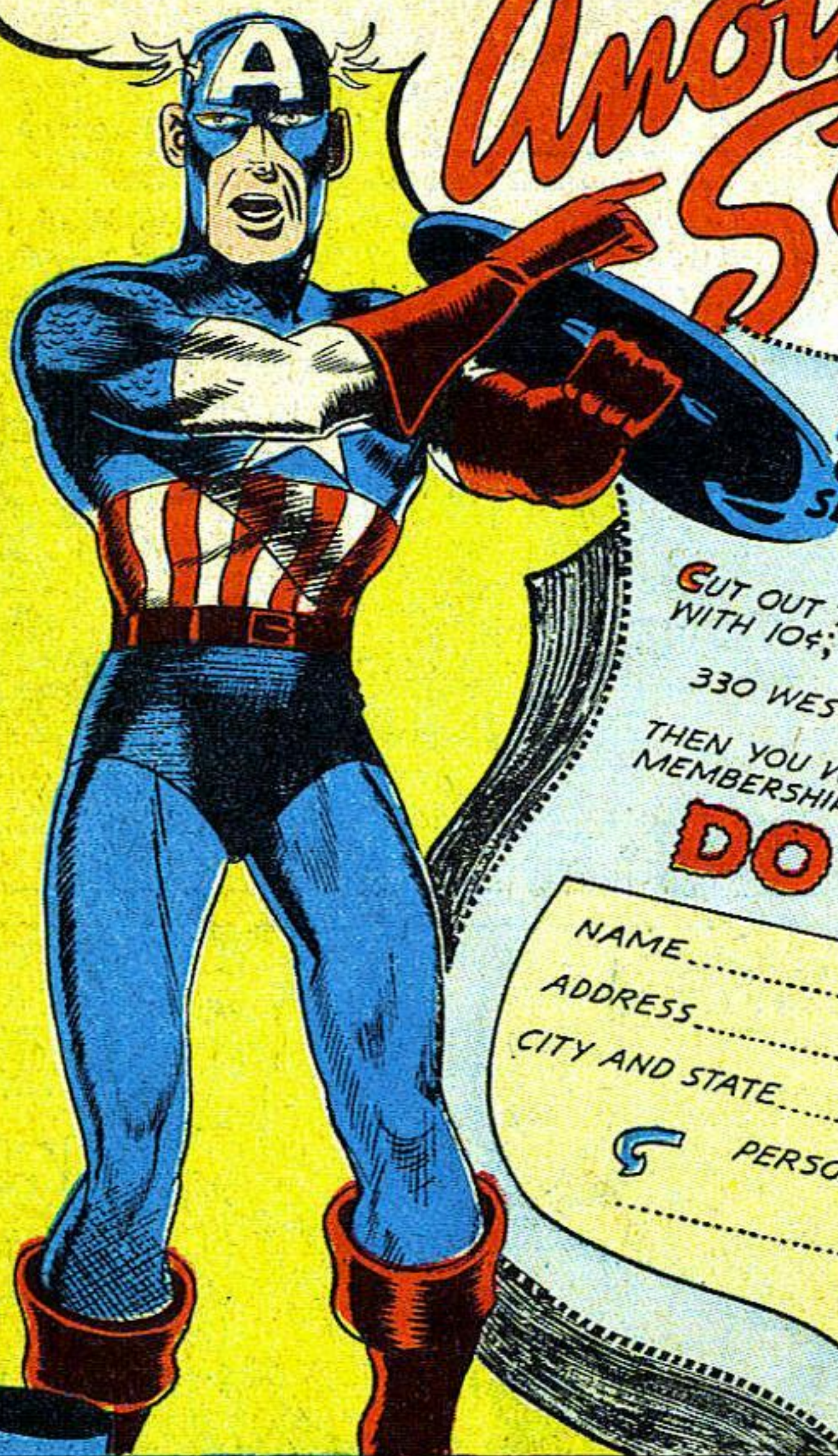
AW, THAT GUY
IS JUST A
**HEADLINE
HUNTER!**



DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING
ADVENTURES OF AMERICA'S GREATEST
PATRIOT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS.

DON'T DELAY

Another Second!!



BECOME A MEMBER OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG
WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF
HEADQUARTERS.
330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL
MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY AND STATE.....
PERSONAL SIGNATURE.....

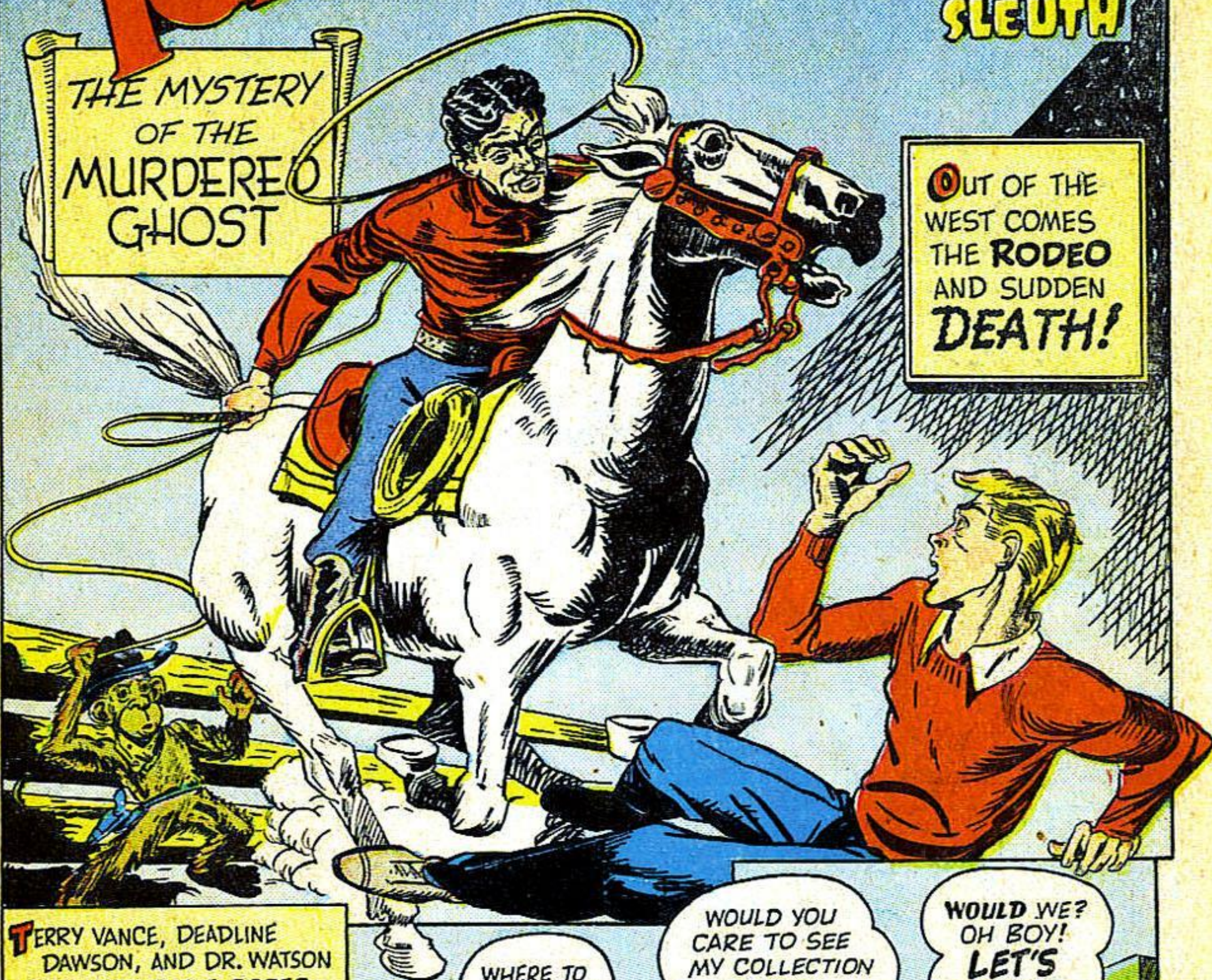
AMERICA ALWAYS!

Terry Vance

The
**SCHOOL
BOY
SLEUTH**

THE MYSTERY
OF THE
MURDERED
GHOST

OUT OF THE
WEST COMES
THE **RODEO**
AND SUDDEN
DEATH!



TERRY VANCE, DEADLINE
DAWSON, AND DR. WATSON
ARE VISITING THE RODEO
AS GUESTS OF "TEX",
THEIR COWBOY PAL.

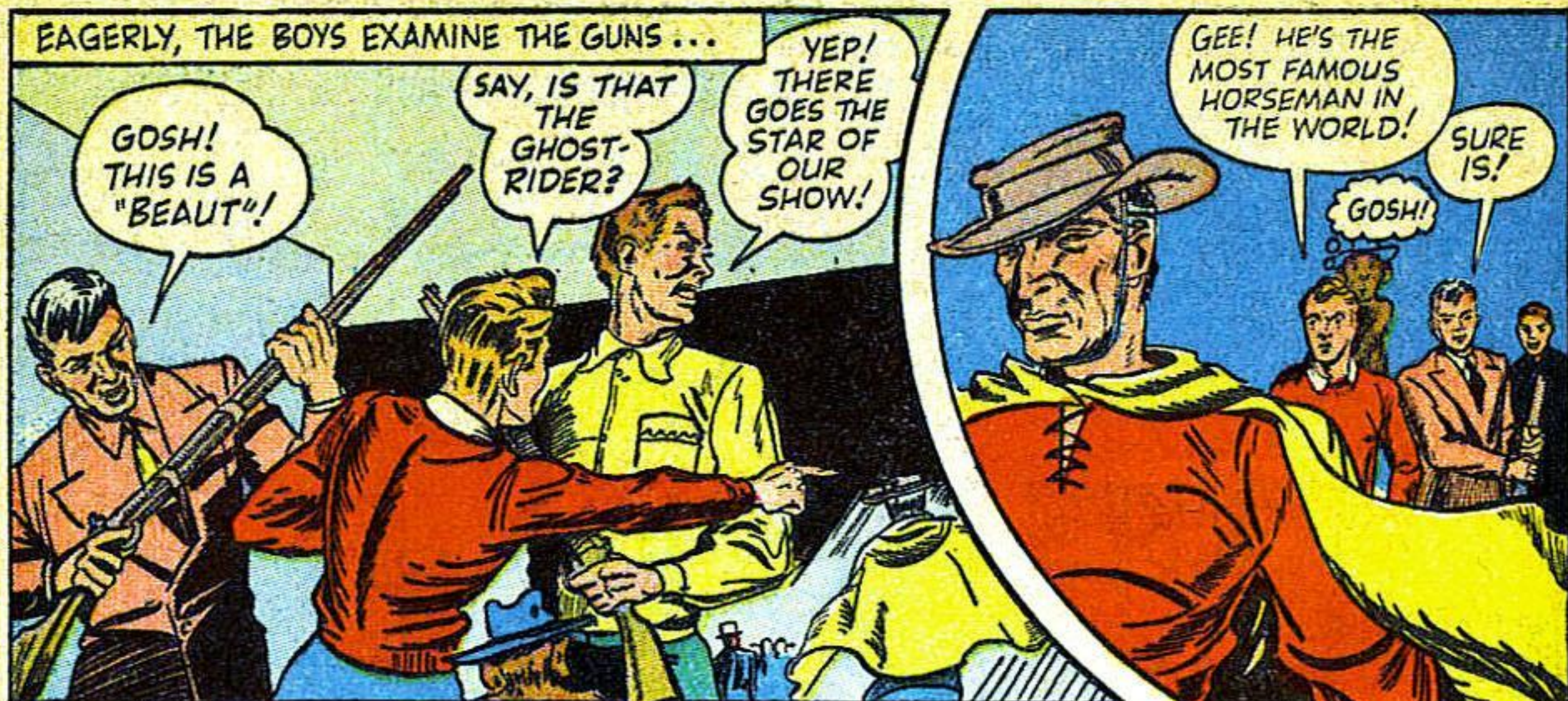
BUT THEY DIDN'T EXPECT
TO MEET CRIME
RIDING A
BUCKING BRONCHO!

WHERE TO
NOW, TEX?

WOULD YOU
CARE TO SEE
MY COLLECTION
OF OLD
FIRE ARMS?

WOULD WE?
OH BOY!
**LET'S
GO!**





EAGERLY, THE BOYS EXAMINE THE GUNS ...

GOSH!
THIS IS A
"BEAUT"!

SAY, IS THAT
THE
GHOST-
RIDER?

YEP!
THERE
GOES THE
STAR OF
OUR
SHOW!

GEE! HE'S THE
MOST FAMOUS
HORSEMAN IN
THE WORLD!

SURE
IS!

GOSH!



OH,
YEAH?

IF IT WASN'T
FOR ME, HE'D BE
JUST ANOTHER
COW-PUNCHER!

WHO
WAS
THAT?

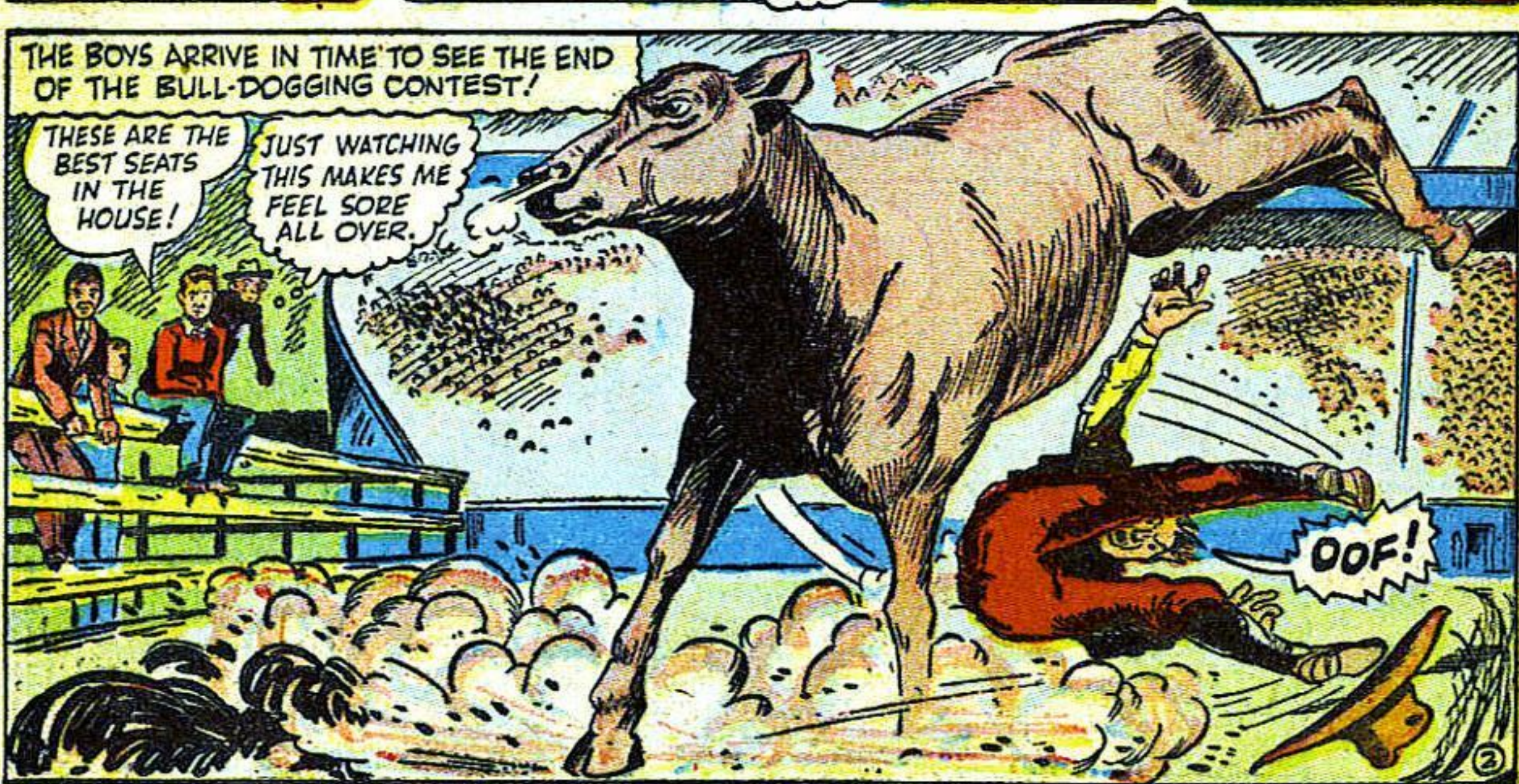
MR. RONEY--
HE TRAINS THE
GHOST'S
HORSE!

WHAT A
CONCEITED
MUG!

JUST THEN!

COME ON, FELLOWS!
THE GHOST IS
ABOUT TO RIDE!

HE LOOKS
LIKE MY
UNCLE.



THE BOYS ARRIVE IN TIME TO SEE THE END
OF THE BULL-DOGING CONTEST!

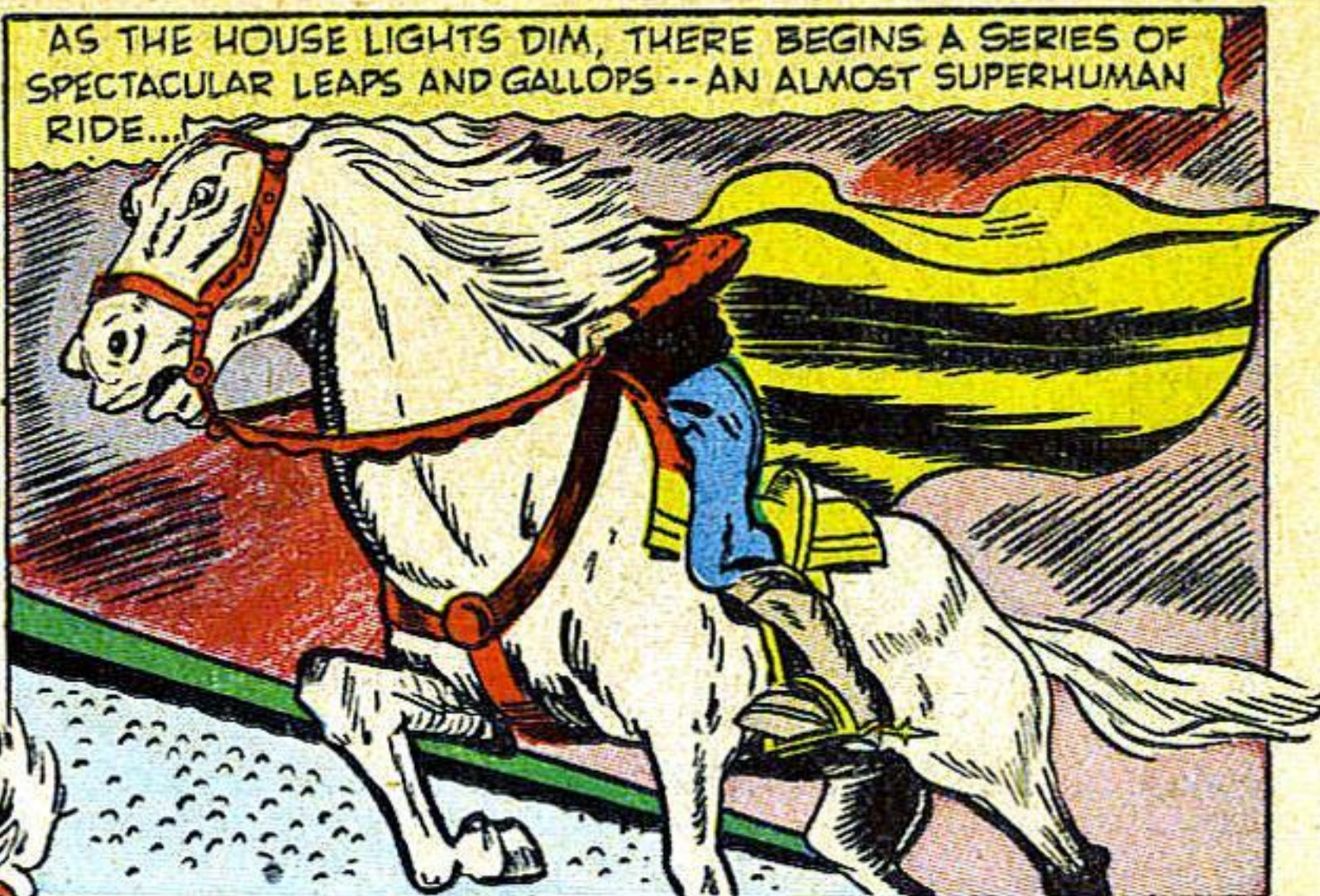
THESE ARE THE
BEST SEATS
IN THE
HOUSE!

JUST WATCHING
THIS MAKES ME
FEEL SORE
ALL OVER.

OOF!

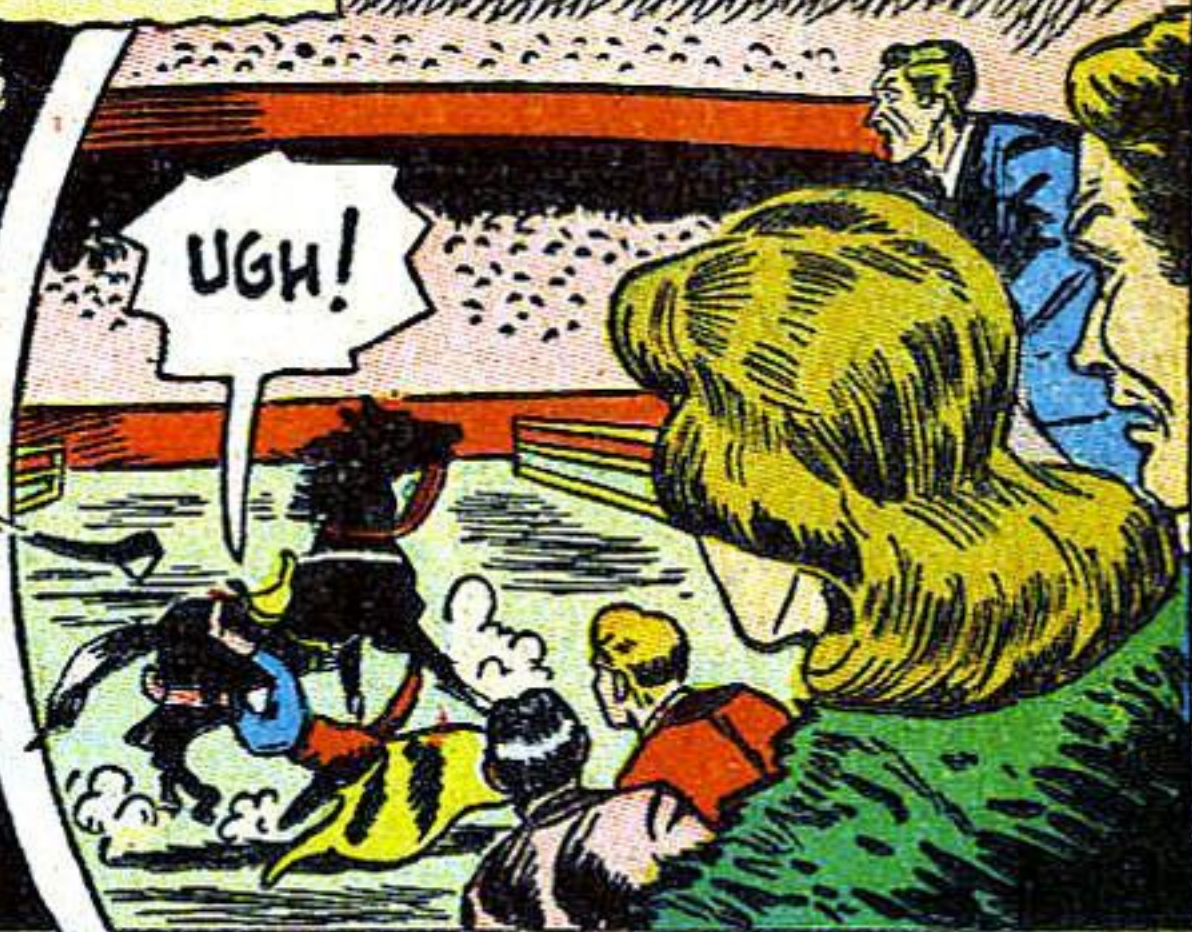
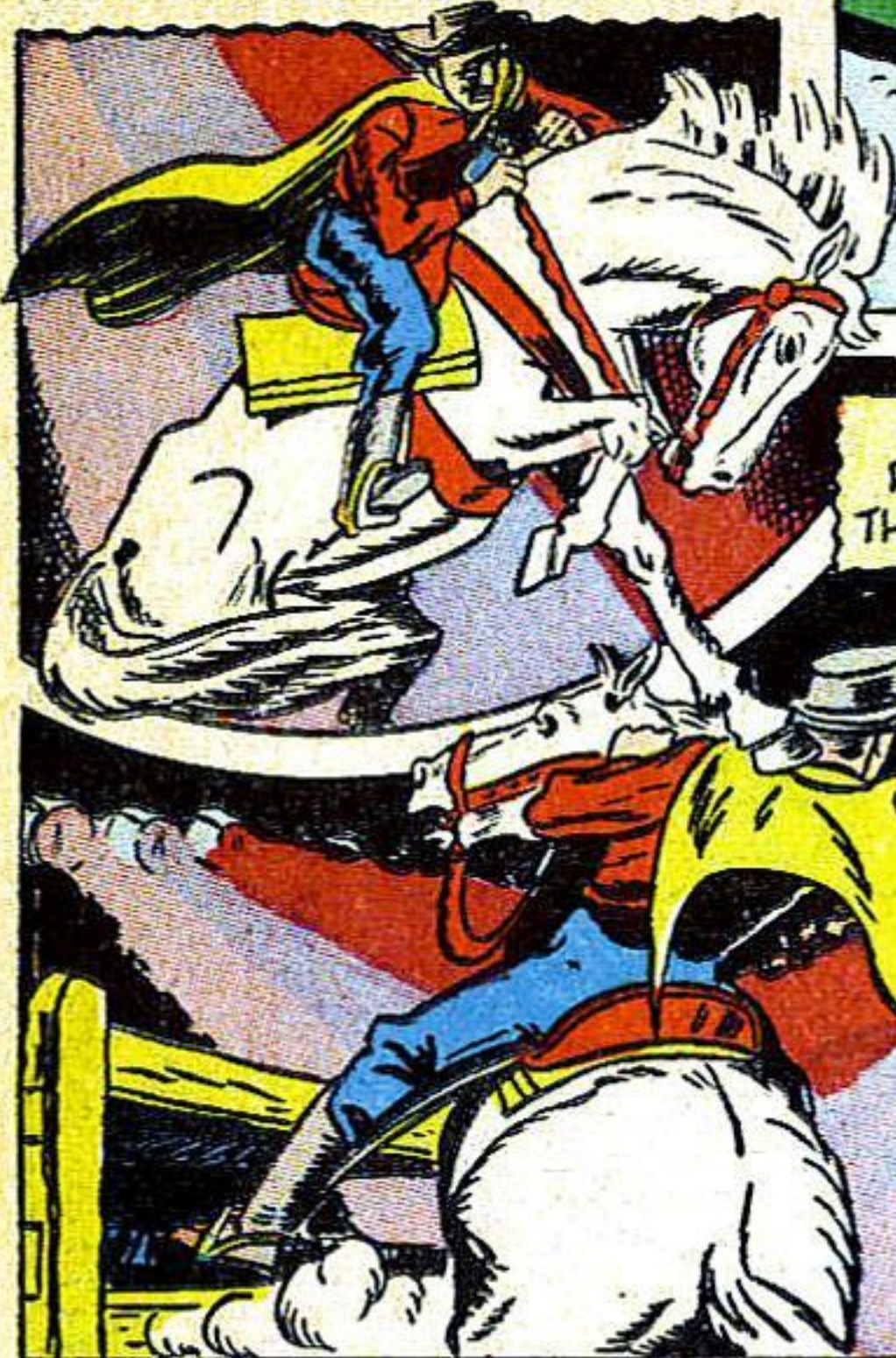


AMID A BATTERY OF SPOTLIGHTS...



THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER ACKNOWLEDGE THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD!

BUT--AS THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON ...

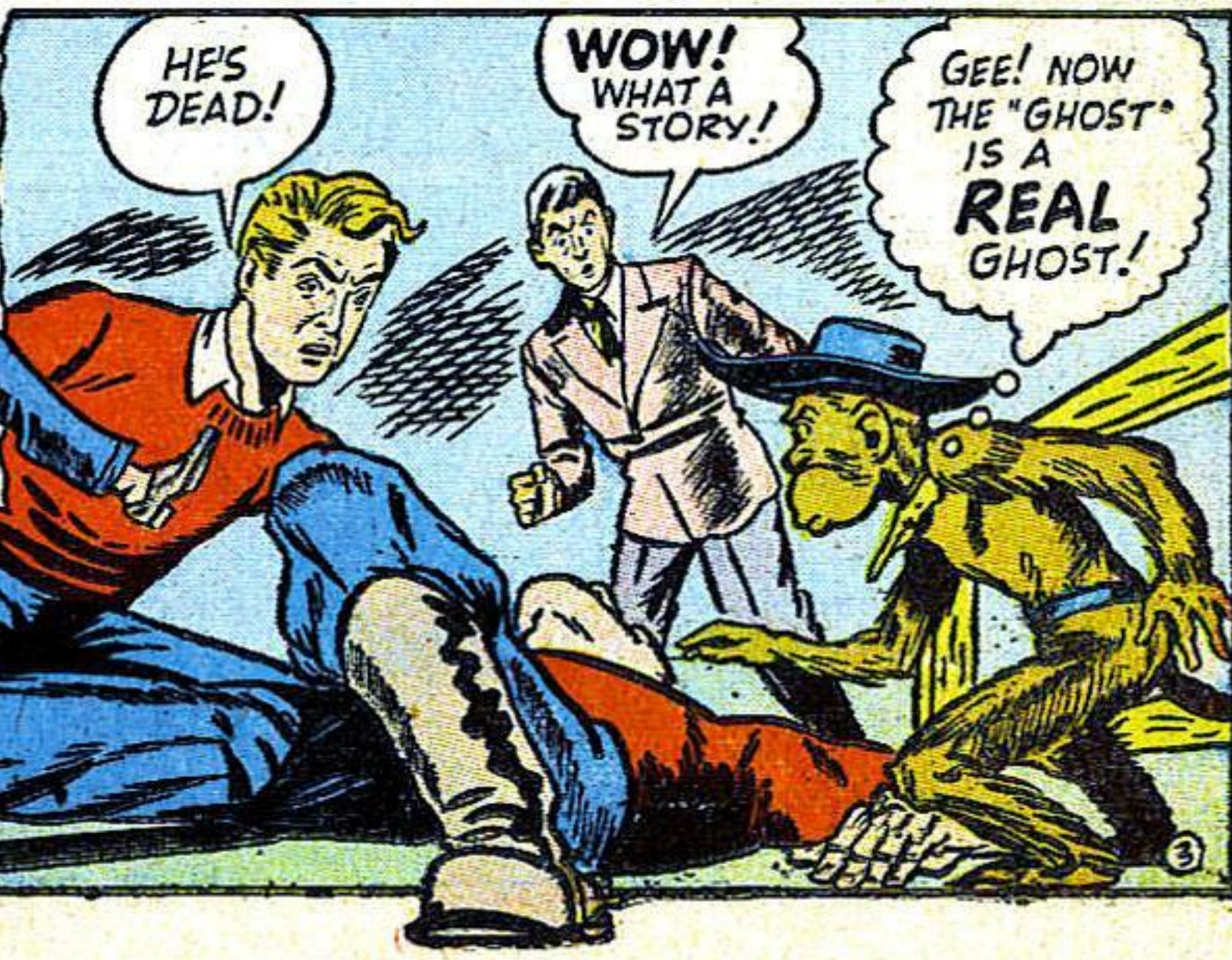


THIS LOOKS SERIOUS!

HE'S DEAD!

WOW! WHAT A STORY!

GEE! NOW THE "GHOST" IS A **REAL** GHOST!





THE POLICE TAKE OVER...

SHOT IN THE BACK!
MURDERED!

HE'S FULL OF
POWDER
BURNS!

HMM! ONLY A GUN
FIRED AT CLOSE RANGE
WOULD PRODUCE
POWDER BURNS--
BUT NO ONE
WAS THAT
CLOSE!

SUDDENLY TEX RUSHES IN! ...

HEY! OFFICER!
ONE OF MY
GUNS
HAS BEEN
STOLEN!

IT WAS AN OLD
FLINT-LOCK
RIFLE!

OKAY! OKAY!
WE'LL TAKE
CARE OF
IT...

A MISSING RIFLE,
EH? GUESS IT'S TIME
TO USE MY
VISOSCOPE!

EMPOWERED BY THE X-RAY VISION
OF HIS VISOSCOPE, TERRY
SURVEYS THE SCENE.

THAT CORRAL
FENCE!

DISCOVER
ANYTHING,
TERRY?

YIPPEE!
ACTION AT
LAST!

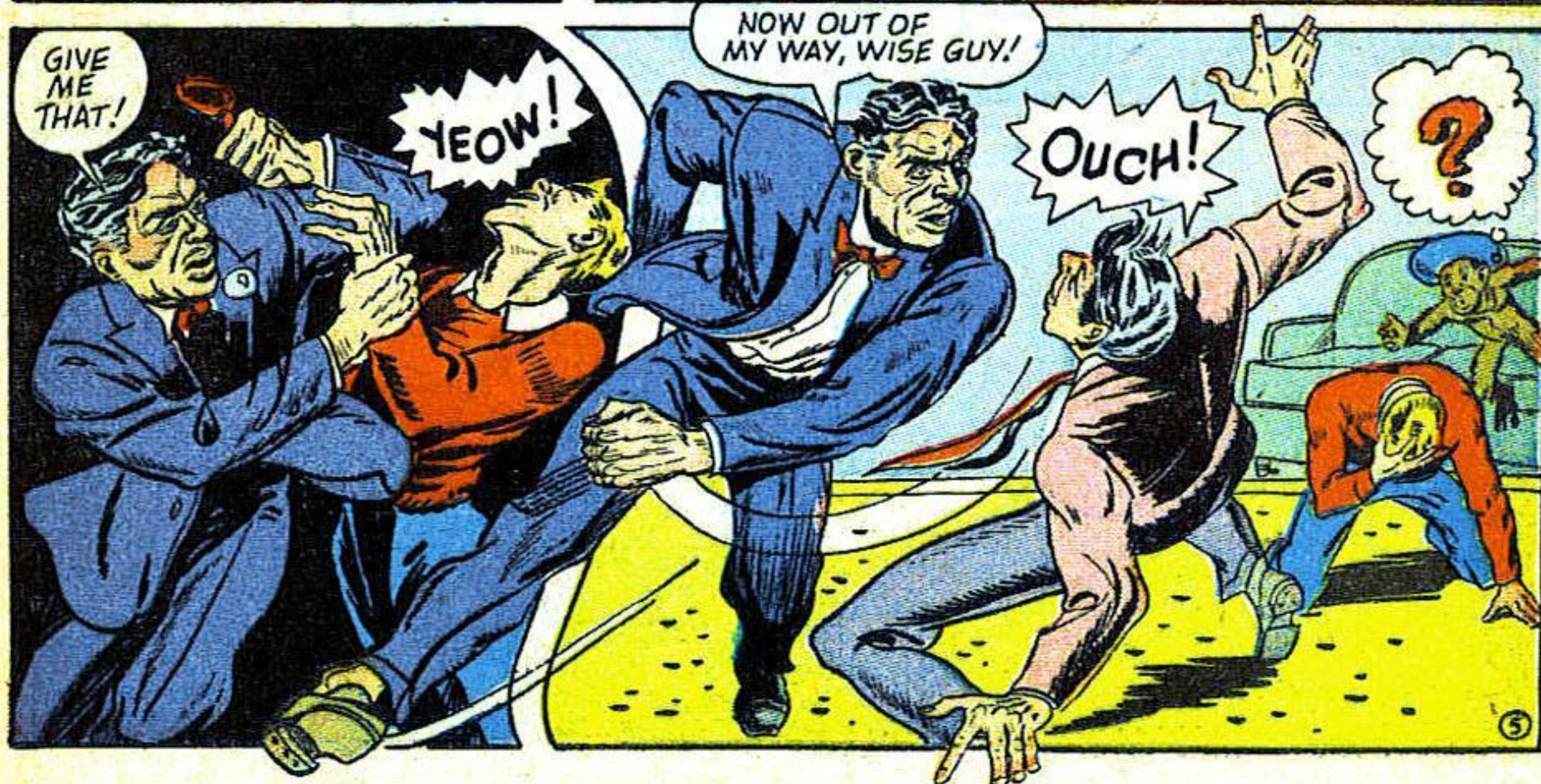
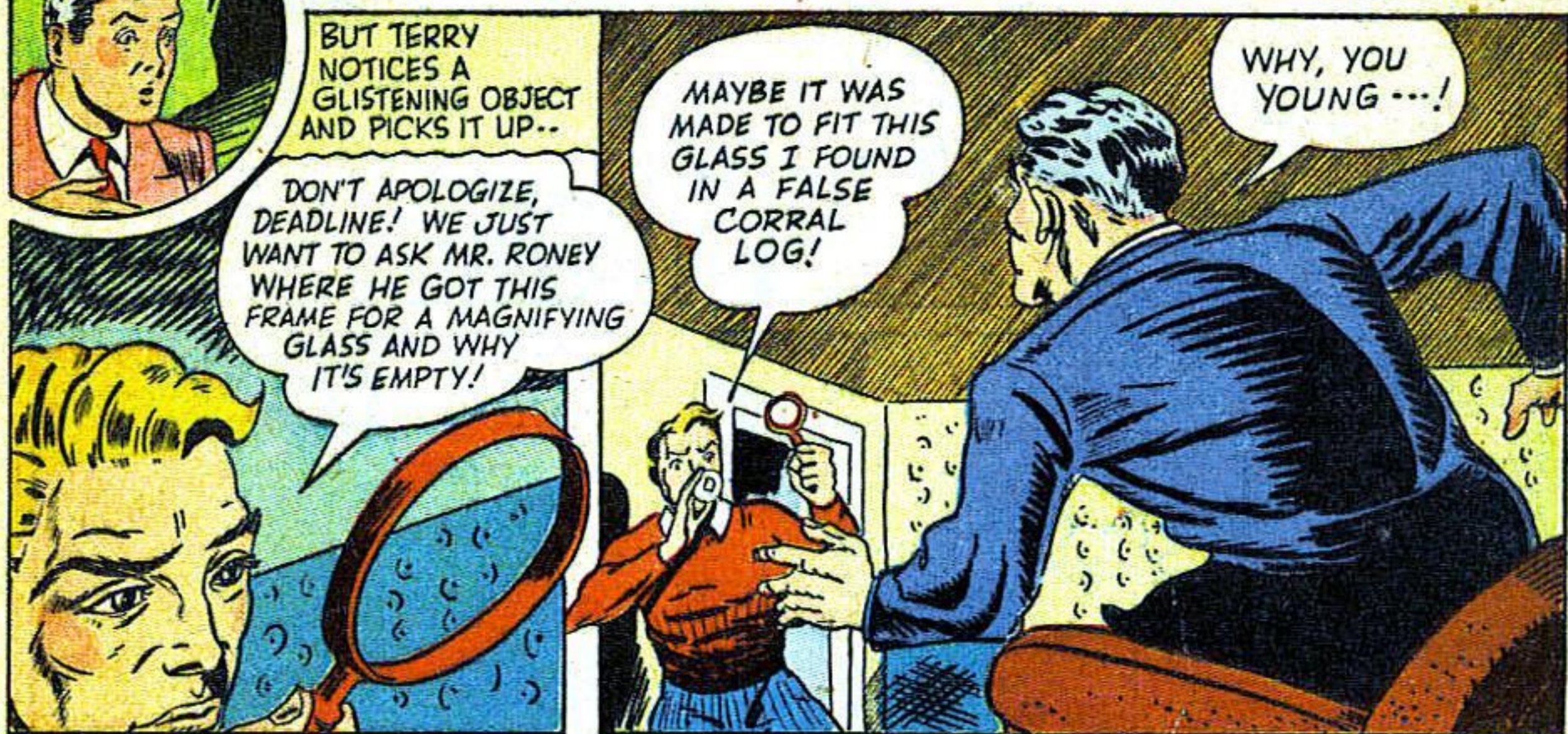
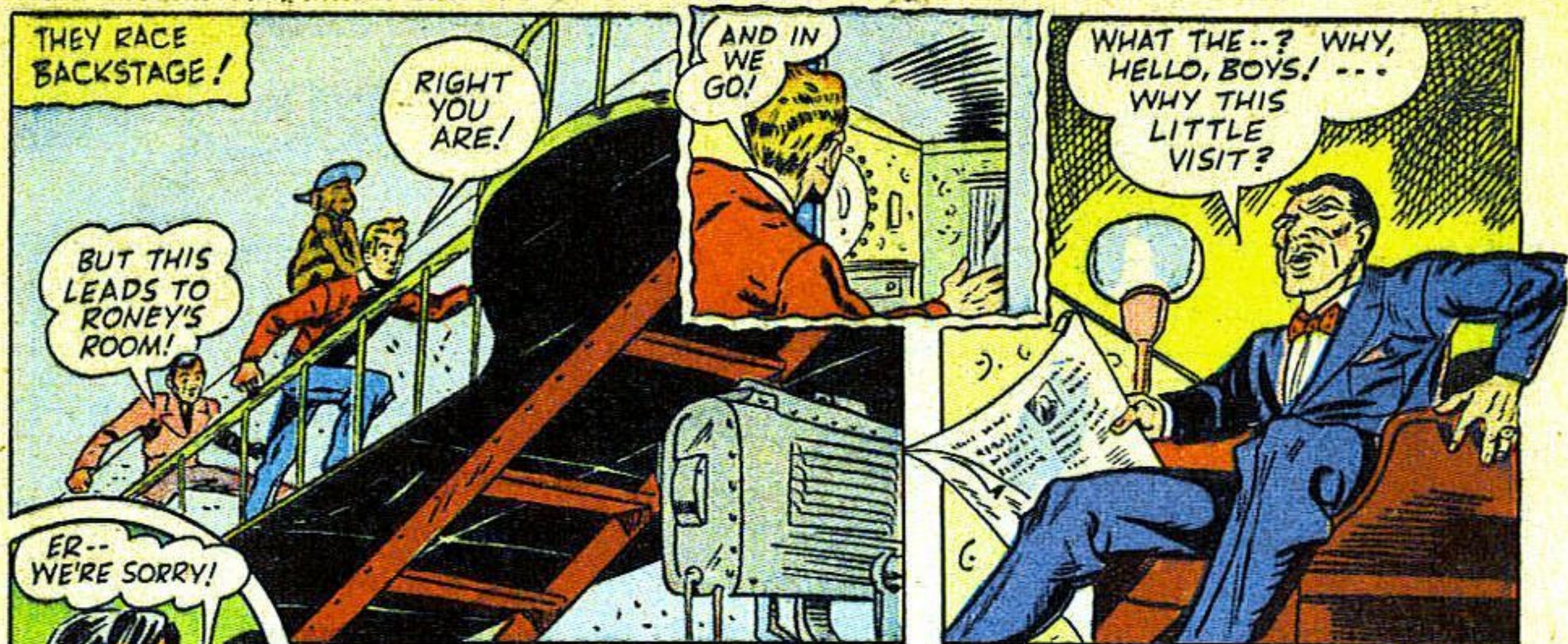
PLENTY!

JUST AS I THOUGHT!
A MAGNIFYING
GLASS IMBEDDED
IN THE WOOD!

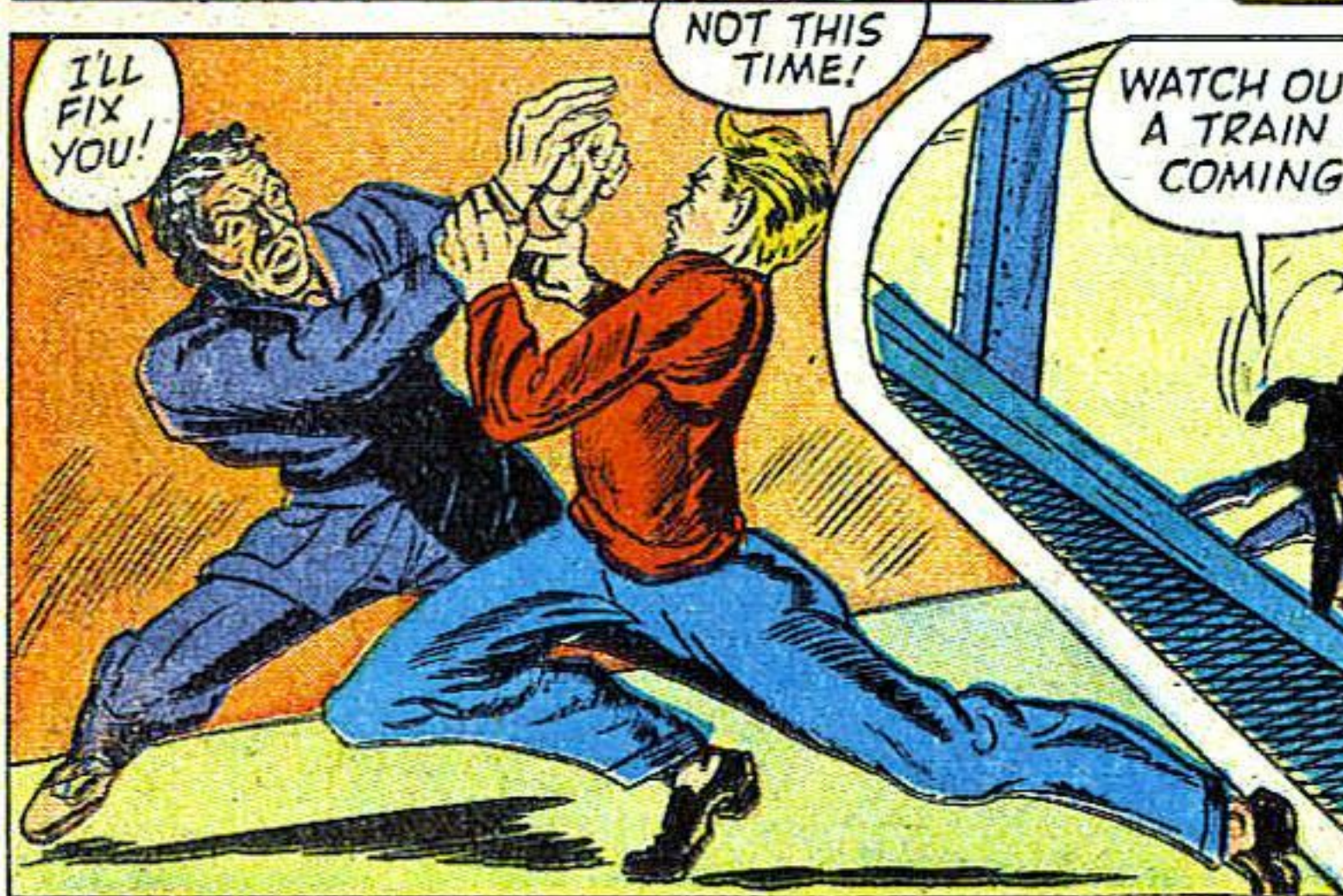
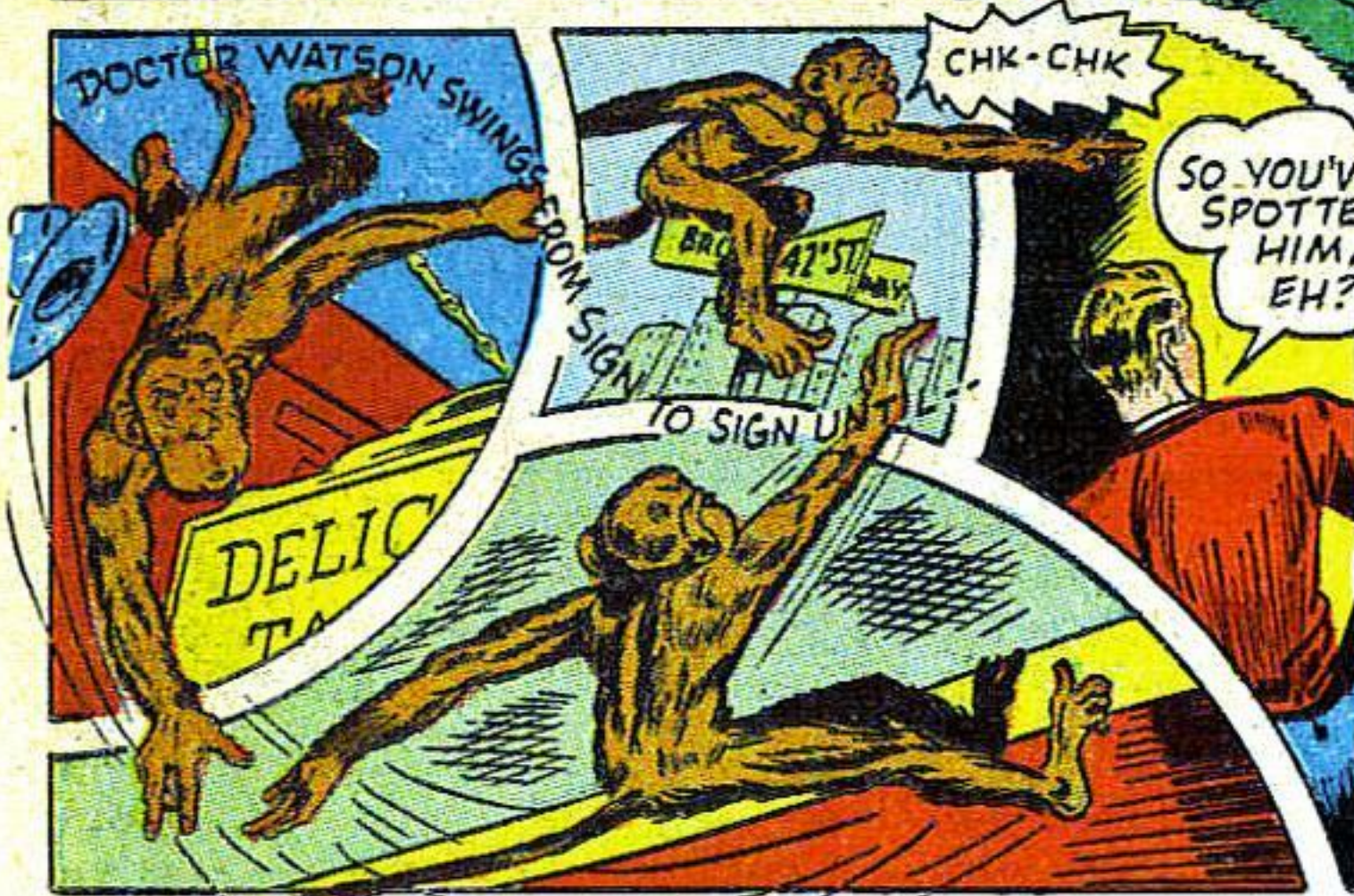
FOLLOW
ME!

WHERE
TO?

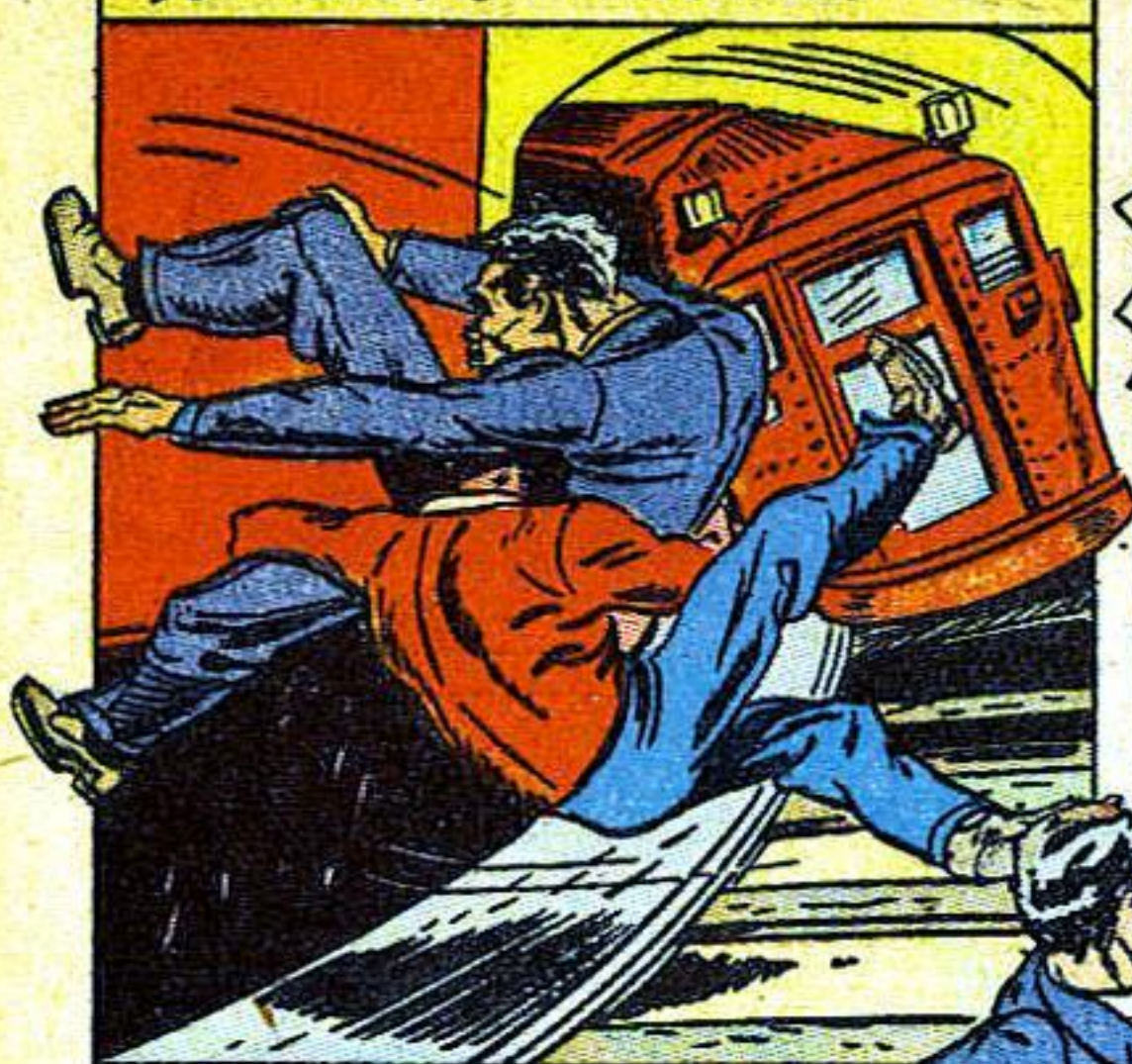
TO THE
MURDERER!



WHILE DEADLINE LIES UNCONSCIOUS, TERRY AND DR. WATSON CHASE THE FLEEING MURDERER ---



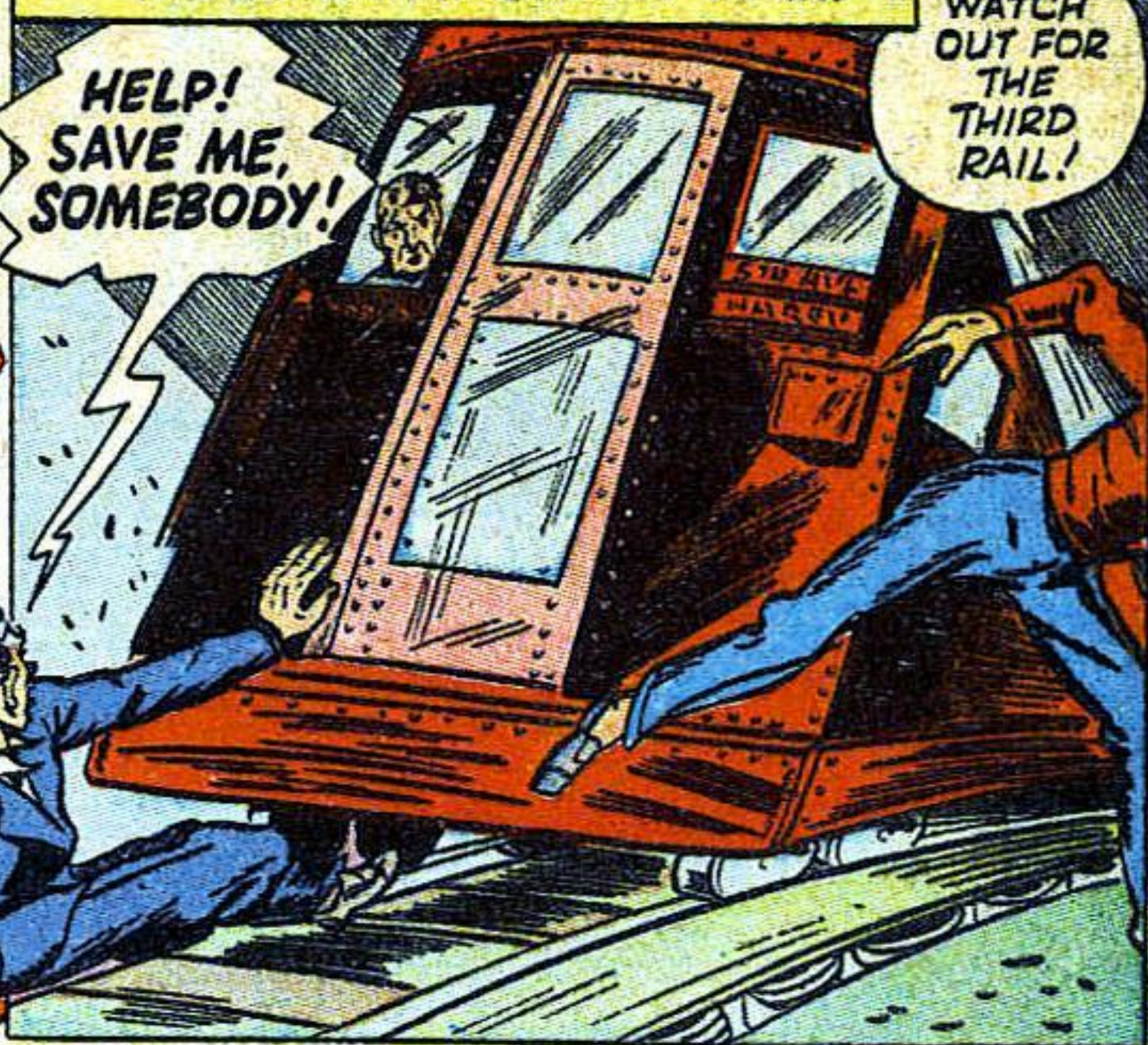
BUT TERRY GRASPS RONEY ---



---AND THEY BOTH FALL IN FRONT OF THE ONRUSHING SUBWAY TRAIN!

HELP!
SAVE ME,
SOMEBODY!

WATCH
OUT FOR
THE
THIRD
RAIL!



RONEY IS TOO LATE!

EIYAAA!



WHAT A
HORRIBLE
DEATH!



BACK AT THE ARENA, TERRY
EXPLAINS HIS SOLUTION.

FIRST OF ALL, THIS LOG
IN THE CORRAL FENCE IS
NOT WOOD, BUT PAPIER MACHE
-- WITH TEX'S LOADED FLINT-
MUSKET IMBEDDED IN IT--



--A MAGNIFYING GLASS WAS ATTACHED TO THE FIRING
MECHANISM... WHEN THE SPOTLIGHT HIT THE GLASS, THE
LIGHT WAS FOCUSED, CAUSING THE POWDER TO EXPLODE
AND THE GUN TO FIRE! ... ONLY TWO PEOPLE WOULD
KNOW THE EXACT POSITION OF THE HORSE AND THE
RIDER AT THE FINALE -- THE RIDER,
AND THE TRAINER!



SURE! AND RONEY
WAS JEALOUS OF
THE GHOST!

SMART,
EH?

**TERRY
VANCE**...
WILL BE BACK WITH
ANOTHER BAFFLING MYSTERY
IN THE NEXT MARVEL.

JIMMY JUPITER

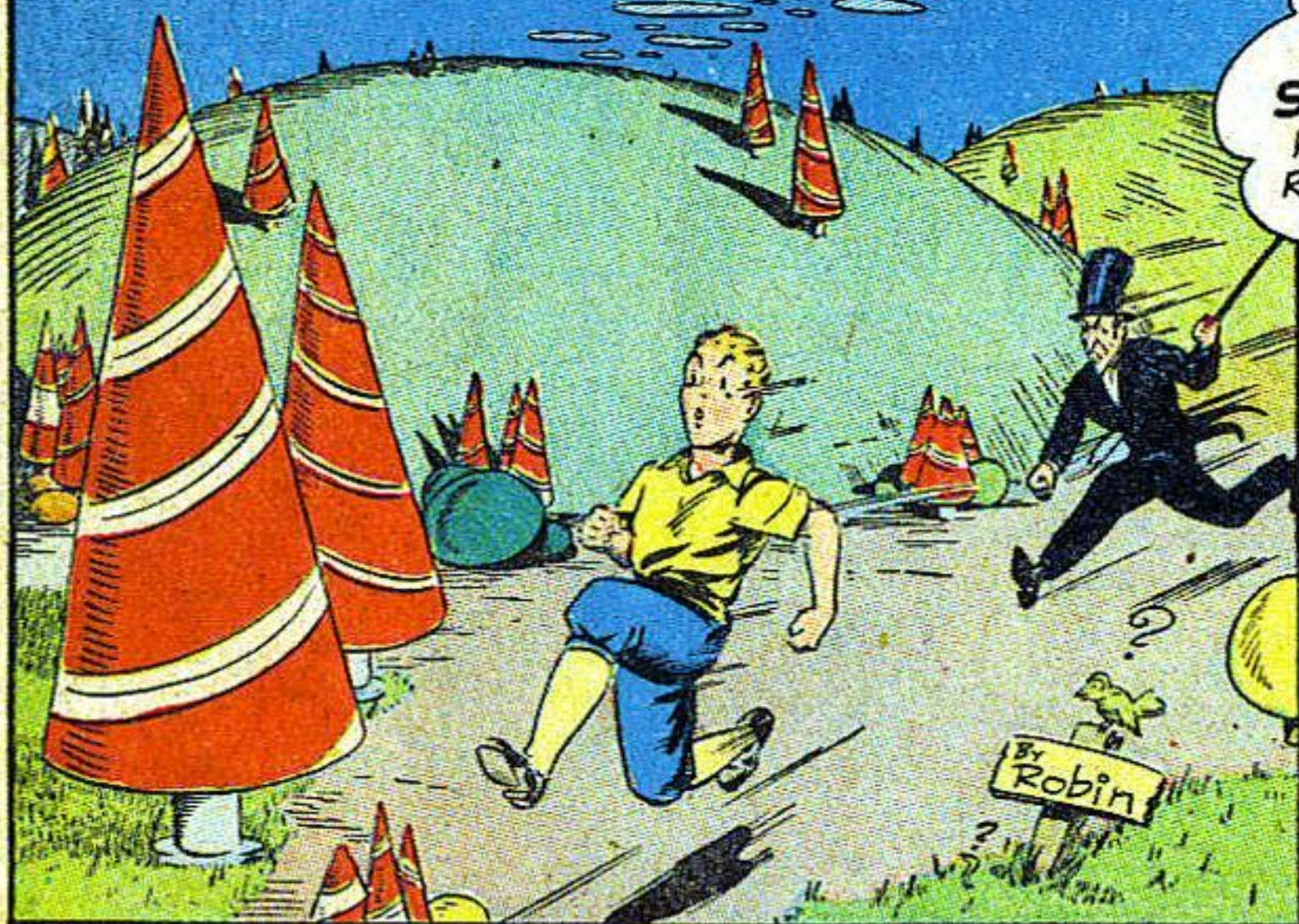
IN THE
LAND OF THE
FUN PEOPLE

HOPING THAT **THE LAND OF NOWHERE** WILL BE ERASED FROM JIMMY'S MIND, HIS MOTHER SENDS HIM TO AN AMUSEMENT PARK.

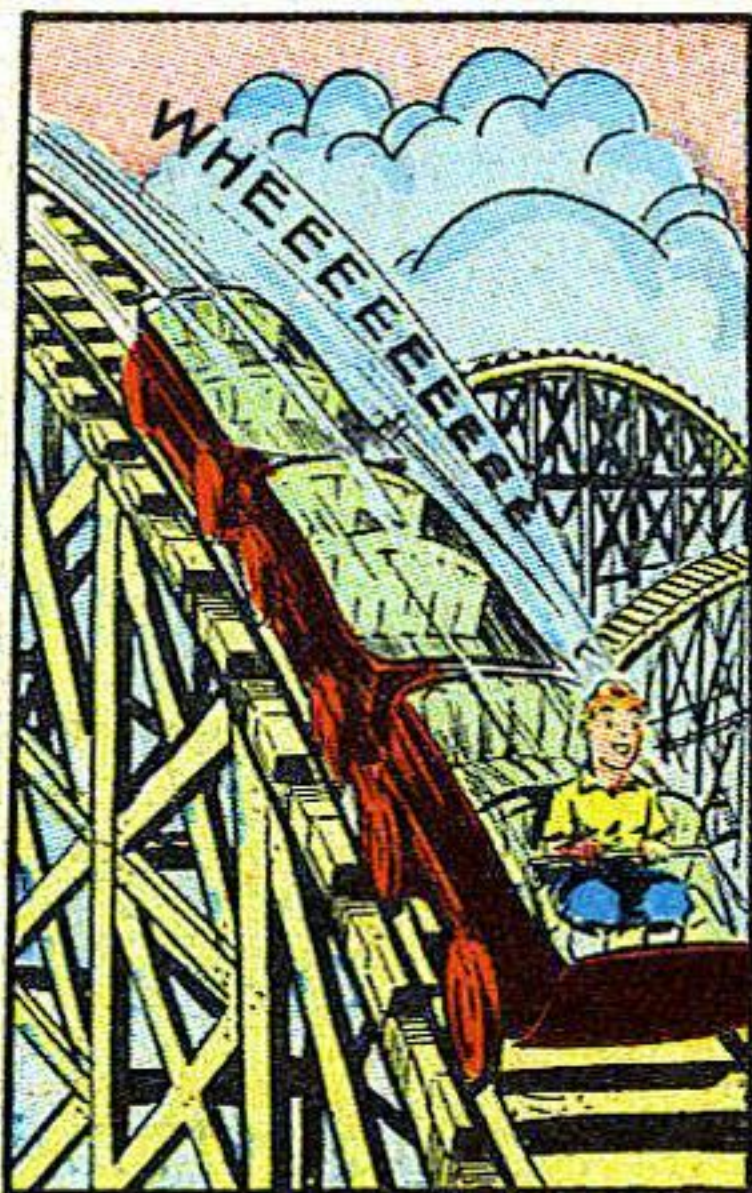
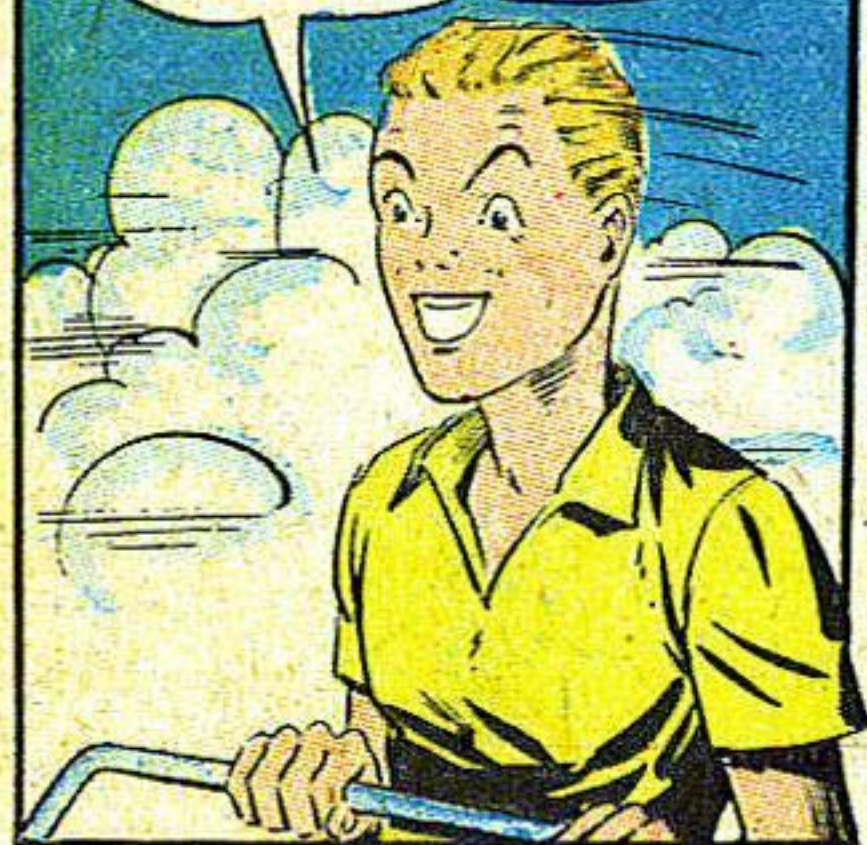
STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS! ONLY FIVE CENTS! THE MOST **SEN** (HERE Y'ARE, KIDDO)**SATIONAL** RIDE IN EXISTENCE!

ONE, PLEASE.

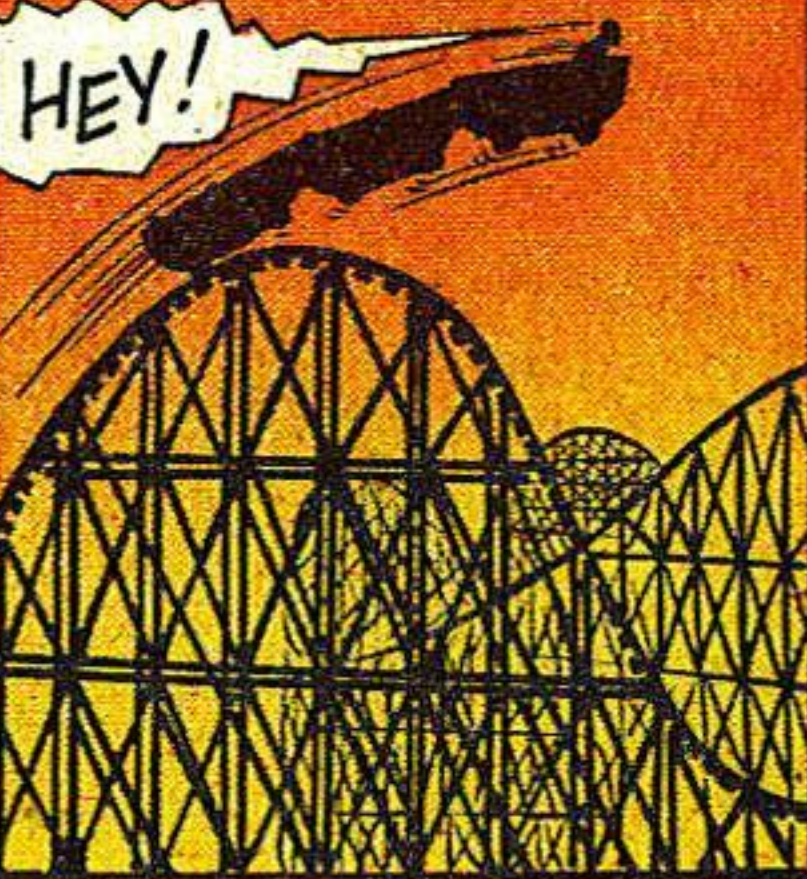
5¢



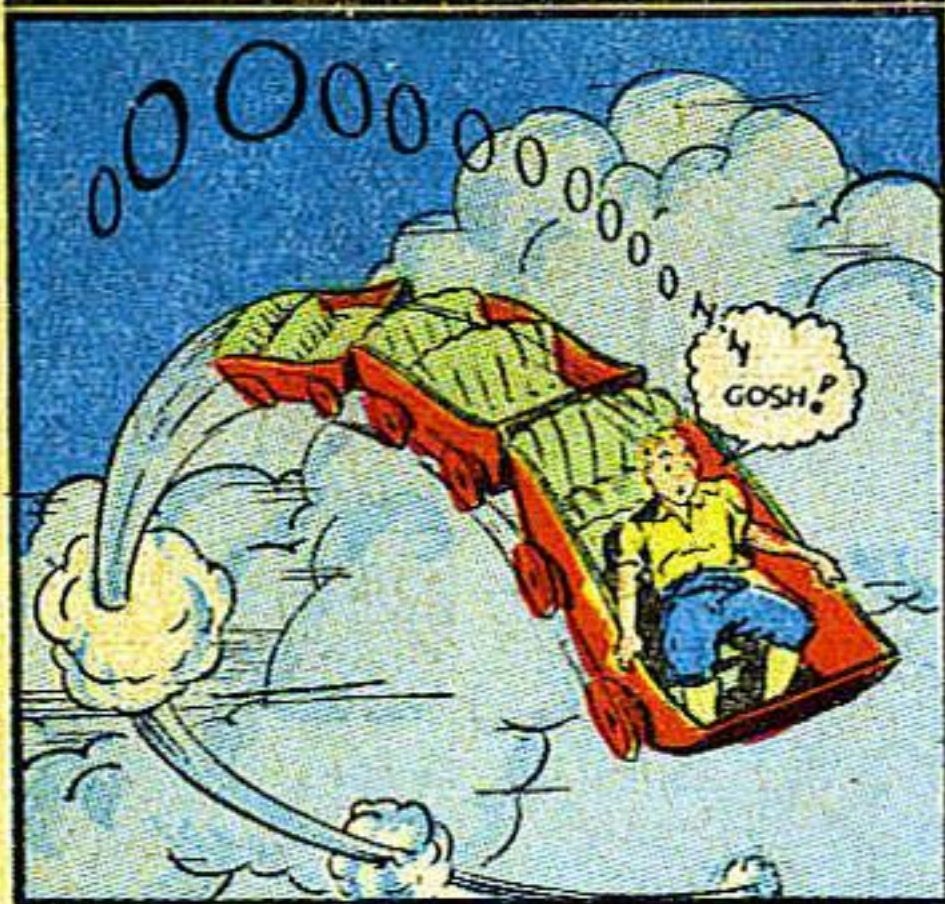
•OBOY! A CAR ALL TO MYSELF! GEE! I WISH I COULD RIDE THIS ANYWHERE!



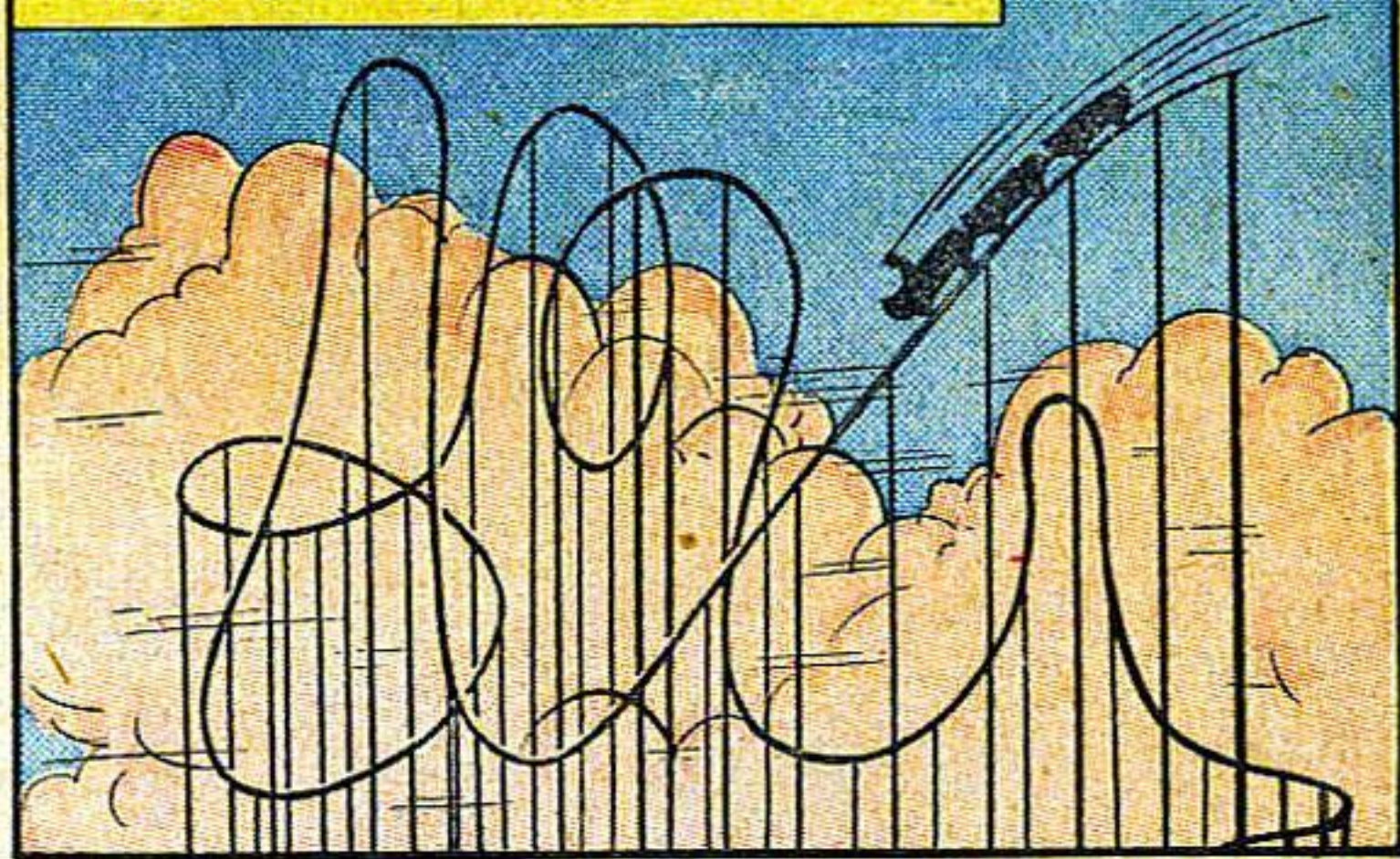
SUDDENLY THE ROLLER COASTER LEAVES THE TRACK AND **FLIES** THROUGH THE AIR!



DIZZILY, THE RUNAWAY ROLLER COASTER FLIES THRU SPACE!

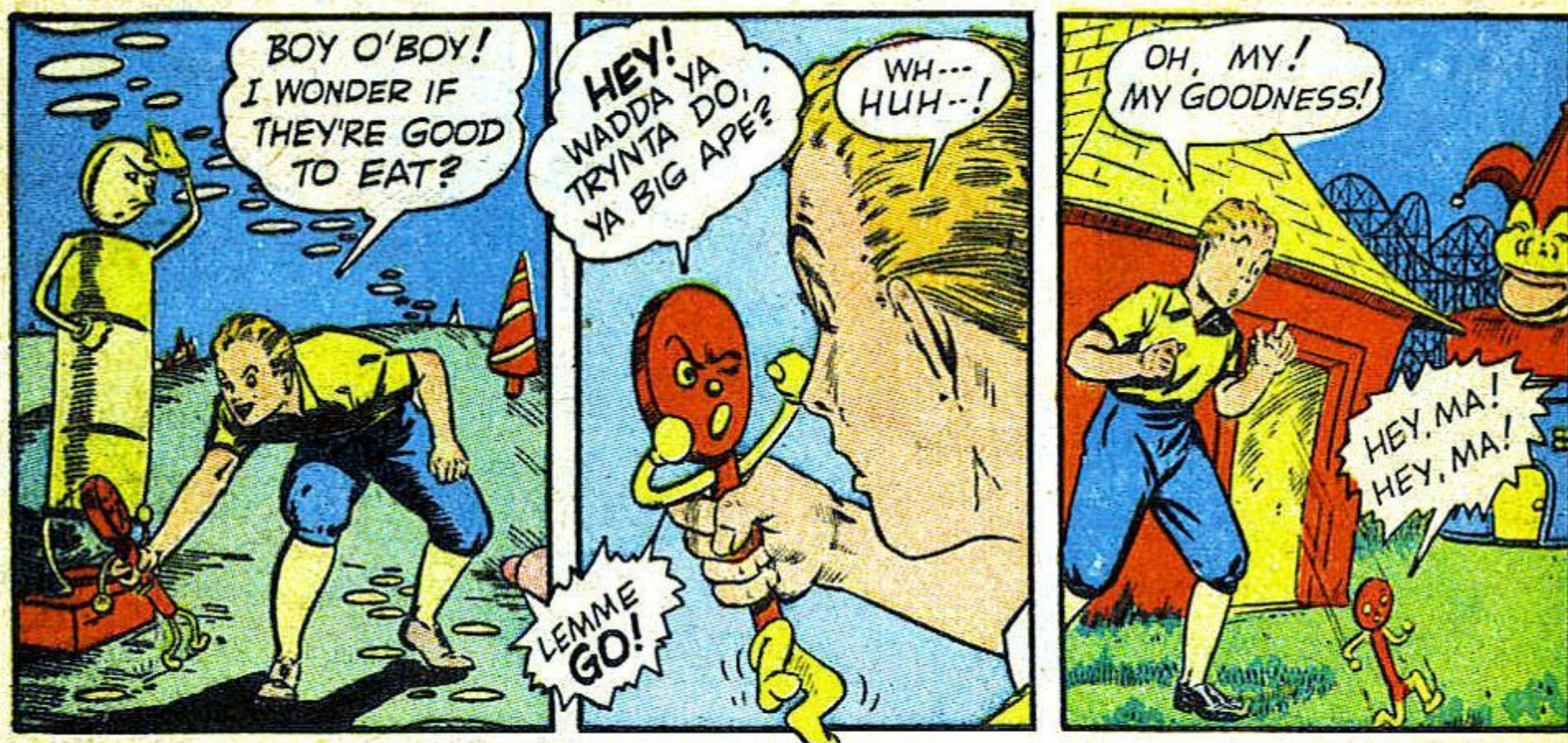
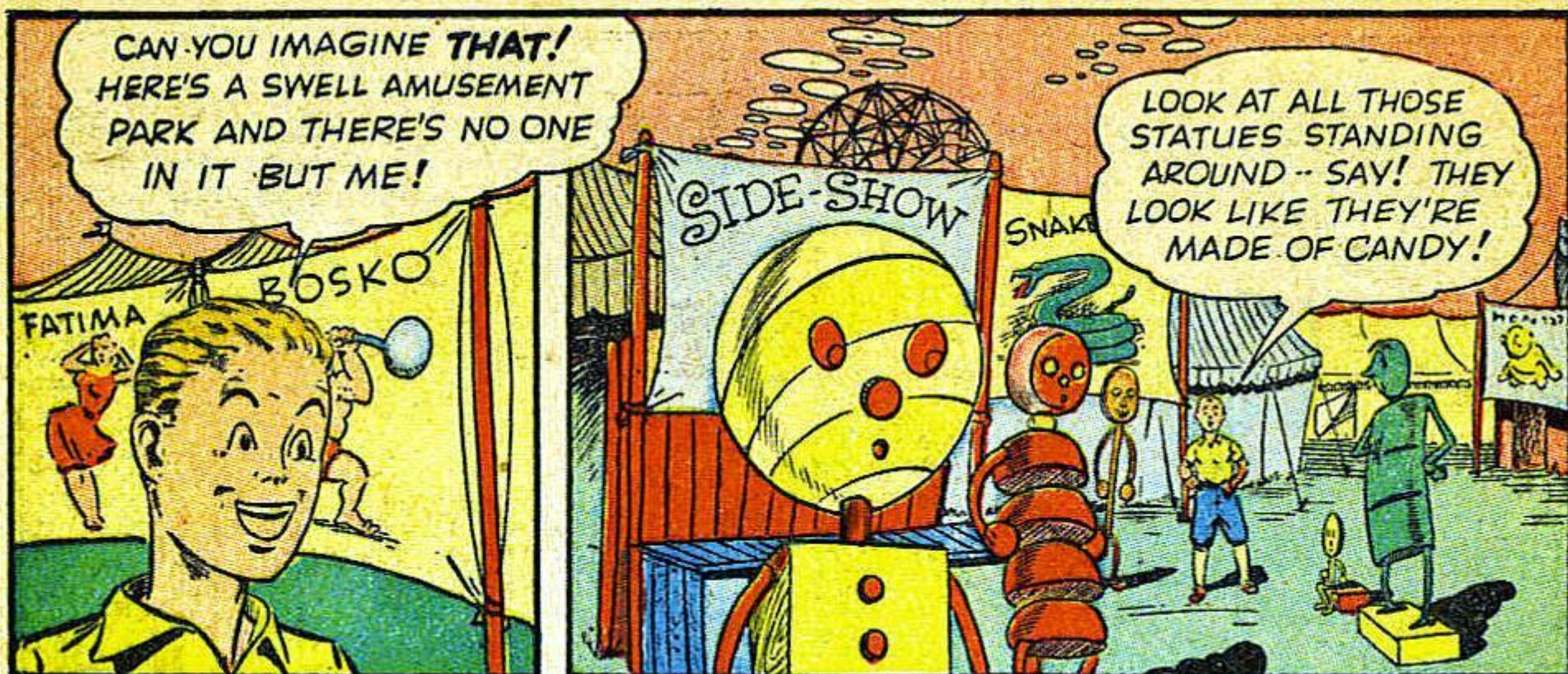


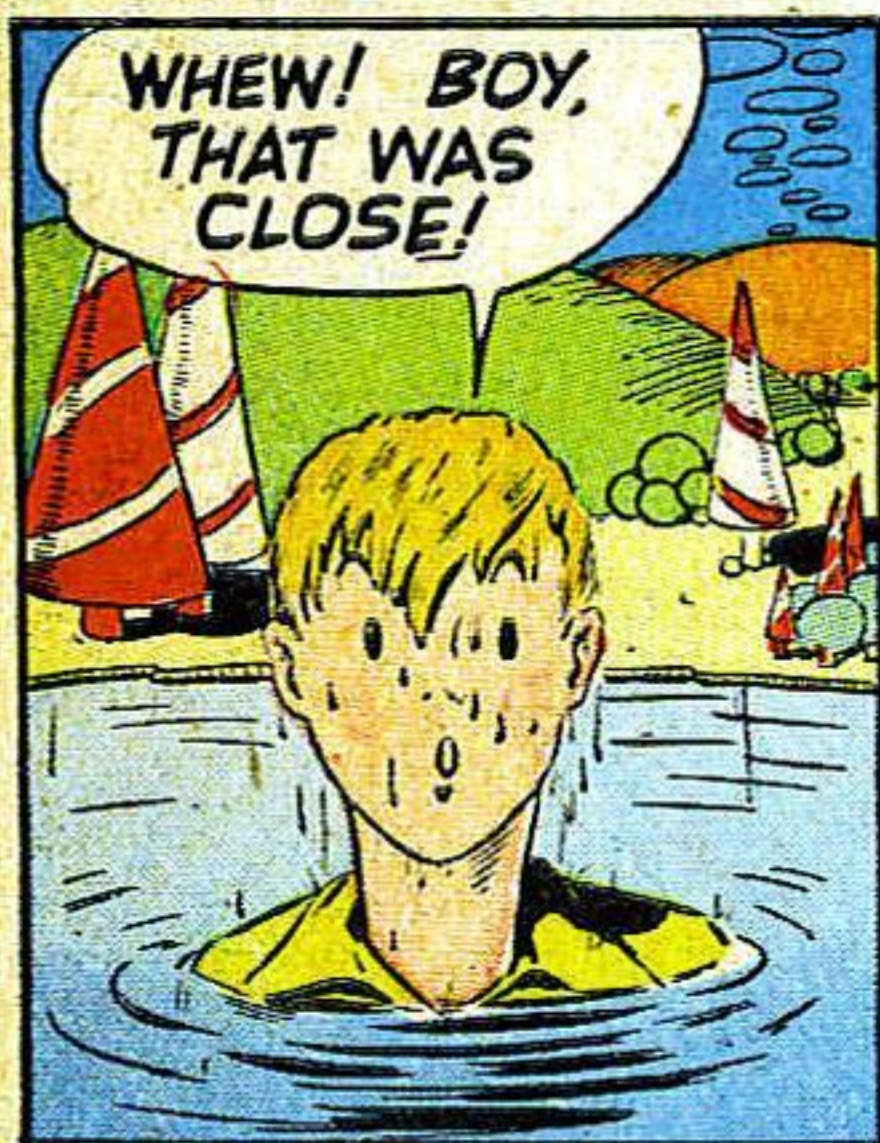
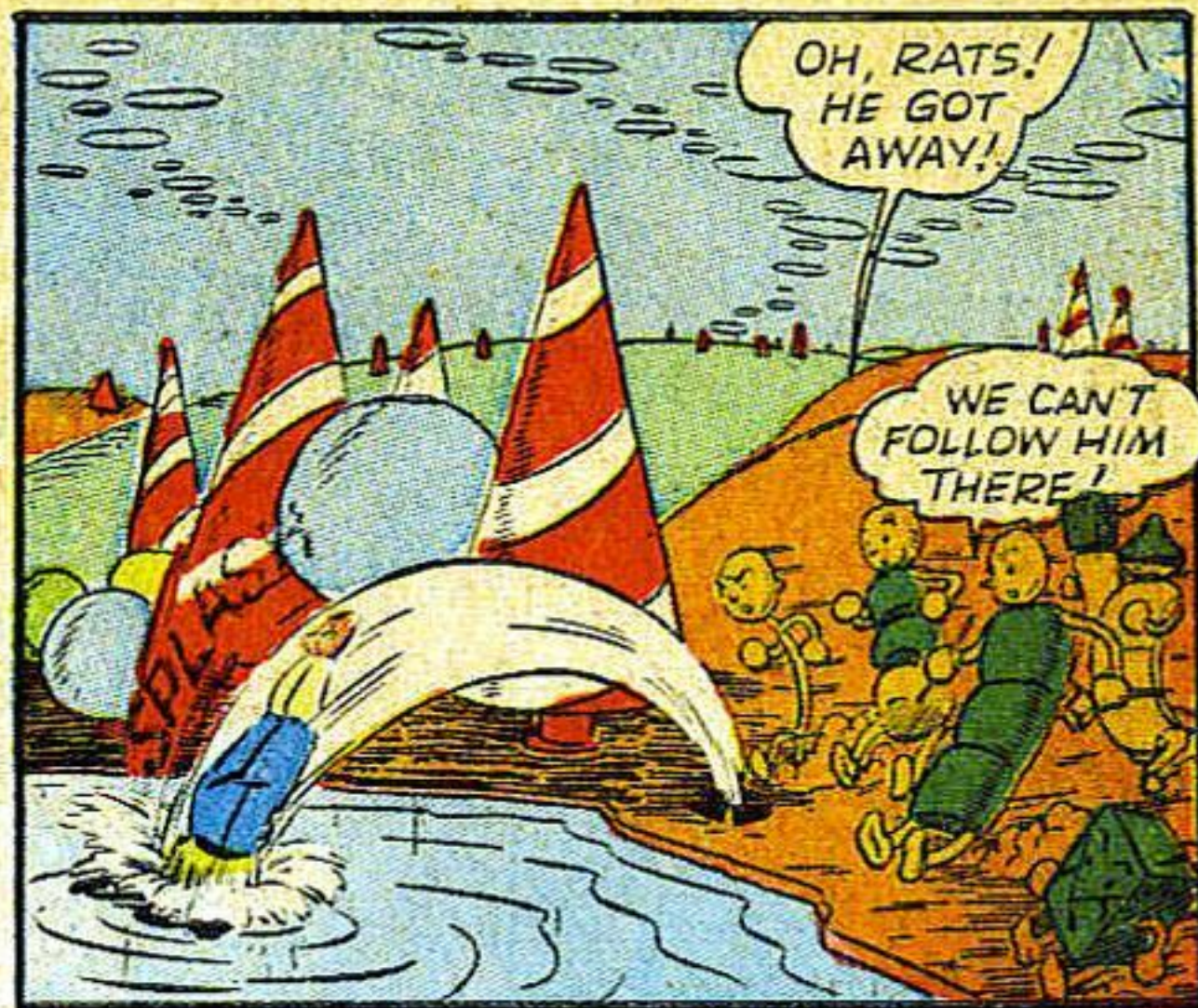
FINALLY, IT LANDS ON ANOTHER, VERY STRANGE-LOOKING TRACK!

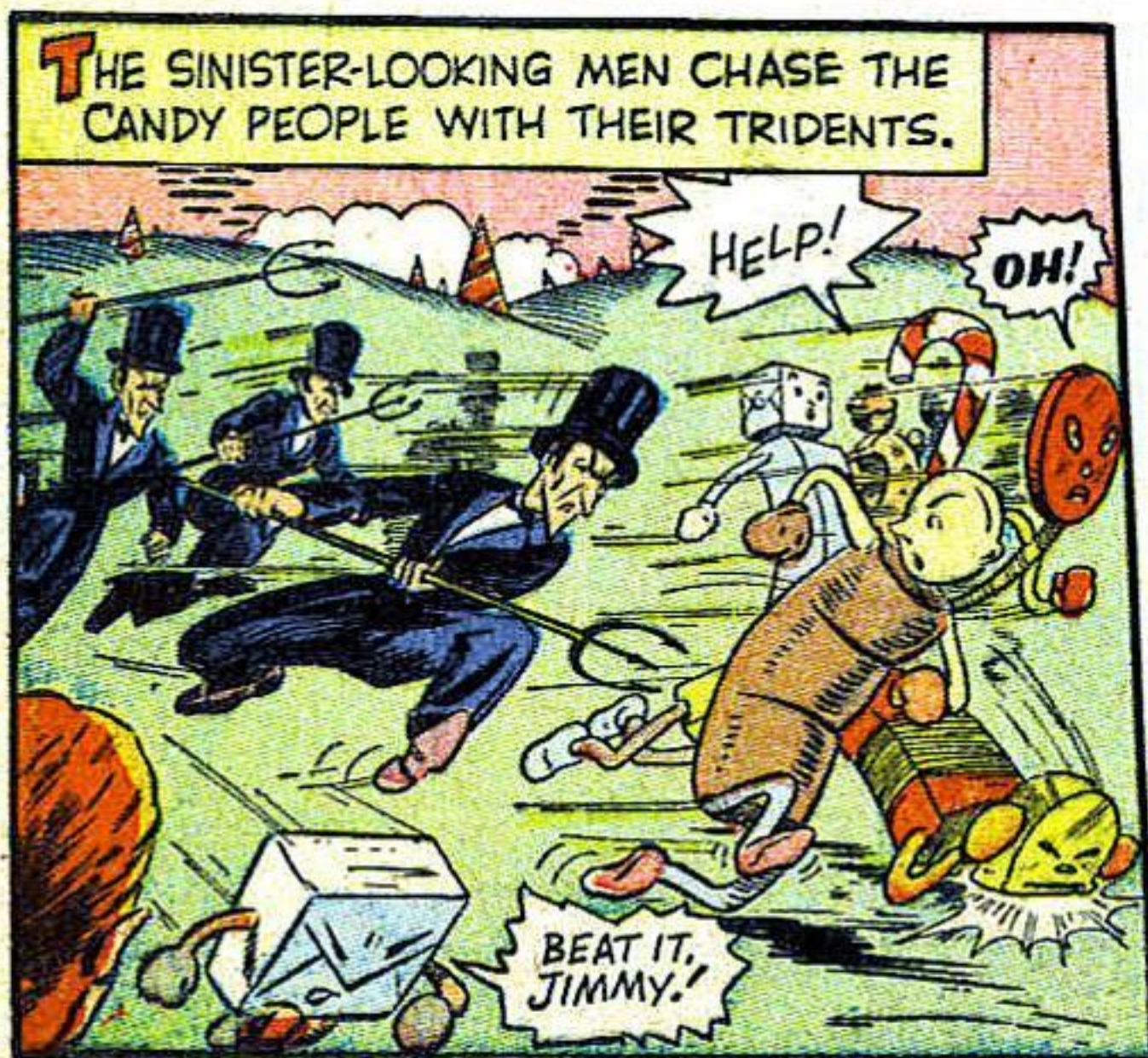
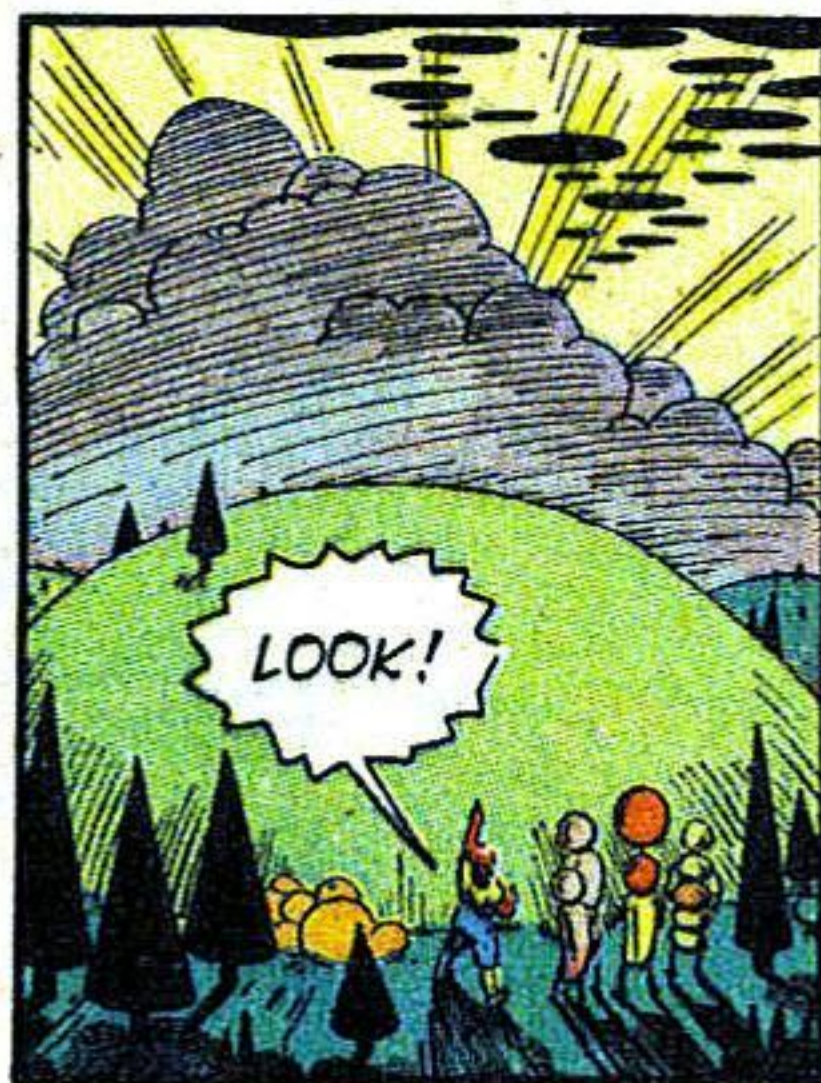
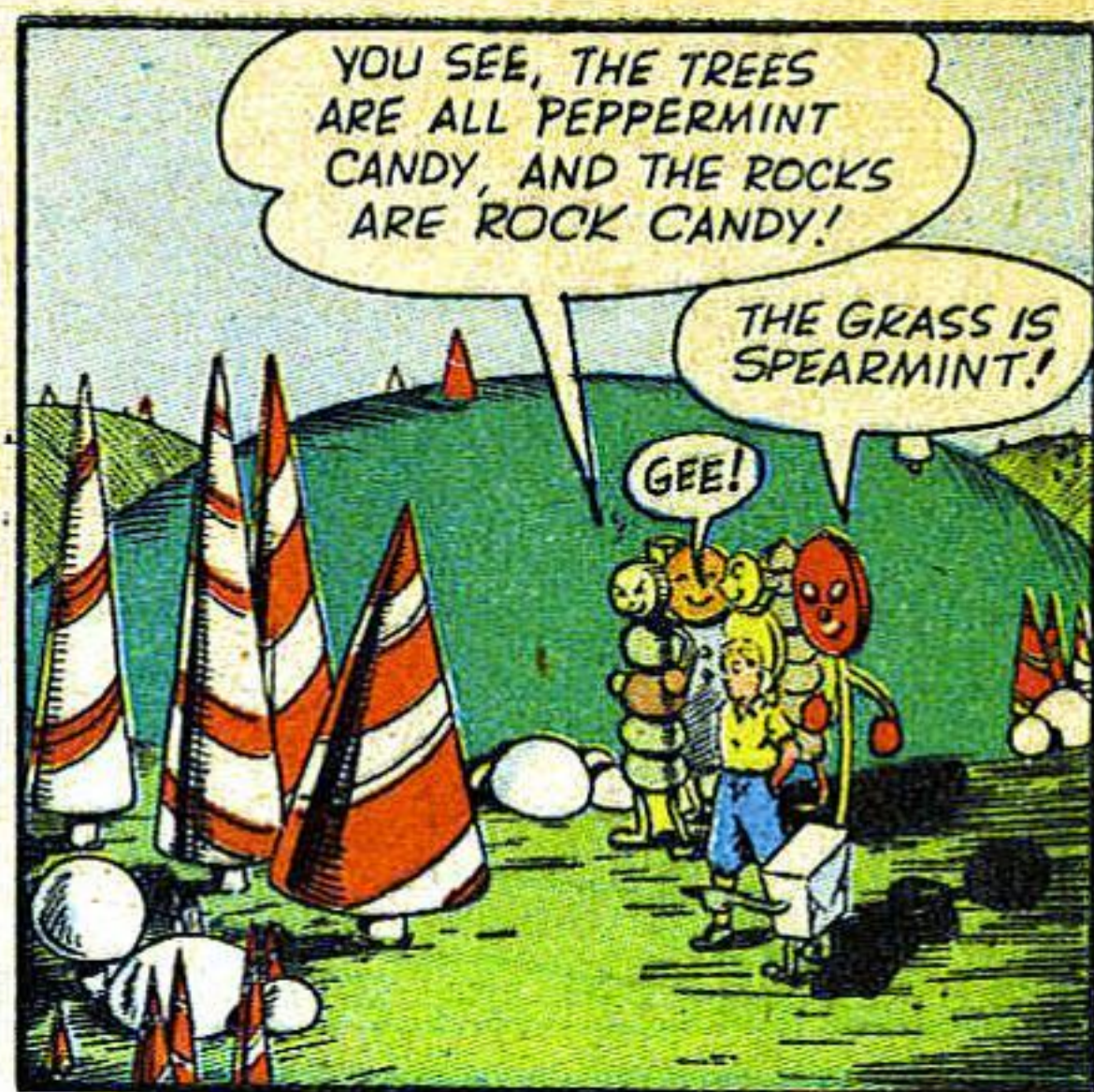


REALIZING THAT HE IS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN, JIMMY LOSES HIS HOLD AND FALLS!

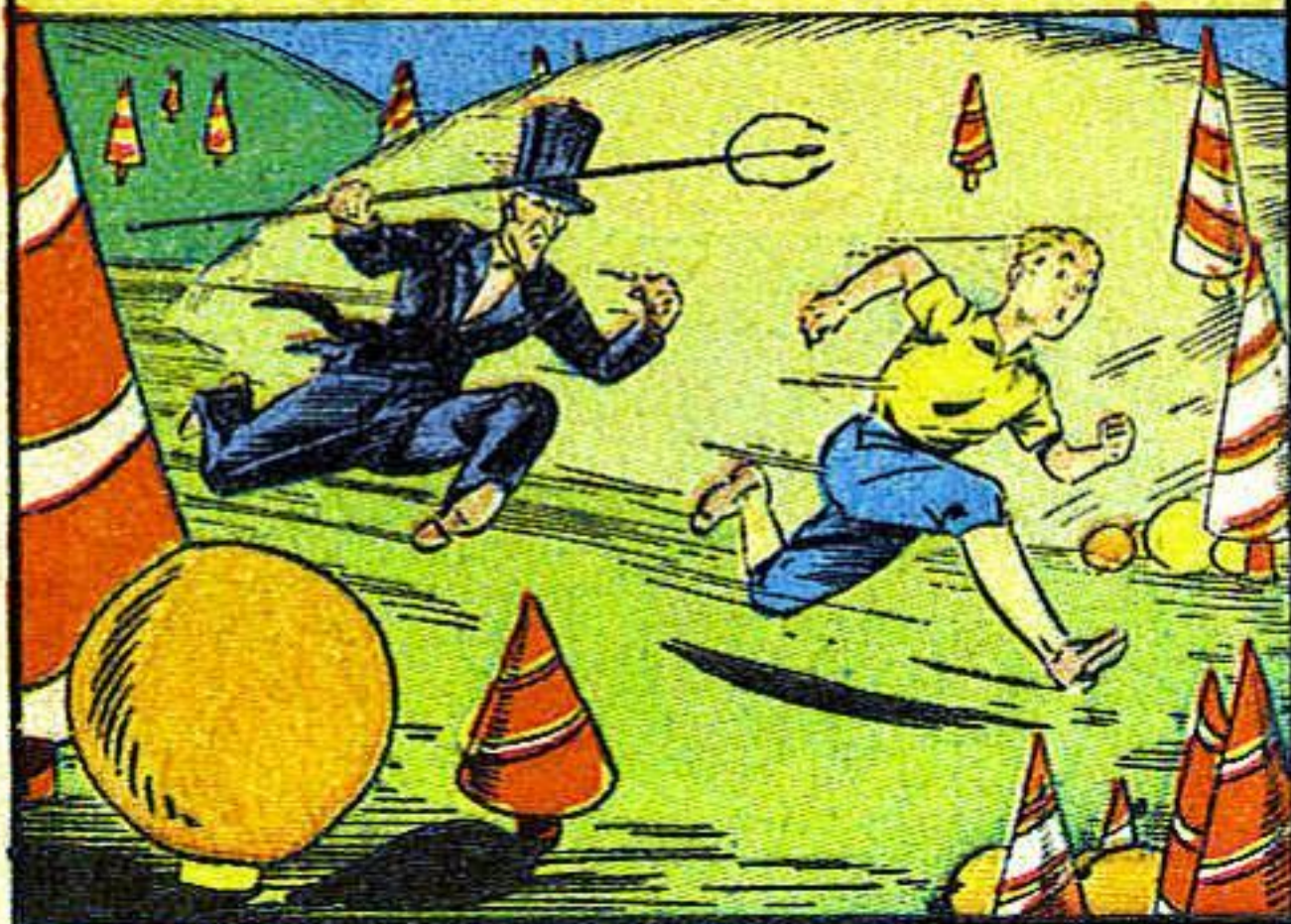








MEANWHILE, JIMMY IS BEING CHASED BY ONE OF THE CANDY MEN ...

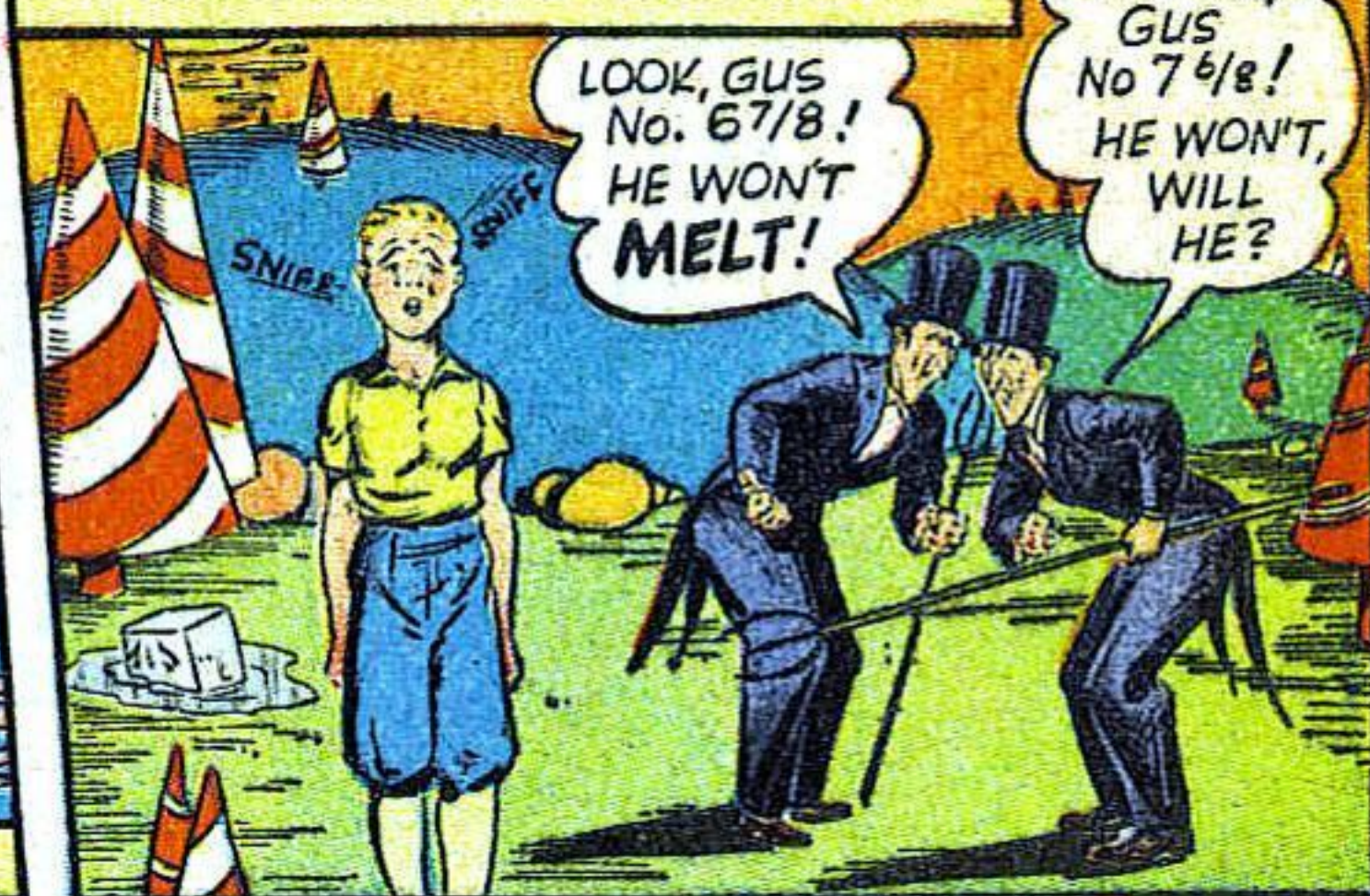


THE WOUND INFLECTED BY THE GLOOMY GUS MAKES JIMMY FEEL SADDER AND SADDER...



... AND **MORE** SAD ...

... BUT HE DOESN'T MELT!



LOOK, GUS
No. 67/8!
HE WON'T
MELT!

THAT'S SO,
GUS
No 7 6/8!
HE WON'T,
WILL
HE?

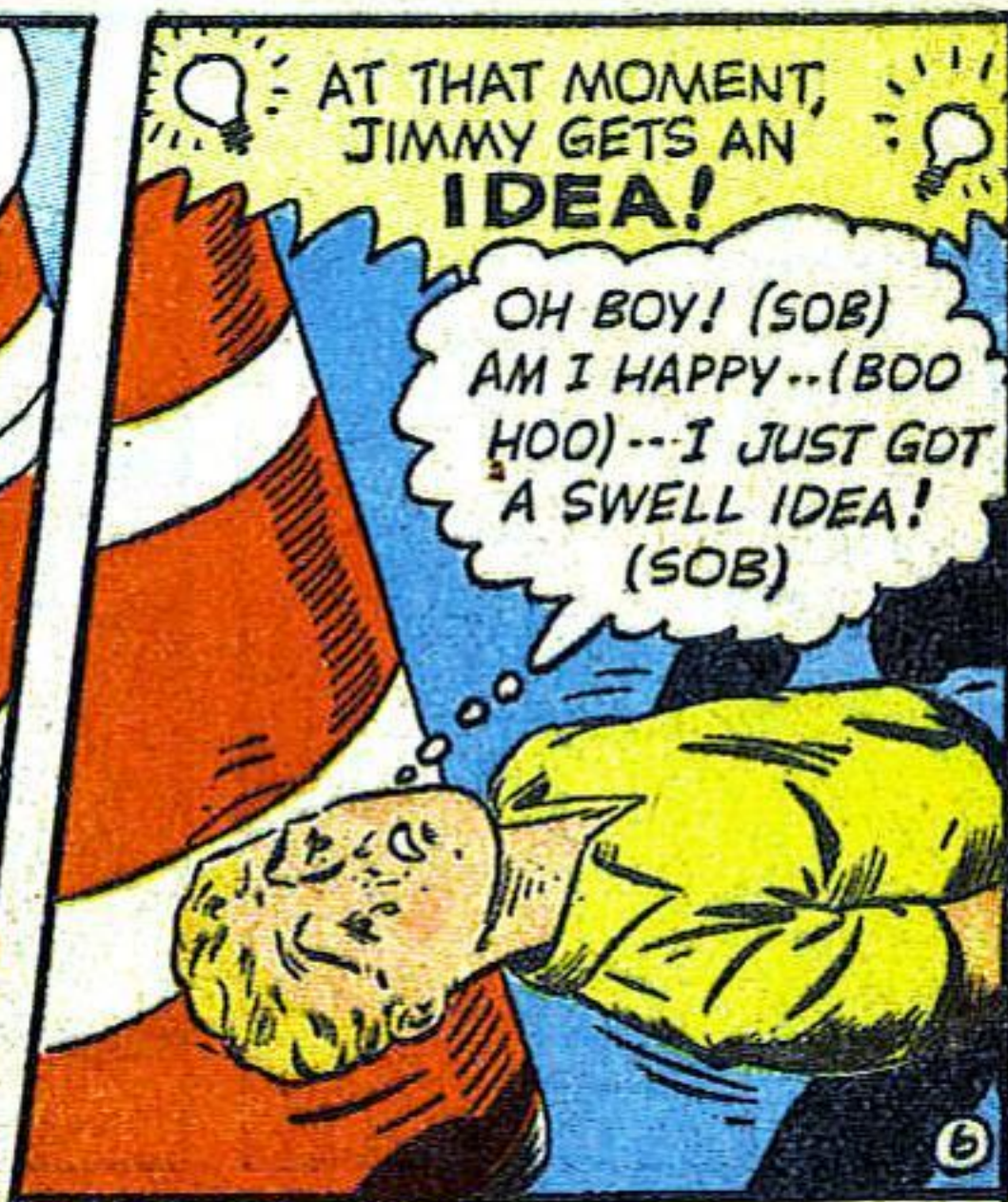
WE'LL CARRY HIM HOME
WITH US BECAUSE IF HE
GETS GLOOMY ENOUGH
WE CAN MAKE HIM
GLOOMY GUS
No. 99 44/100!

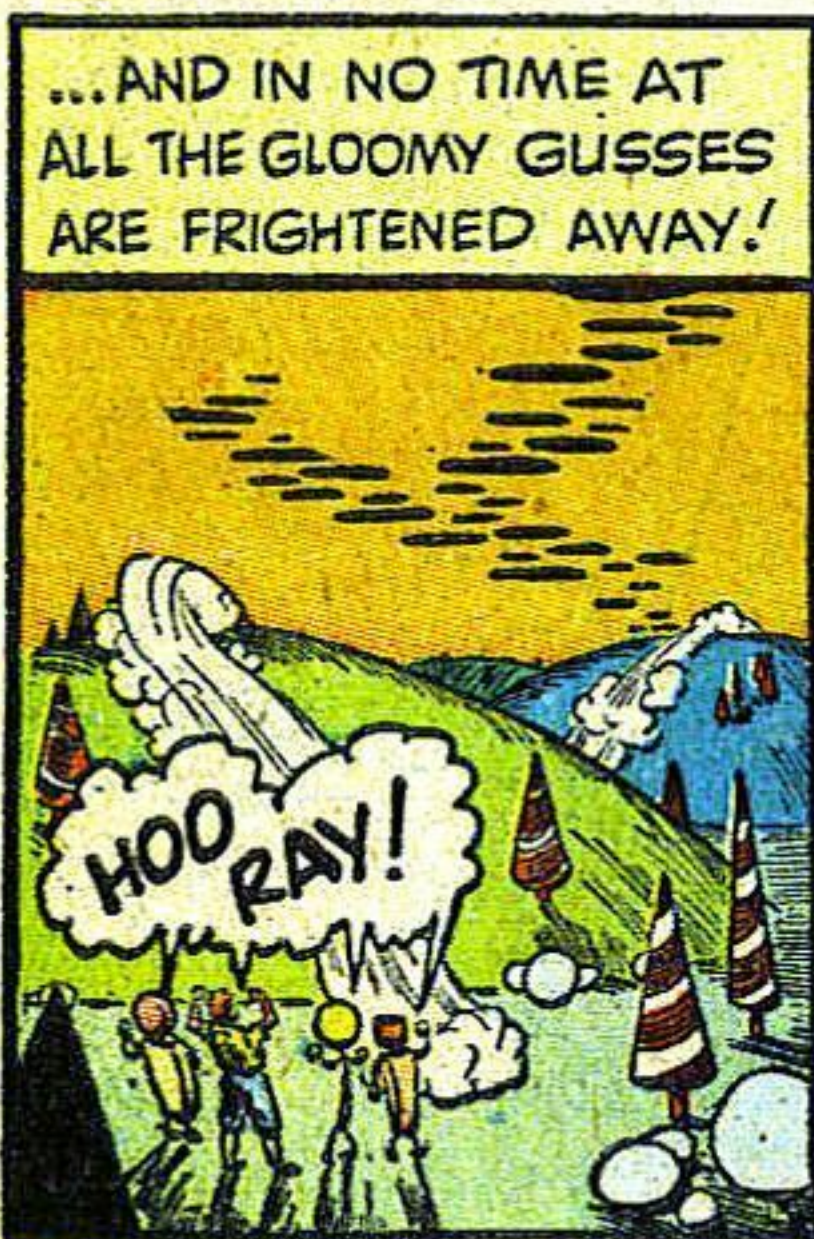
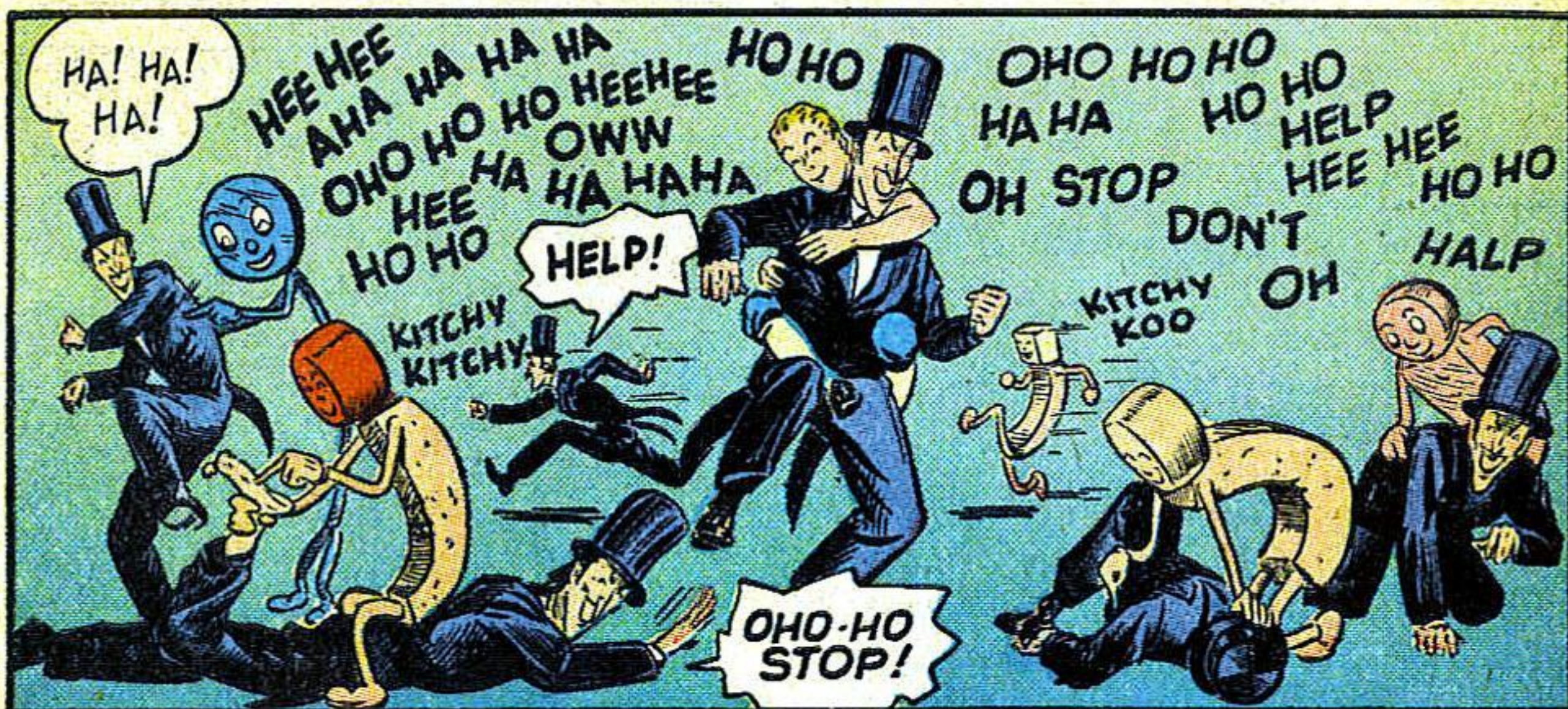
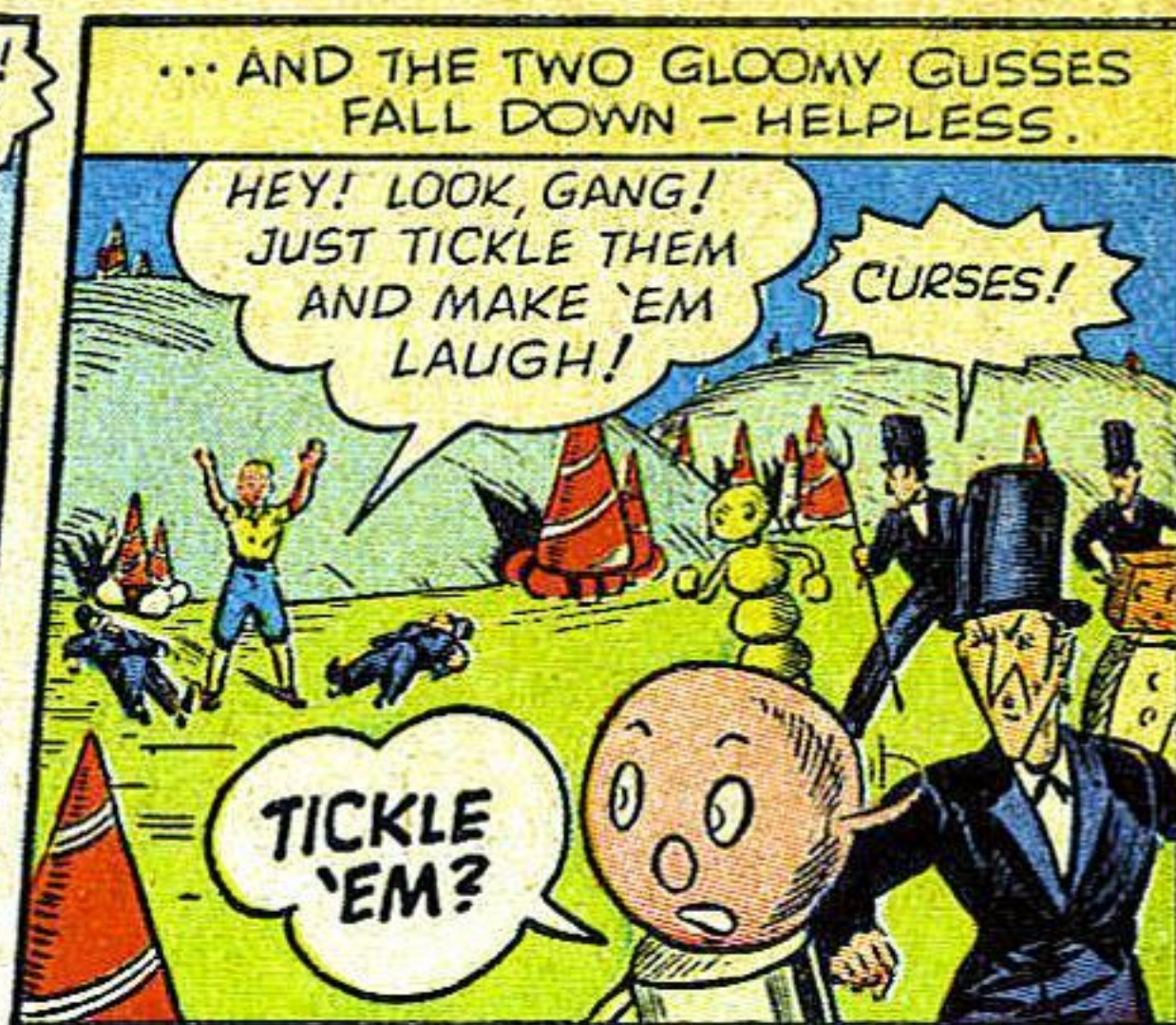
THAT'S AN
EXCELLENT
IDEA!

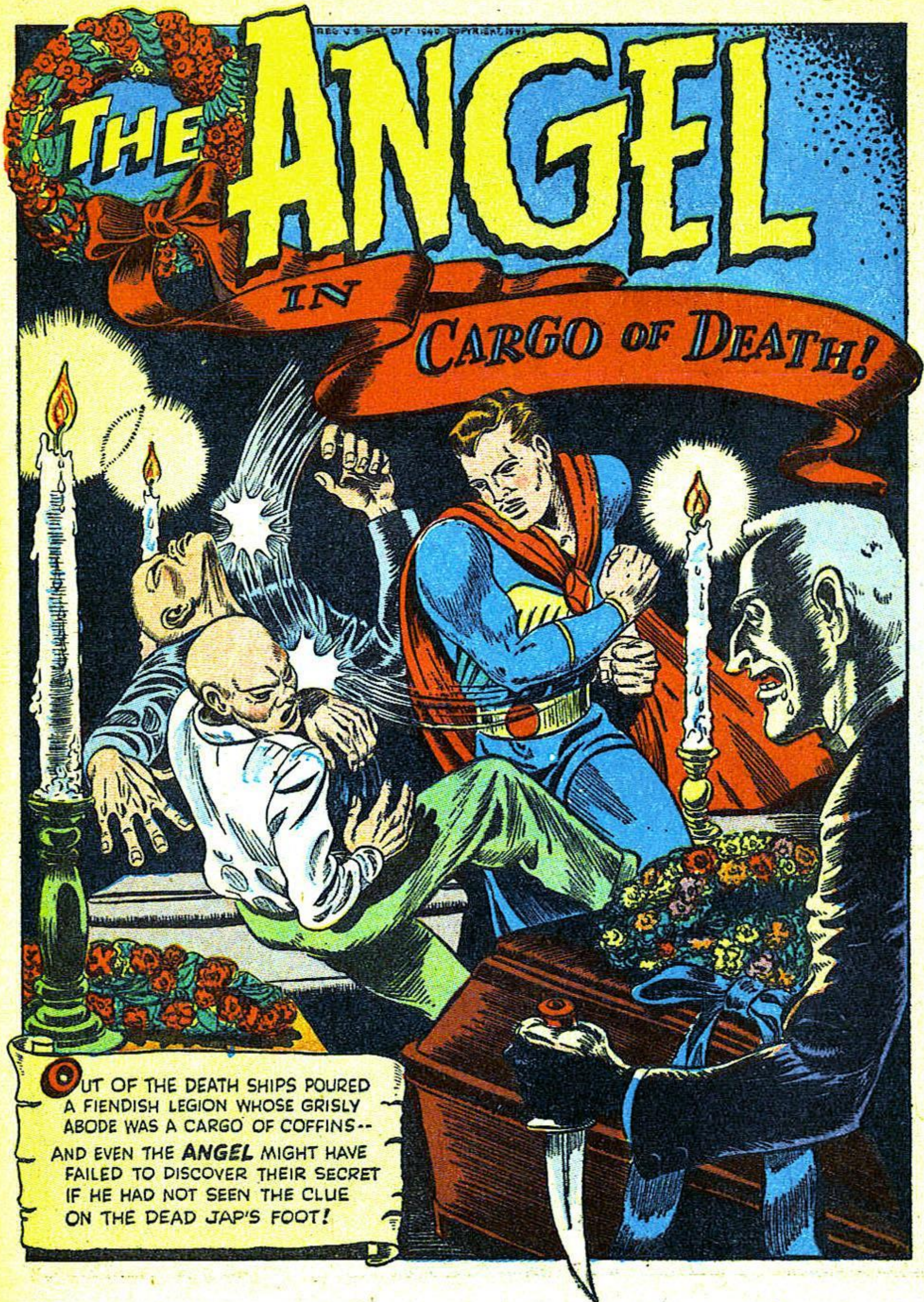


AT THAT MOMENT,
JIMMY GETS AN
IDEA!

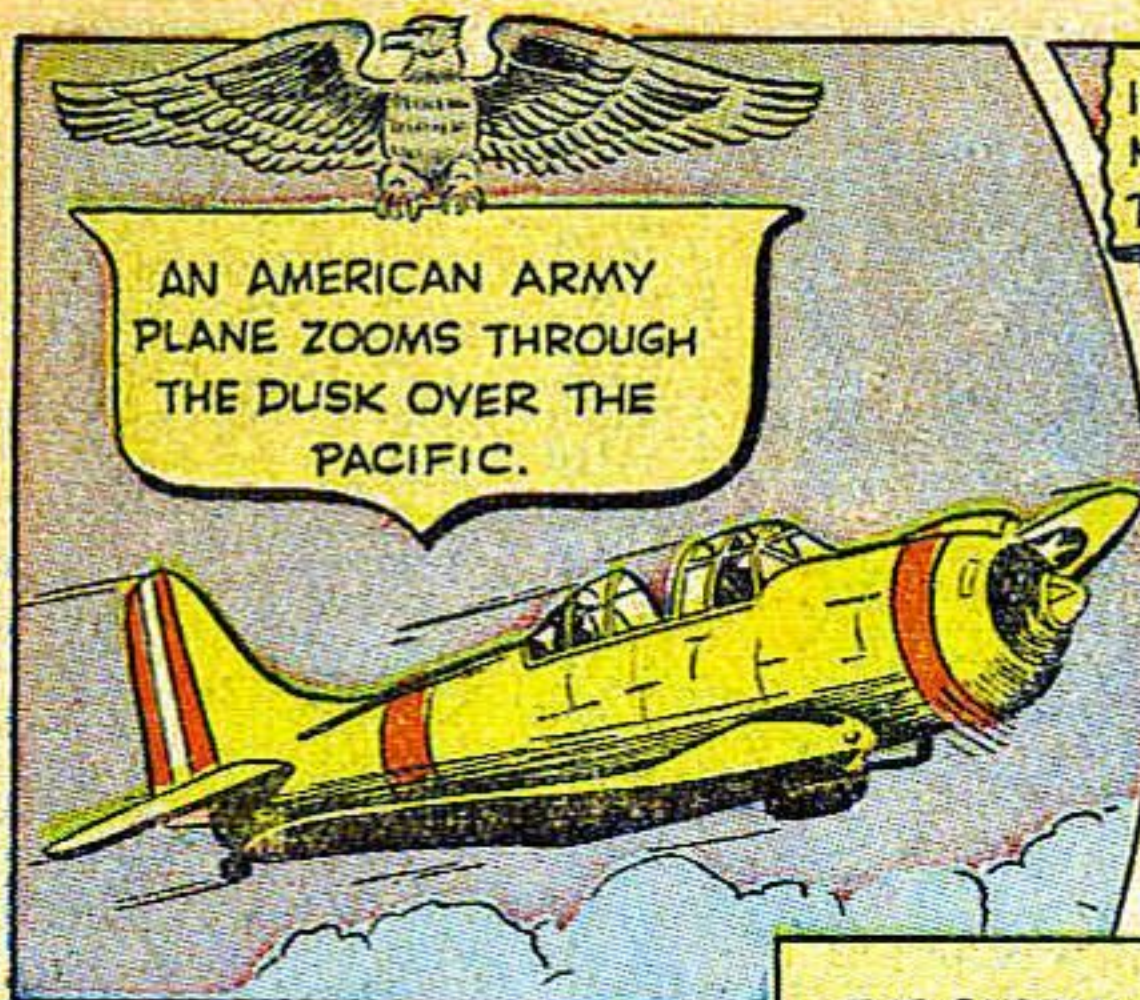
OH BOY! (SOB)
AM I HAPPY--(BOO
HOO)--I JUST GOT
A SWELL IDEA!
(SOB)







OUT OF THE DEATH SHIPS POURED
A FIENDISH LEGION WHOSE GRISLY
ABODE WAS A CARGO OF COFFINS--
AND EVEN THE **ANGEL** MIGHT HAVE
FAILED TO DISCOVER THEIR SECRET
IF HE HAD NOT SEEN THE CLUE
ON THE DEAD JAP'S FOOT!



AN AMERICAN ARMY PLANE ZOOMS THROUGH THE DUSK OVER THE PACIFIC.

IN THE PLANE IS THE **ANGEL**, NOW DEVOTING HIS TALENTS TO THE NATION'S WAR EFFORT.

LOOK, CAPTAIN! -- THAT STREAK OF FLAME!



WHY, IT'S AIMED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CLEARING WHERE OUR SUPER-BOMBER IS HIDDEN.



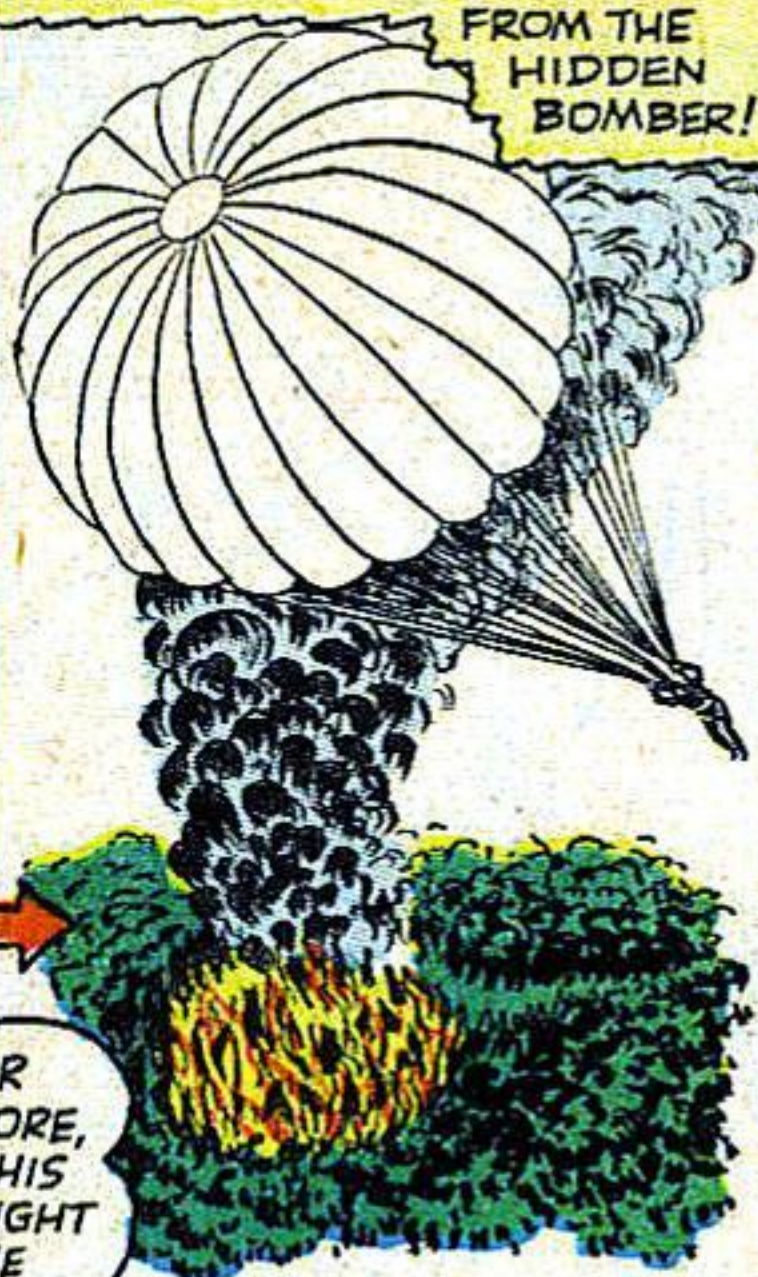
A PERFECT DIRECTION SIGN FOR ENEMY PLANES! HERE'S WHERE I PULL A DETOUR!

CAREFUL!



BANK HER A LITTLE MORE, CAPTAIN! THIS GASOLINE OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

THE GASOLINE DIVERTS THE FLAME STREAK -- AWAY FROM THE HIDDEN BOMBER!



AND THERE'S THE GUY WHO STARTED IT, I BET! HE'S RUNNING OUT OF THE WOOD!

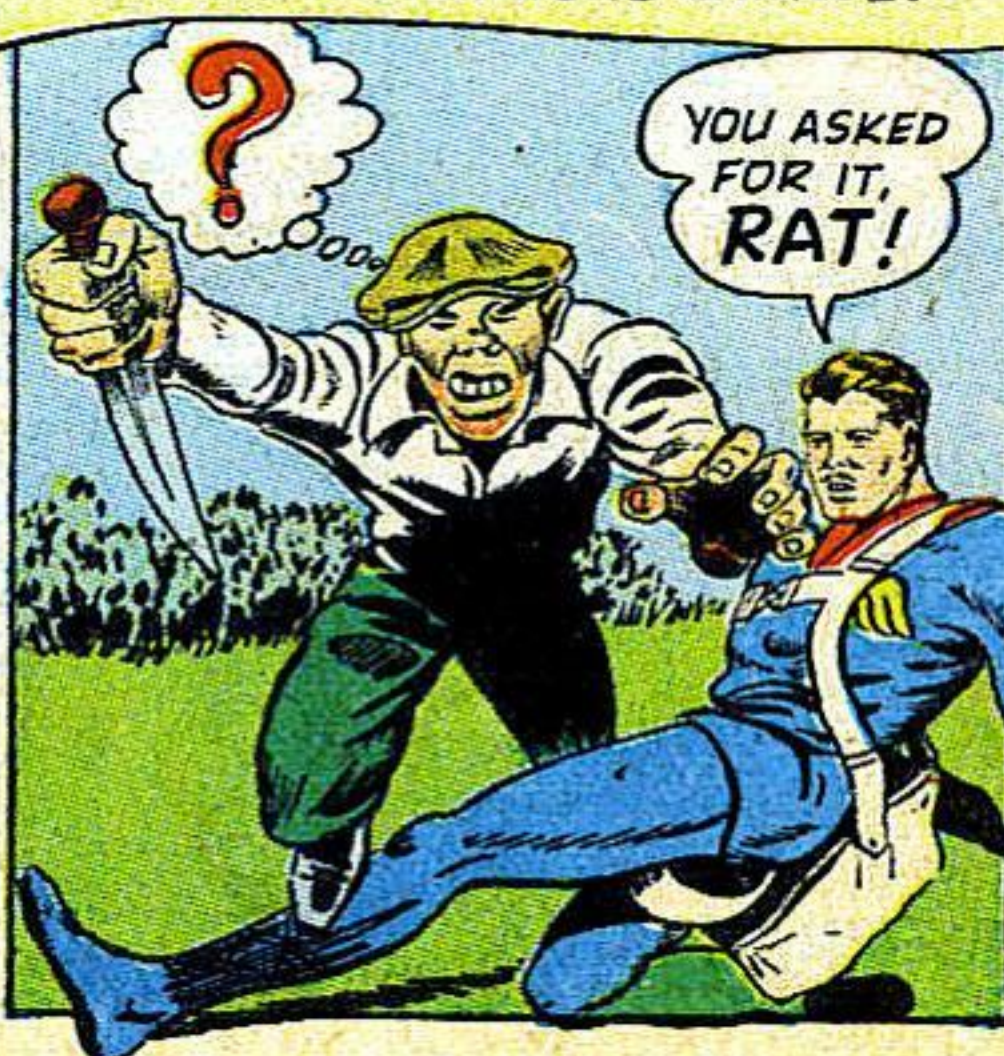
LIKE A FLASH, THE **ANGEL** DODGES THE JAP'S HEADLONG CHARGE!



JUST AS THE **ANGEL** LANDS...

YOU STOP FLAME! I KILL YOU!

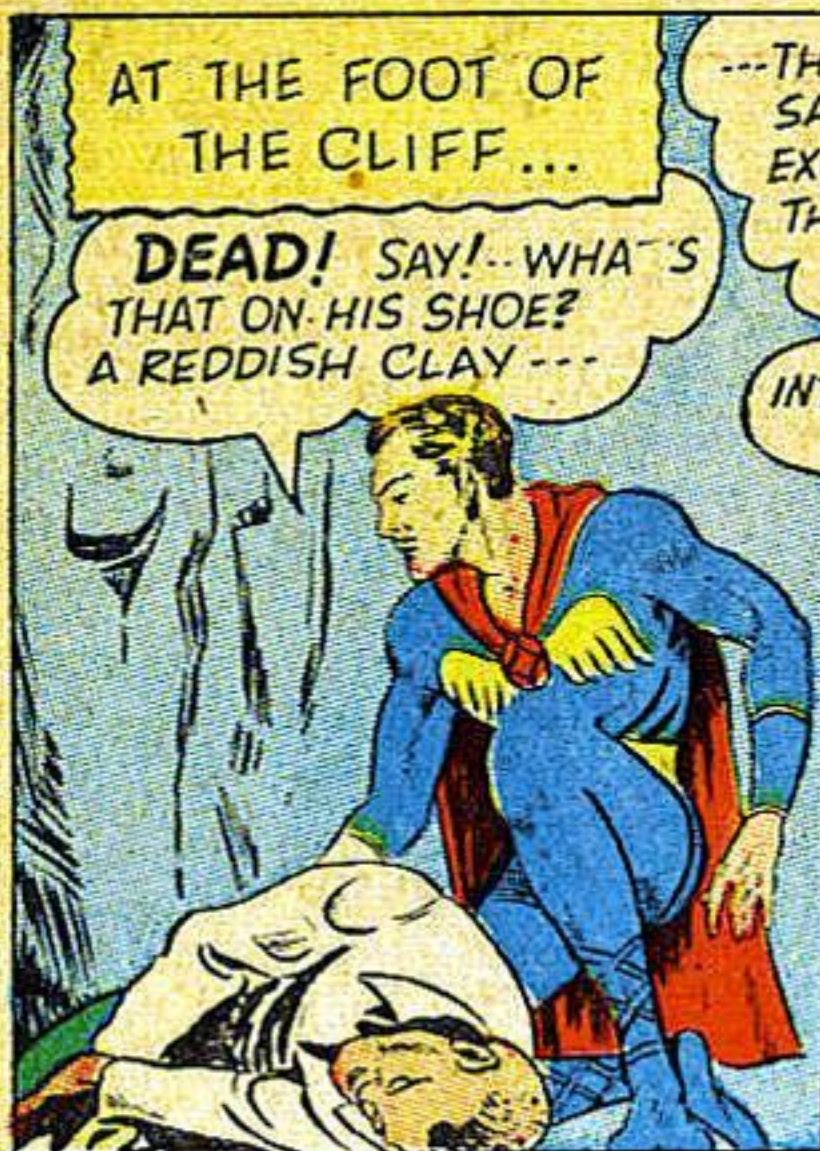
A JAP! I THOUGHT SO!



YOU ASKED FOR IT, **RAT**!



AIEEEE...

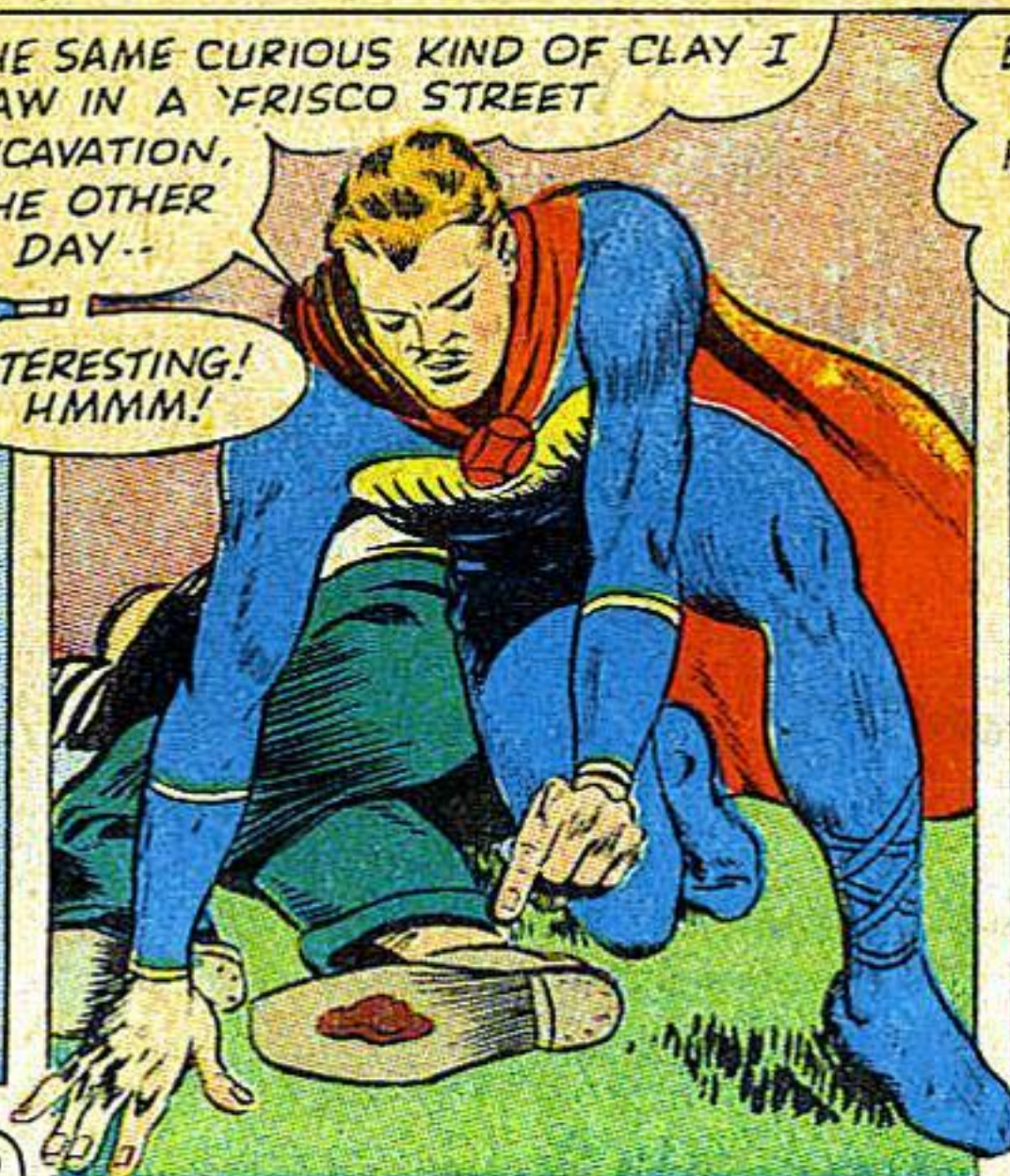


AT THE FOOT OF
THE CLIFF...

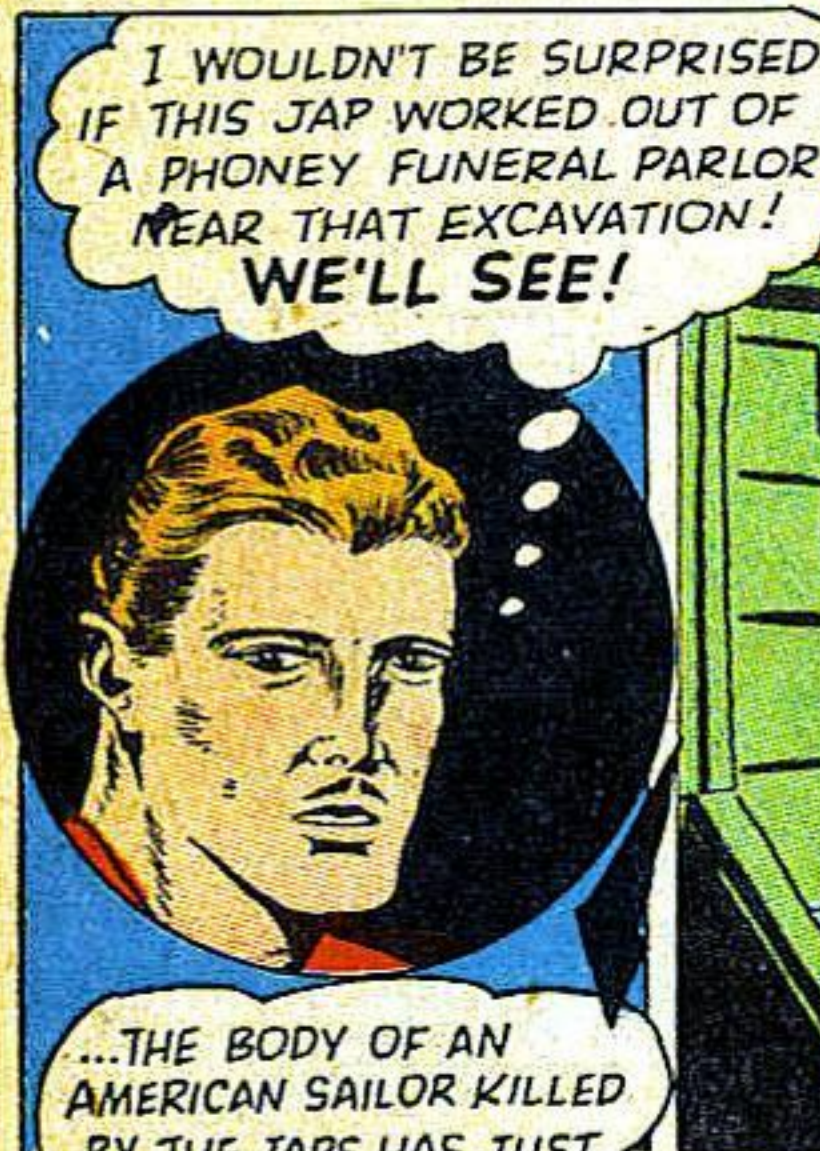
DEAD! SAY!...WHY'S
THAT ON HIS SHOE?
A REDDISH CLAY ---

---THE SAME CURIOUS KIND OF CLAY I
SAW IN A 'FRISCO STREET
EXCAVATION,
THE OTHER
DAY--

INTERESTING!
HMMM!



BITS OF PLUSH EMBEDDED
IN HIS COAT! LOOKS LIKE
PLUSH FROM A
FUNERAL
CASKET!



I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED
IF THIS JAP WORKED OUT OF
A PHONEY FUNERAL PARLOR
NEAR THAT EXCAVATION!
WE'LL SEE!

DISGUISED, THE **ANGEL** GOES
TO SAN FRANCISCO...



THERE'S THE CLAY--
AND HERE'S THE
FUNERAL PARLOR!
THE TRAIL'S HOT!



GOOD EVENING,
MR. GONDOR--
I WANT TO
ARRANGE A
FUNERAL FOR
ONE OF MY
RELATIVES.

PLEASE
WAIT
HERE A
MOMENT..



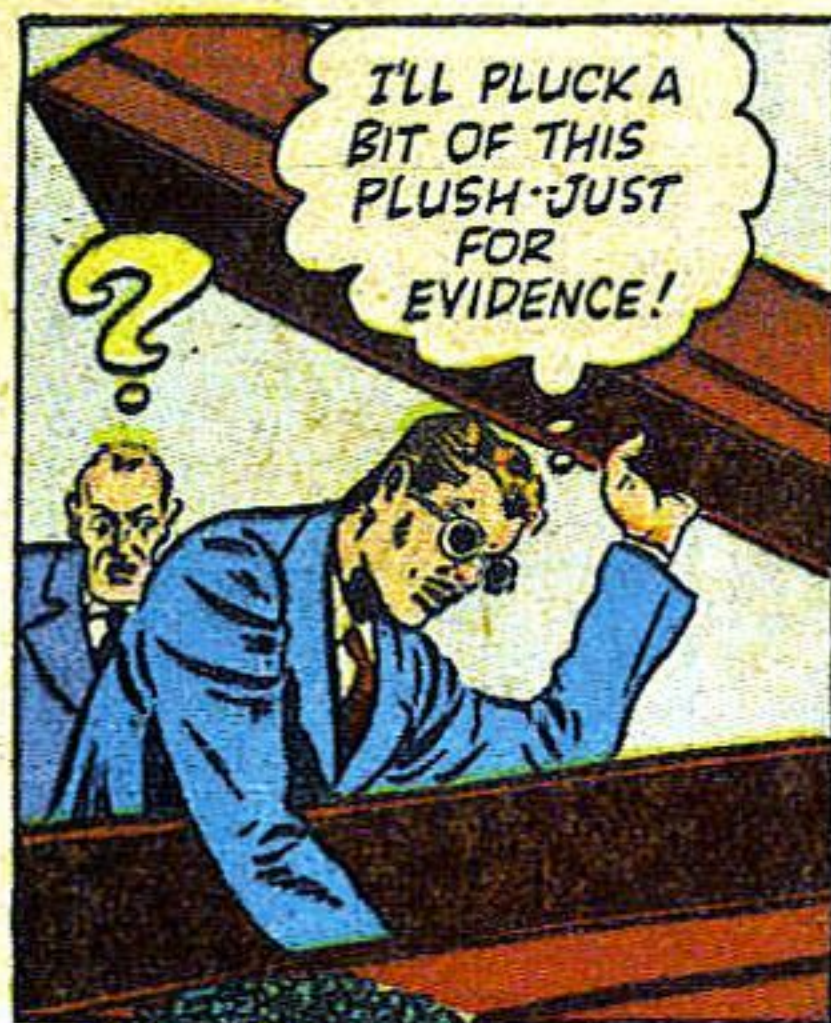
...THE BODY OF AN
AMERICAN SAILOR KILLED
BY THE JAPS HAS JUST
ARRIVED FROM MY
HAWAIIAN BRANCH
-- I'M PLANNING HIS
FUNERAL - POOR FELLOW!



I DON'T LIKE THAT
PHONEY SMILE OF HIS --
THINK I'LL TAKE A PEEP
INTO HIS OFFICE CASKET!



WHAT'S THIS? THERE'S A
SLIGHT IMPRINT OF A MAN'S
BODY IN THE PLUSH! THAT
MEANS SOMEONE'S BEEN
IN IT -- AND GONE!



I'LL PLUCK A BIT OF THIS PLUSH--JUST FOR EVIDENCE!



HOW DARE YOU TAMPER WITH MY PROPERTY? GET OUT OF HERE, YOU VANDAL!

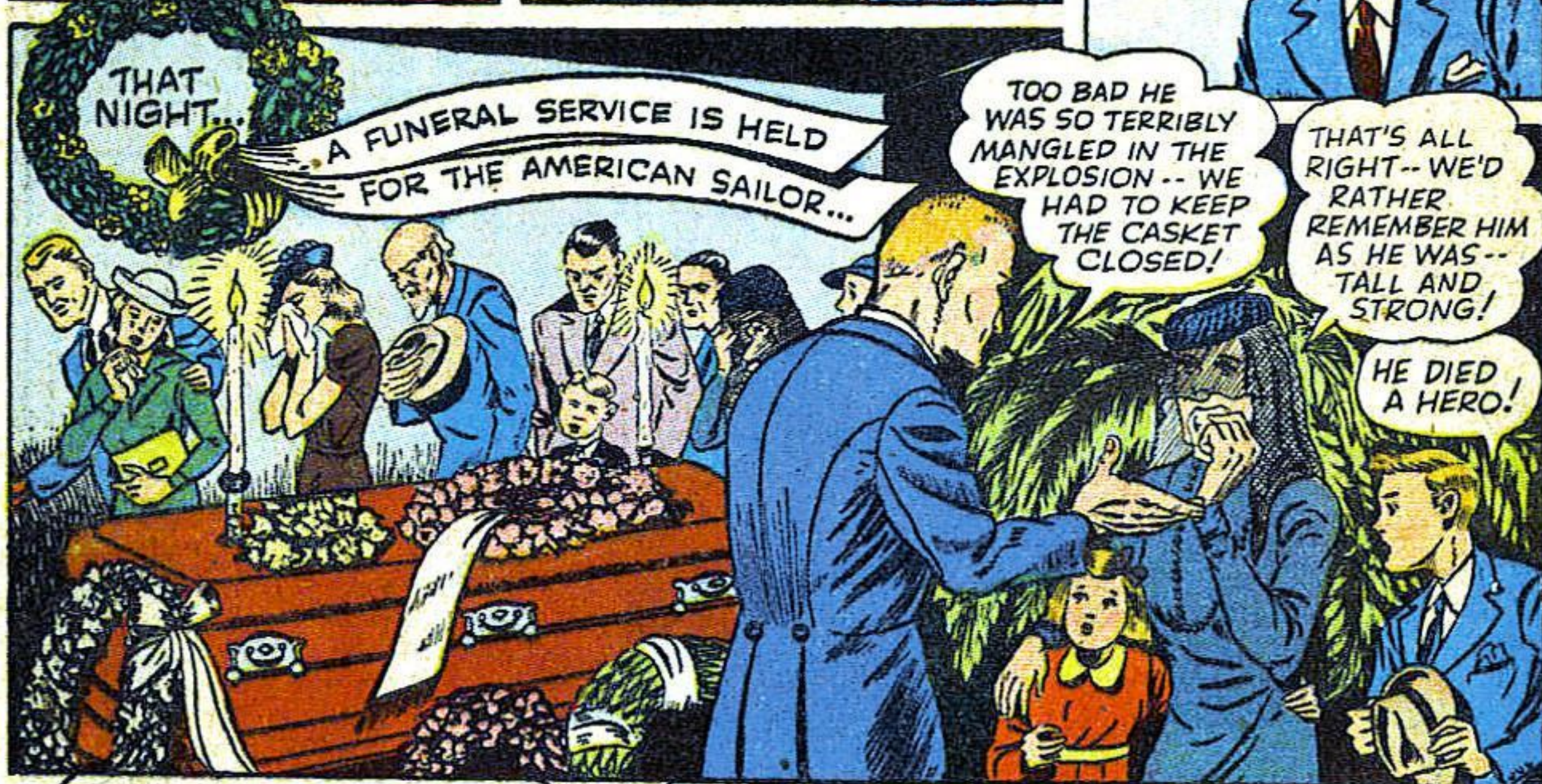
WHAT TH---



--AND STAY OUT!

AN UNCEREMONIOUS DEPARTURE!

BUT I GOT A LOT OF INFORMATION! THIS WON'T BE MY LAST VISIT!



THAT NIGHT...

A FUNERAL SERVICE IS HELD FOR THE AMERICAN SAILOR...

TOO BAD HE WAS SO TERRIBLY MANGLED IN THE EXPLOSION--WE HAD TO KEEP THE CASKET CLOSED!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT--WE'D RATHER REMEMBER HIM AS HE WAS--TALL AND STRONG!

HE DIED A HERO!



I'LL SEE YOU AT THE FUNERAL TOMORROW. PLEASE GO HOME AND GET SOME SLEEP--YOU'LL NEED IT!

YOU'RE SO KIND, MR. GONDOR!



I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET RID OF THOSE RELATIVES!



IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS, EYES WATCH GONDOR--THE SHARP EYES OF THE ANGEL!

WHAT DID HE DROP INTO THAT SAILOR'S CASKET?

AFTER GONDOR LEAVES, THE LID OF THE CASKET RISES...

A JAP! AND THAT SHEET OF PAPER IN HIS HAND LOOKS LIKE A MAP-- PROBABLY A MAP OF THE COAST-- I'D BETTER TRAIL THIS RAT!

FOLLOWING THE SUSPECT, THE ANGEL ACCIDENTALLY OVERTURNS A VASE...

OH-OH!

CRACK!

THE JAP WHIRLS AND WHIPS OUT A KNIFE!

AN AMERICAN! I'LL SLASH YOU TO SHREDS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

THIS IS FOR PEARL HARBOR!

WOW!

HEARING A FOOTFALL, THE ANGEL TURNS, JUST IN TIME!

AH, MR. GONDOR, THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR!

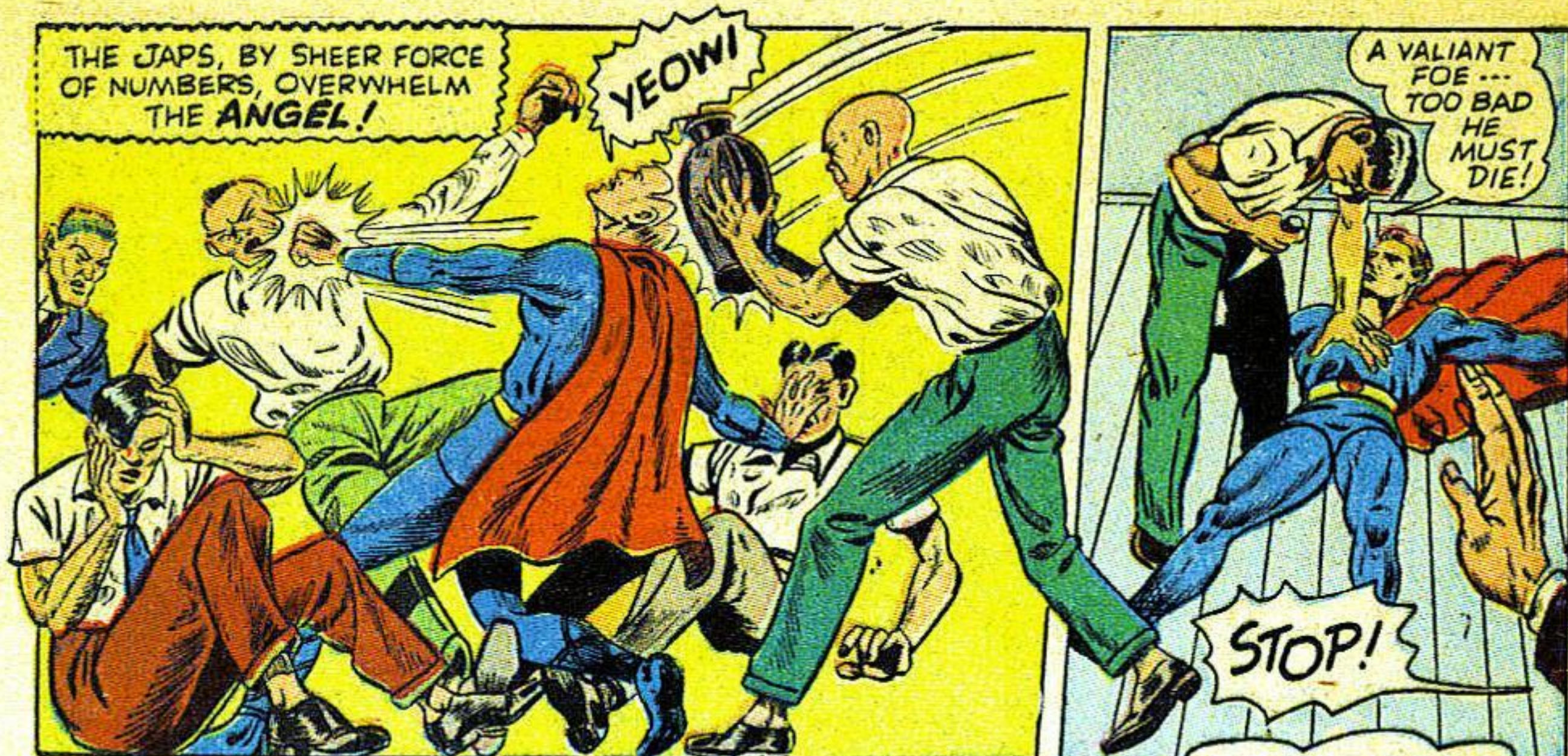
SUDDEN DEATH LEAPS FROM THE COFFINS IN THE ADJOINING ROOM.

WHAT TH--?

IF YOU DON'T TALK FAST, MR. GONDOR, IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!

AI-YI-I-I! HELP!





AS THE FUNERAL PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY TOWARD THE CEMETERY, THE "CORPSE" COMES TO LIFE!

WOW! WHAT A SPOT I'M IN! THEY'RE GOING TO PLANT ME SIX FEET UNDER -- AND I CAN'T DO A THING ABOUT IT!

FUNERAL OF A HERO...

DON'T CRY -- AT LEAST YOUR HUSBAND DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY!

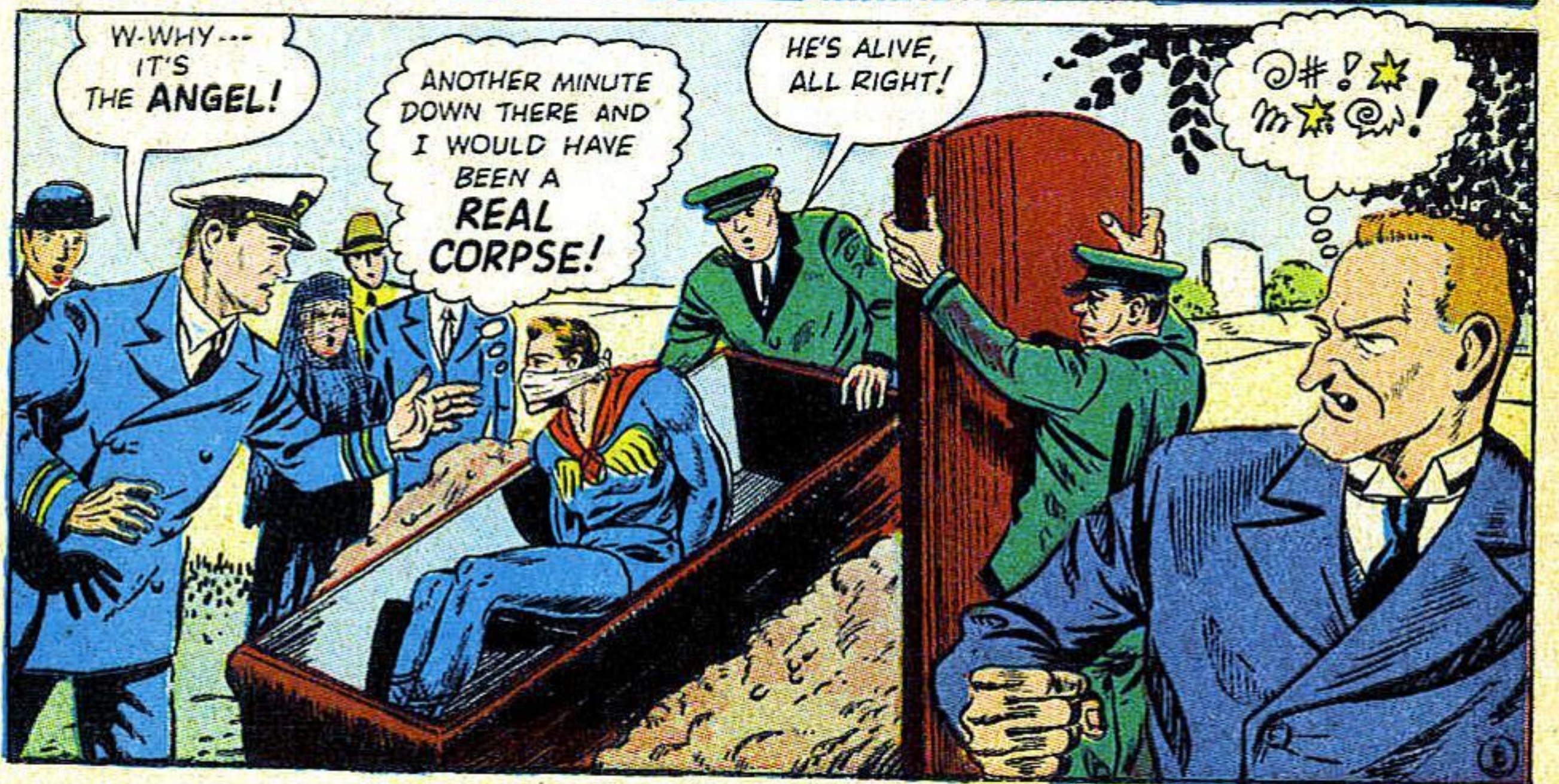
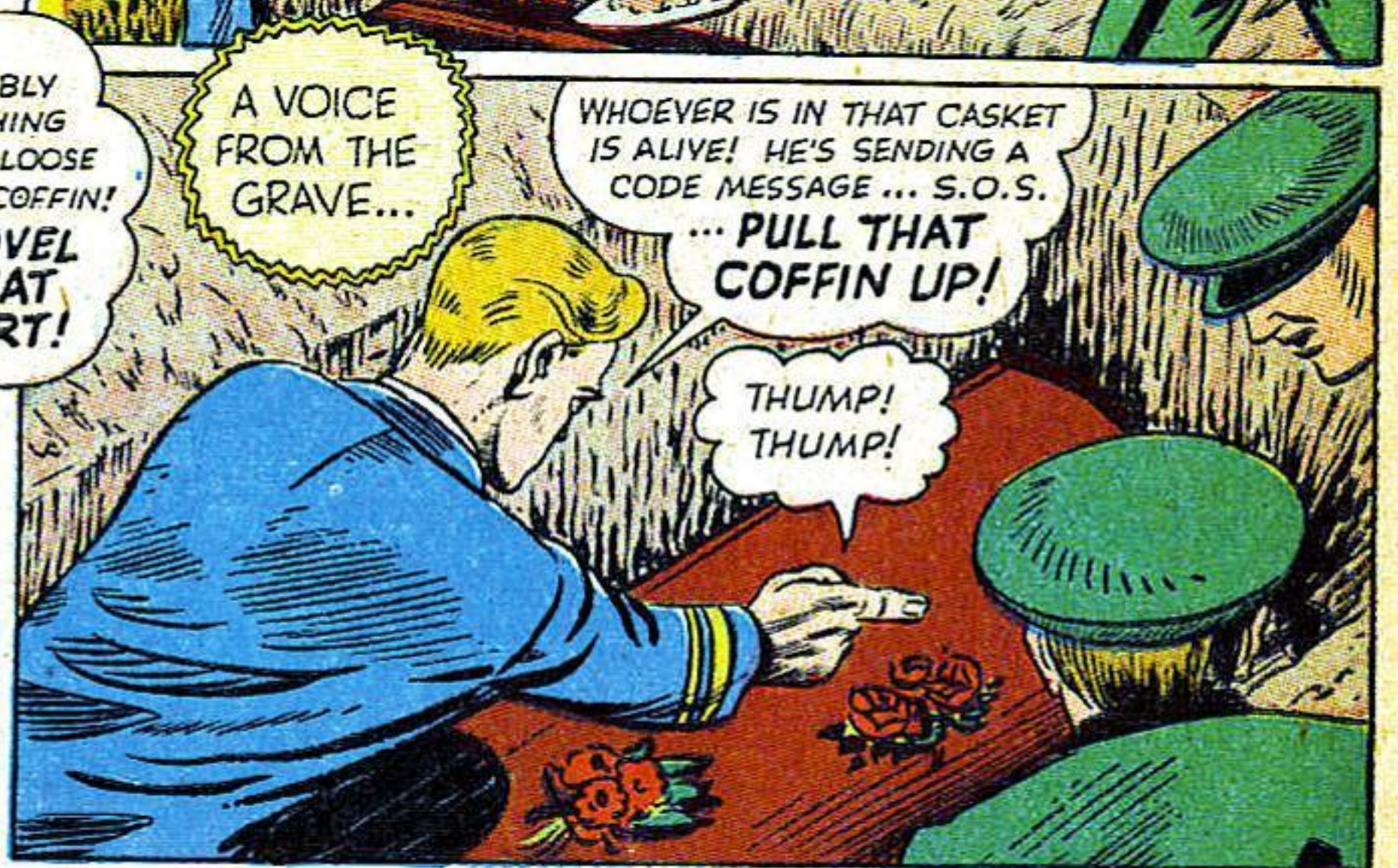
I'M SURE GETTING A JOLTING! THEY MUST BE TAKING ME OUT OF THE HEARSE -- IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT -- THERE MUST BE! -- OR IT'S REALLY THE END OF THE ANGEL!

SLOWLY THE CASKET SINKS INTO THE GRAVE...

THAT SCRAPE -- IT MEANS I'M GOING INTO THE GRAVE! AND I CAN'T YELL -- I CAN HARDLY BREATHE...

WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA -- ALL I HAVE TO DO IS USE MY HEAD!





THE OFFICER QUICKLY CUTS THE ANGEL'S BONDS!

HEY, GONDOR--ONE MINUTE!

I'D BETTER GET GOING!

YOU'LL BE FREE IN A JIFFY!

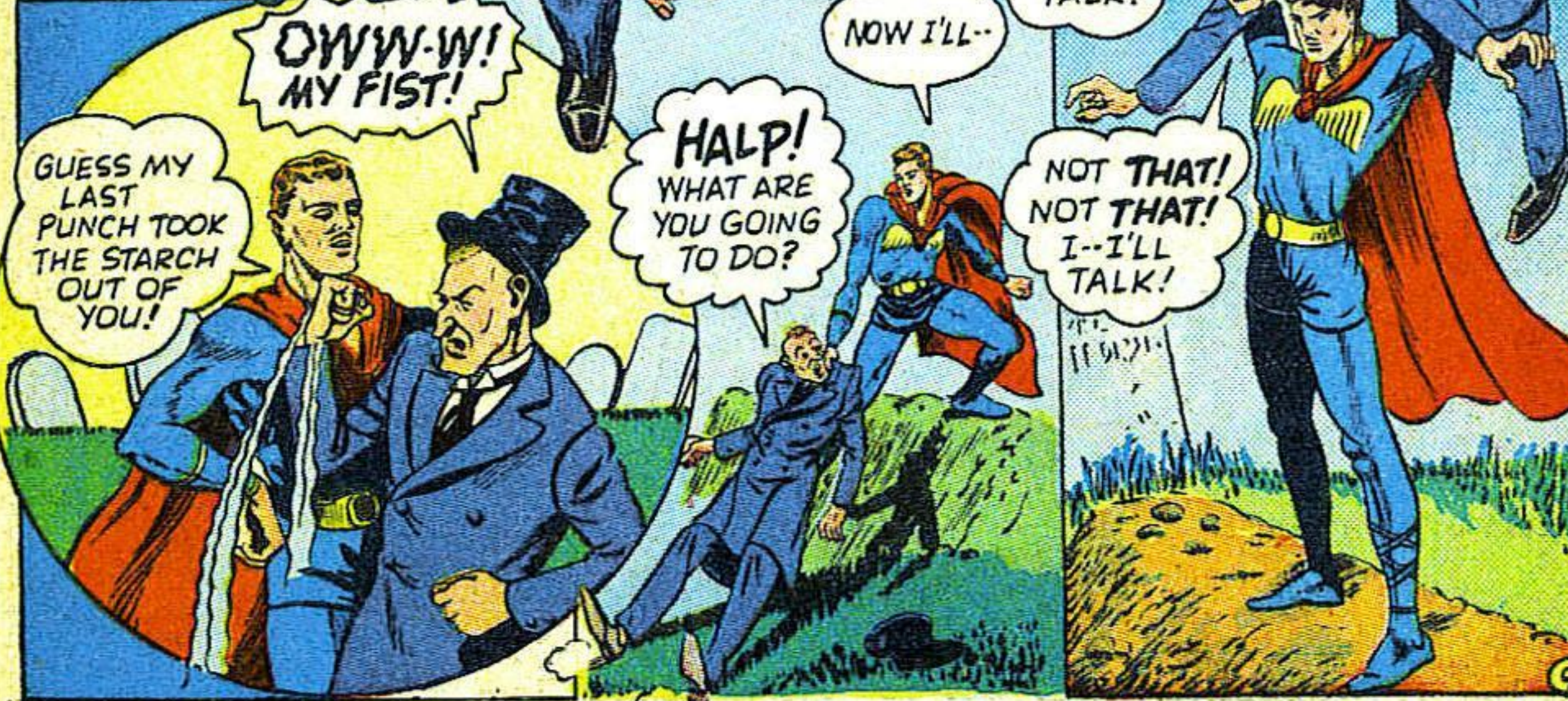


THIS IS THE LAST FUNERAL YOU ARRANGE!



WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE DEAD!

IN FACT, DEATH IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU!



OWW-W! MY FIST!

GUESS MY LAST PUNCH TOOK THE STARCH OUT OF YOU!

HALP! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

NOW I'LL--

--BURY YOU ALIVE, UNLESS YOU TALK!

NOT THAT! NOT THAT! I--I'LL TALK!



I AM A
NAZI SPY--
MY ORDERS
WERE TO
SHUGGLE
JAP
SABOTEURS
INTO THE
UNITED
STATES--

--CONVOYED MERCHANT
BOATS, BRINGING HOME
BODIES OF AMERICANS
KILLED IN HAWAII WERE
BOARDED BY JAPS AT
HONOLULU ---

-- THEY REMOVED THE BODIES
FROM THE CASKETS, TOSSED
THEM INTO THE SEA-- AND
THEN CLIMBED INTO
THE COFFINS! --



SEE THOSE
CASKETS? LOCK
'EM UP--
EVERY
ONE OF
THEM!

WITH
PLEASURE!



THOSE JAPS MUST STILL BE IN
GONDOR'S MORTUARY! GIVE ME
SOME GOBS AND WE'LL CLEAN THE
PLACE
OUT!

I'LL GIVE YOU
THE **NAVY** IF
YOU WANT IT!

WITH
GONDOR
BEHIND
BARS,
THE
ANGEL
LEADS A
RAIDING
PARTY...



EEEE!
STOP!

I
GIVE
UP!

HELP!

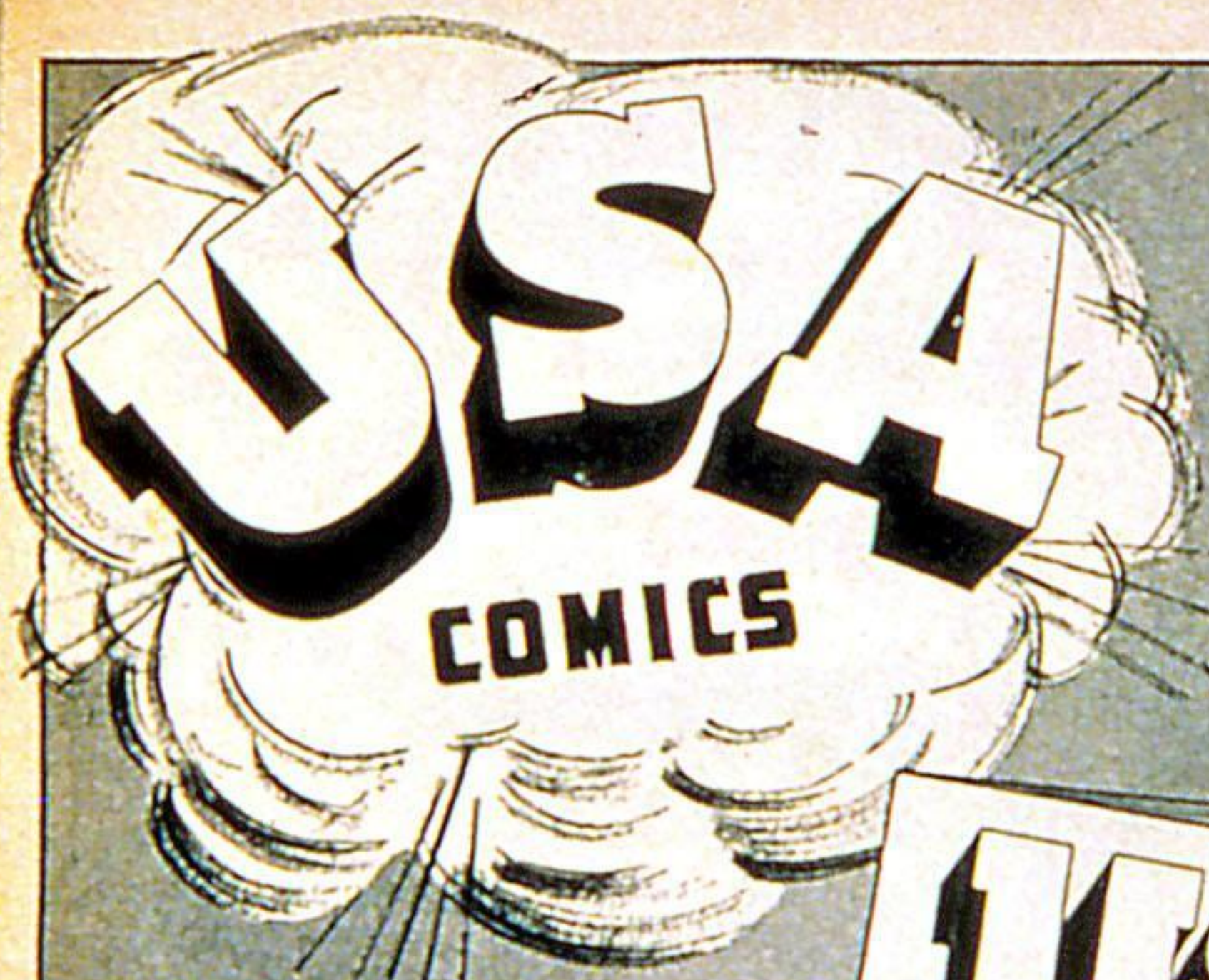
WE'LL PILE THEM
INTO HEARSEES AND
DELIVER THEM TO
THE F.B.I.



ANOTHER AXIS PLOT FOILED!
AND OLD GLORY STILL FLIES
HIGH --



READY OR NOT --- HERE COMES
THE ANGEL!
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- FULL-LENGTH FORE-END ARMY STYLE★
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